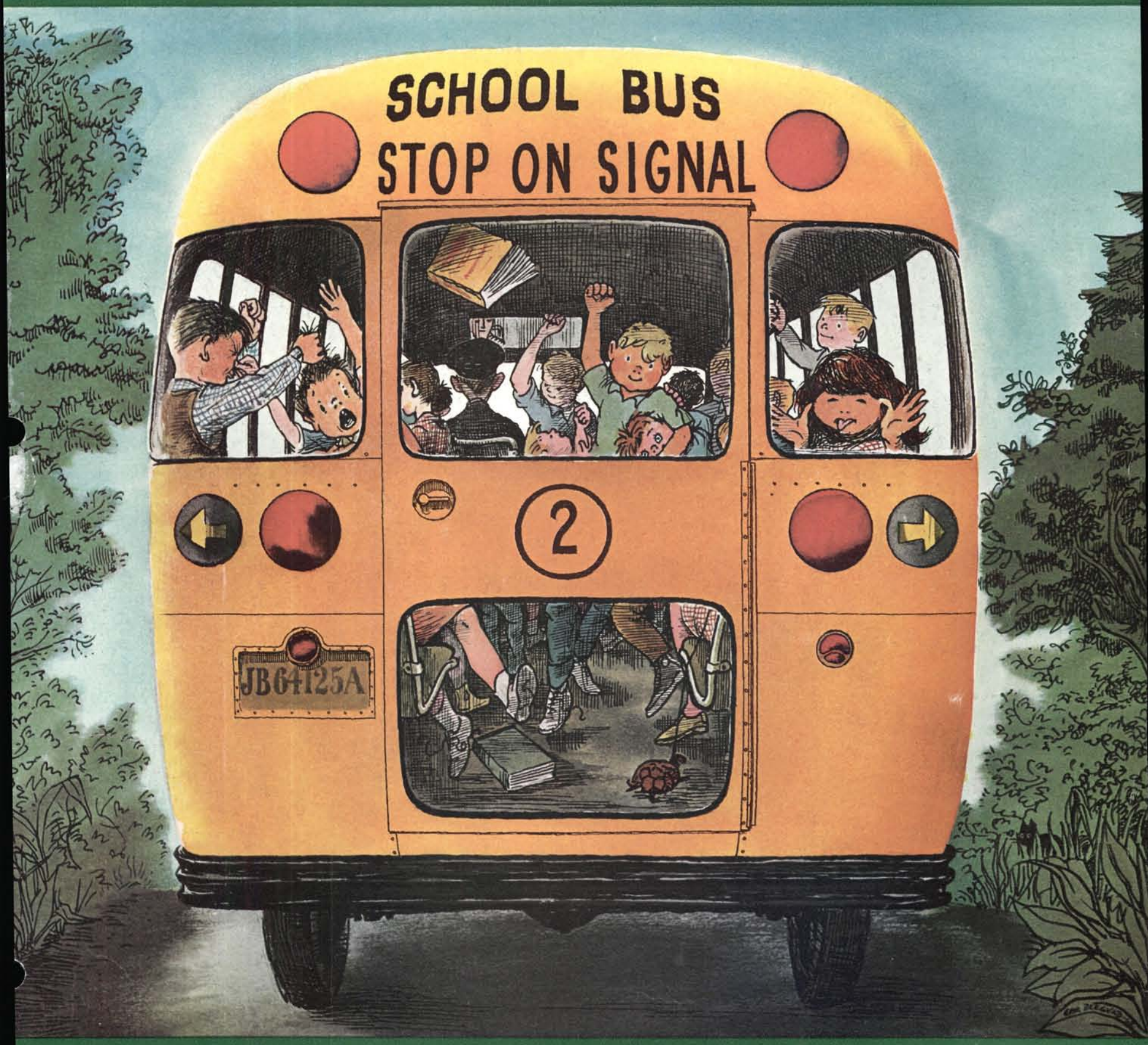
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 22, 1962 20¢

The Mood of America
A Cross-Country Survey By Stewart Alsop

Writing From Her Family's Own Experience:
Hope For Retarded Children
By Eunice Kennedy Shriver



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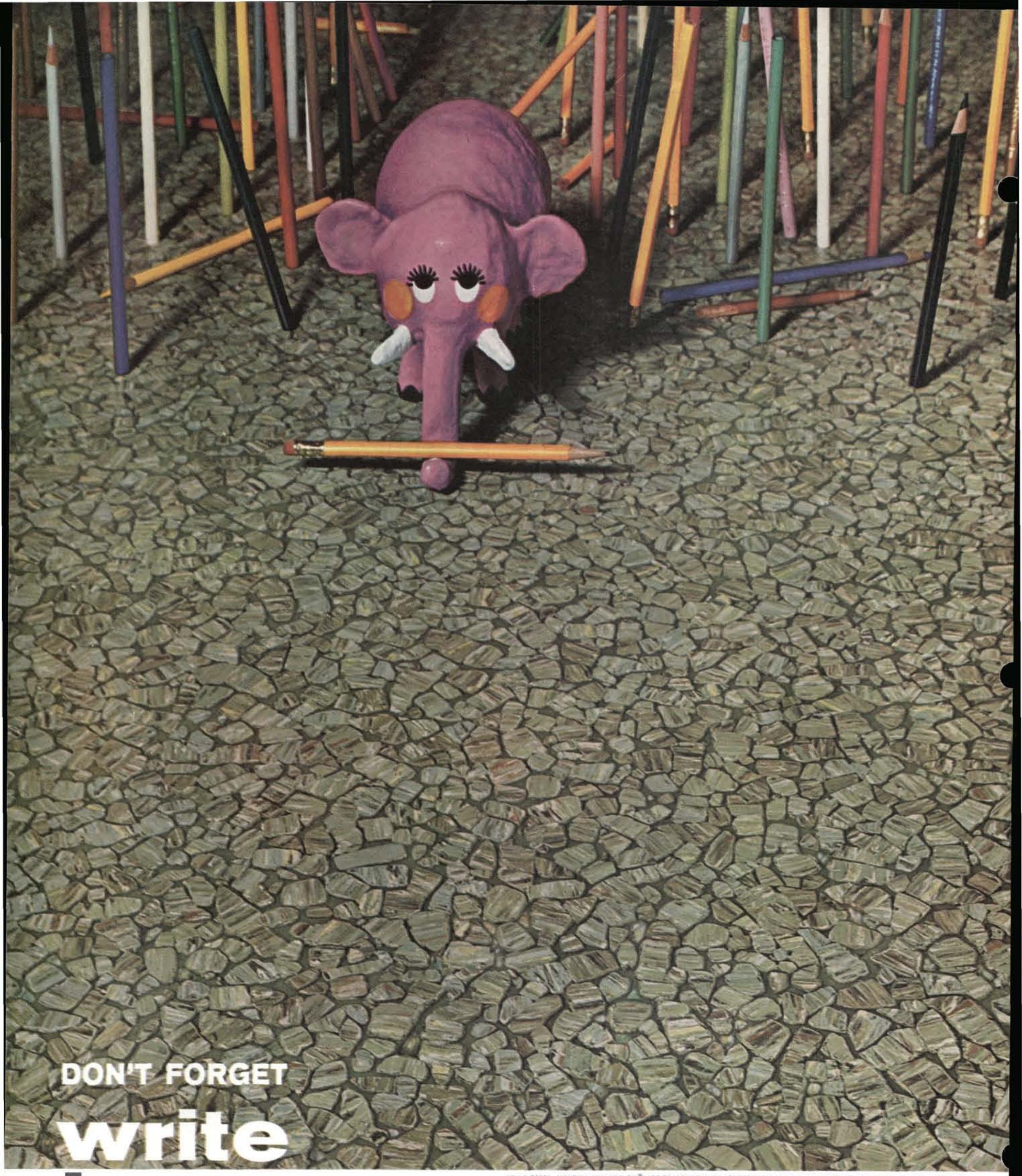

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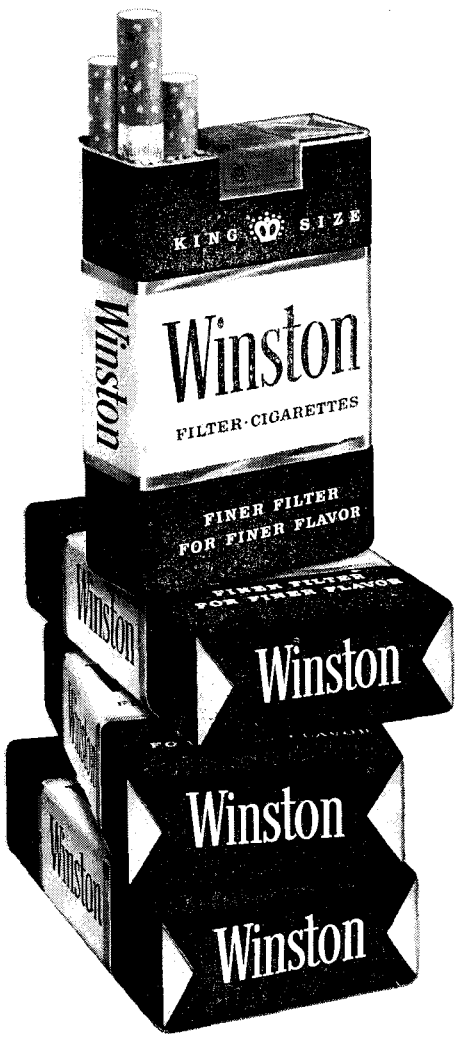

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At the Grass Roots. Do the American people expect a war? A depression? Do they have faith in President Kennedy? Washington Editor **Stewart Alsop** set forth recently on a 6338-mile cross-country trip to seek the answers to those questions. He had help, but he tackled 200 interviews himself and estimates that he trekked at least 100 miles on foot. Recalls *Post* photographer **Ollie Atkins:** "Walking up, ringing doorbells, shaking hands. After a while my back and feet began to ache. But Stew kept going as if he loved every moment of it." Ironically, Alsop encountered his biggest obstacle after completing the article. Slipping on a rock in Aspen, Colorado, he fell and broke his kneecap.

Retarded Children. **Eunice Kennedy Shriver** is the fifth of nine children in a family which includes the President of the United States as well as Rosemary Kennedy, a retarded sister whose story is told here for the first time. Rosemary's misfortune has created among the Kennedys a keen interest in mental retardation—the latest manifestation being creation of the President's Panel on Mental Retardation which has been developing recommendations for a national program. Eunice, who served as a consultant to that committee, is the wife of Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver.

Other By-Lines. **Susan Black** is a free-lance writer who lives in New York City. HAUTE MODE FOR LITTLE GIRLS is her first *Post* article. . . . When automation expert **John Diebold** left college in 1951 he applied for jobs at two venerable New York management consulting firms and landed a job with one of them. His starting salary was the lowest of any Harvard Business School graduate that year. Today he owns both companies. His collaborator, **Robert Cahn,** is a *Post* associate editor. . . . In the second part of MY LIFE WITH JUVENILE GANGS, **Vincent Riccio,** who is now a Brooklyn high-school gym teacher, continues the moving story of his years as a Youth Board worker. . . . **Jerome Ellison** describes himself as "a free-thinking, unspecialized essayist and novelist". . . . **Jimmy Breslin,** who has chronicled the careers of many boxers, now examines "the most disliked heavyweight this country has had since 1910". . . . "The nicest compliment I've ever had," confided Shirley Booth to *Post* associate editor **Thomas Congdon,** "was from someone who told me I drive like a man." . . . Antique automobile buff **Ken W. Purdy** has lived in England for the past few months. . . . TRIUMPH OF THE BOON is the fourth in a series of stories about this intrepid destroyer written for *The Post* by **C. S. Forester**. . . . In order to further the cause he advocated in our pages recently (THE WORLD NEEDS THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICA, Aug. 25–Sept. 1), **Robert F. Kennedy** earmarked profits from this article for scholarship funds at universities in Japan, Indonesia and West Berlin.

The Cover. Inspiration for this painting came to Danish-born artist **Erik Blegvad** at a predictable moment: while he was stuck behind a school bus in a traffic jam. Blegvad also had ample opportunity to observe the mayhem he pictures. Recently neighbors in Westport, Connecticut, "elected" him to help the bus driver discipline several boisterous children. "They called me a 'bus mother,'" Blegvad recalls. "Imagine that." He soon resigned.

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LETTERS

Who's Really Psycho?

Dear Sirs:

Bravo to Mr. Ralph Schoenstein for his MERRILY WE PROBE ALONG [Speaking Out, August 25–September 1]. It is reassuring and refreshing to read so masterful an analysis of what is fast becoming the silliest intellectual pastime of our day and age. The sofa manufacturers never had it so good.

WILFRED HADLEY
Devon, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

One may properly ask: Who vouches for the mental health of psychiatrists?

MARIAN M. STRACK
Locust, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The kind of therapist distasteful to Mr. Schoenstein has in recent years been less and less representative of psychotherapists generally and, hopefully, in time will become outmoded and discredited in the field.

PAUL KANE, PH.D.
Perry Point, Md.

More Battle Over Ike

Dear Sirs:

General Eisenhower's article [ARE WE HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION? August 11–18] is positively the very best analysis of the conditions in the country at the present time.

JUDGE EDWARD LEROY VAN RODEN
Media, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Eisenhower seems to confuse "direction" with "rate." He may well be alarmed that the present Administration is moving at a faster *rate* toward increased interference in the private matters of our citizens and businesses; but I cannot see how he can honestly criticize the *direction* without the admission that his Administration was also headed in the wrong direction.

JAMES L. LOHRKE
West Chester, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I am more impressed with President Kennedy's warning against old myths and clichés than with Mr. Eisenhower's fears that government will oppress corporations and their investors.

IVAN W. PARKINS
Jacksonville, Fla.

Un-Bearlike Activities?

Dear Sirs:

Robert Murphy's short story, IT ALL BEGAN WITH PEOPLE [August 11–18] is a clumsy attempt to laugh out of existence something that is not in any way funny. His equating the doings of cartoon-character bears with a congressional committee and the antics of sleazy Fifth Amendment charlatans lacks the requisites of good taste and good humor.

RAY ABEL
Louisiana, Mo.

Out of the Silent World

Dear Sirs:

I commend you on publishing in your August 11–18 issue Carl Spitzer's account of his stapedectomy [AN END TO SILENCE]. This otological miracle deserves to be publicized widely, and articles like this help to reduce the reluctance to seek and accept help.

WESLEY N. HAINES
Lewisburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

"An end to silence" came for me through the great skill of one of Philadelphia's brilliant surgeons, Dr. Bernard J. Ronis. We shall never cease thanking God for men of such dedicated service who have reopened this great, noisy world to our own small island of silence.

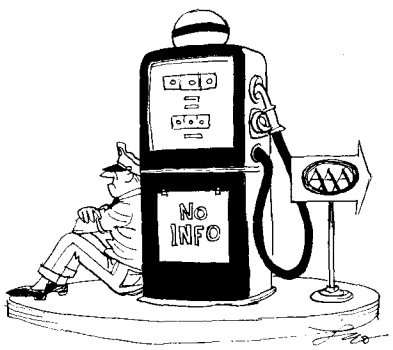
MURIEL V. LONG
Trenton, N.J.

Honks From the Highway

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on the PERILS OF THE OPEN ROAD [August 11–18] have been met by most of us, especially we who live where the roads are wide open. We suggest you join an automobile club. This will enable you to have up-to-the-minute information on detours and construction work; will furnish you with tour-guide books, listing good accommodations; will warn you of radar traps; will assure you of towing and service. Most important, these clubs provide an organized consumer voice for those who travel by car.

ESTELLE YATES
Artesia, N. Mex.



Dear Sirs:

I have operated a service station since August 15, 1939, and am very tired of people who drive up to pumps (rain or shine, far side of course) and expect me to answer any and all questions, free of charge, never say "thank you" and don't spend a dime. Why are we the only business people expected to give so many free services?

M. P. BOLMAN
Bolman Service
Fort Wayne, Ind.

• *Just what does the "service" in service station mean, Mr. Bolman?—ED.*

Bell-Ringing Red Men

Dear Sirs:

APACHE CAMP-OUT, by Richard Dunlop [August 11–18] missed out on some of the most colorful phases of the Apache story. It would have been of interest, for instance, to read how the Apaches defied the authorities and armed their reservation to keep the white man from interfering with their project of building Hawley Lake. And the trip that Mr. Dunlop made to the Salt Caves may have been his most

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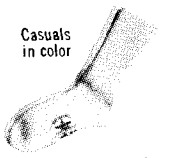

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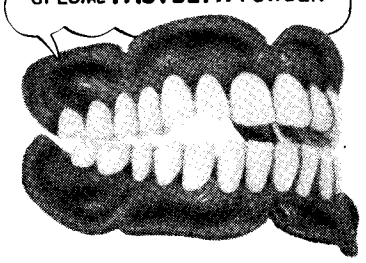

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LETTERS

memorable one, but he certainly doesn't give the reader any idea why. He should have told of the lure of those rocks, and of how the Indians would stop at a certain spot and hit on the rocks to let the spirit gods know they were coming. If they failed to do this, they believed they wouldn't return from the Salt Caves. The rocks are musical and, when struck, have the ring of a bell.

BETTE SLOCUM
Phoenix, Ariz.

Aiding Hungry Brazilians

Dear Sirs:

Nathan Haverstock's article on BRAZIL'S HUNGRY MILLIONS [July 28–Aug. 4] points to a situation which demands our attention. I wish, however, that Mr. Haverstock had included some reference to Protestant churches' efforts to alleviate that suffering. Southern Baptists maintain a self-help center in Recife. Presbyterian missionaries have long distributed food and clothing throughout Brazil's Northeast. Church World Service, the Lutheran World Federation and the World Council of Churches have all shared in trying to meet the disasters of drought and flood in this area.

JOHN GILLIES
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article I felt that I wanted very much to help the people of the Northeast quarter of Brazil. I was hoping to be able to extend it directly to either Dr. Frank Raila or to one of the organizations you mentioned in your article. Would it be possible for you to send me the address of the above.

DAVID E. MARTIN
Rockford, Ill.

● *Author Haverstock says that contributions can be sent either to Dr. Frank Raila, Albergue Santo Antonio, Salvador (Bahia), Brazil, or to William Brokaw, American Society of Bahia, c/o "O Americano," Salvador (Bahia), Brazil.—ED.*

Money Talks

"You've got it on my wallet!"

Dear Sirs:

History is repeating itself. The above cartoon was taken from the issue of May 15, 1954, and the one below from August 11, 1962. Judging from the expressions of both doctors, the American dollar is just as "sound" as it was eight years ago.

ARMAND R. VIERA
Durham, N.H.

"You're listening to my wallet."

Coming . . . in next week's Post

Rosalind Russell Tells Her Own Story

The Kind of Gal I Am

We're Cheating Our Children

Beware of Profit-Seeking Hospitals

Birth of a TV Horse Opera

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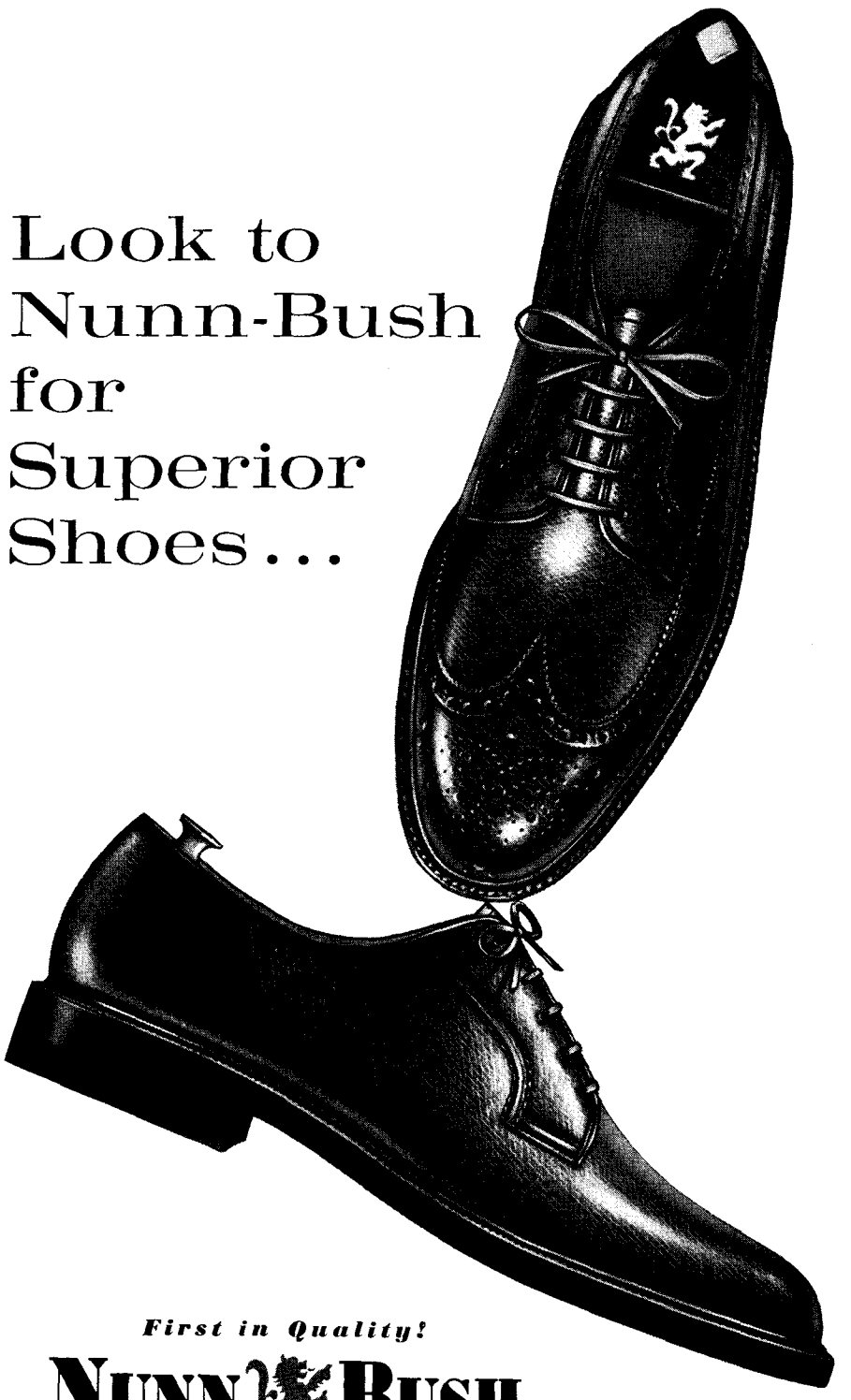

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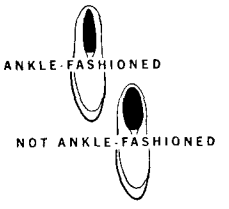

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Good-bye to Golf

A reformed addict exposes the evils of an overrated game.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

I have just sworn off the game of golf. Now, relieved of the prejudice of an addict toward his narcotic, I perceive for the first time the gross inaccuracies in that vast body of mythology which has formed around the "royal and ancient game."

More than 4,000,000 Americans are patsies for this mythology, and more than 500,000 acres of otherwise valuable real estate are sacrificed to it. The housing attached to the game, three quarters of which is unnecessary to it, is worth $500,000,000. The volume of social misconceptions and pretenses connected with it is enormous.

The game of golf is justified by its adherents on several general counts. It is said to be a game or sport and hence entertaining to the players. It is claimed to produce health benefits through outdoor exercise and mental relaxation. It is supposed to strengthen character and stiffen morals by offering multiple temptations which may be nobly resisted. It is believed that a golf course is a place to begin new and strengthen old friendships.

These claims for golf range from half true to wholly false. Let's establish one thing first: Golf is not a game. It is a mismatched and bitter contest between a small gob of elastic and a man weighing 1000 times as much and who is armed with a stick. In a golf contest between human beings the opponents need not face or even meet each other, let alone wrestle, throw or bat a ball back and forth, maneuver or run with anything. The player merely whips a pellet around a prescribed section of countryside, at intervals dunking it into a tin can buried in an otherwise beautiful carpet of sward.

A Dubious Tie to Royalty

Golf may be ancient, but its connection with royalty is incidental and hazy. In a famous match King James II, who was then only a duke, won by virtue of having a shoemaker as partner. The shoemaker built a house in Edinburgh with the proceeds and probably from then on worsened as an artisan. The present kings of golf are the golf professionals who, up to Walter Hagen's time, were not permitted in English golf clubhouses.

The average golfer never wins money. If he and his partner win a dollar Nassau, the cash goes on the table in the bar and is exchanged for anesthetics designed to build up tolerance toward the inevitable exaggerations and lies which mark the prolonged reconstruction of what the players have just suffered.

The claim that golf entertains the player is valid. It entertains him long after he has finished a round, when he reaches the point in which one or two successful shots may be remembered as much longer, straighter and more accurate than they actually were. Repeated descriptions of these accidents become more entertaining—to the player—as they are refined. To everyone else on earth they are totally boring.

There is also fine exercise to be obtained through golf—the caddies get it, by carrying the bags. Players get as little as possible, one round of eighteen holes perhaps equaling twenty chin-ups, or an hour of lawn-mowing. Golfers are now riding in fleets of miniature limousines which are piloted to within a couple of feet of the ball. After stepping out of a golf cart, which requires enough muscle to descend six inches to the ground, the player assumes a posture that in 80 percent of all cases is grotesque, takes a swipe that may require a slight tug of the deltoid muscles, then endures the muscular exertion of a slight knee bend to remount the cart. This knee bend is usually more than nullified in salutary effect by an elbow bend or repeated elbow bends in the clubhouse bar. The clubhouse bar is not mentioned here in a derogatory sense because it is the only working section of a golf club which ever shows a profit.

A golf addict will inevitably claim that mental relaxation alone justifies the substitution of three golf games a week for three days of more-honest and productive toil. What is really meant is that golf offers problems different from those of home or office.

Temper on the Golf Course

Because the game is one of almost total frustration for the average golfer, who by statistical reckoning is bound to be a hacker, the new problems may be worse. It is seldom that a businessman gets mad enough to break his office desk across his knee, as has happened to many golf clubs—not lately, of course, since club shafts are now steel. Steel-shafted clubs are merely wrapped around a tree, unless, of course, they are the solid silver or gold putters which have been introduced to carry the claptrap of golf to a new elevation in idiocy.

The only strange thing about a tantrum on the golf course is that the addict so soon forgets it. A friend of mine once lurched in from a sour round and threatened, "I am going to give this game just one more chance to do right by me or it will have to get along without me." That was eleven years ago, and he still says the same thing.

I have met only one admirable exception to the grip of golf. A man who had struggled for years to break 100 finally reached the apron of an eighteenth green in ninety-five strokes. A miracle chip would put him down in ninety-six. An accurate chip and one putt would give him a ninety-seven, an ordinary two putts a ninety-eight. The mere prospect tightened him like a banjo string. He chipped short, chipped again and three-putted for a total of 100.

The ensuing language was so unusual even for the normal purple of the fairways that a companion said, "Quit beefing, Charlie. This game is not compulsory. You don't have to play it."

The 100-shooter gave him a look in which pure venom turned to decision. "You know," he said, "I never thought of that before." Whereupon he presented his clubs to his caddie and never played again.

He was a rare man, not in his inability to break 100 on the golf course, but in his overlooking the shortcuts to better scoring. Golf morals were long since embodied in a book. The book was published as a novelty but has too often been looked upon as sound advice. It offered a practical method for the improvement of a golfer's score, and inside it contained the single word, "Cheat."

Most of us average players never run into the high-level cheating in which a ringer is slipped into a big-stake Calcutta for the deliberate purpose of winning for himself and partner several hundreds or thousands of dollars. Those big sins get into the public prints. But we know the lesser ones at first hand. There is the golf hustler who makes only a modest living and doesn't even have to change club memberships very often. There is the pointer who aims for what is usually the single money game of the club year, the annual Calcutta. He keeps his light under a bushel all season, to emerge when the money appears. Fellow club members suspect him but rarely pin him down, for the simple reason that any mediocre golfer at any time can run into a nutty round in which all the anthills and the tree bounces and the lone rocks in the water hazards are working for rather than against him.

Immorality Is Encouraged

The great body of golf immorality lies well beneath these well calculated and neatly prepared successes. The game is beautifully adapted to encourage foul language, bad drinking habits and sly fairway procedures. In my teens I was surprised to learn several choice expletives from a Presbyterian minister, a Catholic priest and a national baseball figure.

The game does not necessarily introduce inebriation or infidelity to people who are perfectly capable of achieving

---

Ex-golfer Arthur W. Baum, a veteran of forty years at the game and of forty courses from Seattle and New York to Buenos Aires, is a contributing editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

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"IT'S AMAZING how clean our apartment stays with flameless electric heating," Joe Lanning happily reports. And Mrs. Lanning adds, "Our pastel walls and drapes are as fresh and new-looking as the day we moved in."

GIANT REVOLVING GLOBE and sparkling fountain decorate the entrance to Rossmoor Leisure World, new total electric Gold Medallion Community and America's largest senior-citizen apartment development.

"TOTAL ELECTRIC LIVING is a big hit with our apartment owners—and rightly so," says Leisure World administrator Lewis M. Letson, right, to Ralph C. Kiser of the Southern California Edison Company. "As far as I'm concerned, you can't beat it for comfort and convenience."

Nation's largest senior-citizen apartment project chooses total electric living for comfort and cleanliness

Rossmoor Leisure World, share-ownership apartment development in Seal Beach, California, features flameless electric home heating, all-electric kitchens and scientifically designed lighting in 6,750-unit Gold Medallion Community.

Located just 25 miles from the heart of Los Angeles, Rossmoor Leisure World is "America's prestige community for happy people over 52." When completed in 1963, it will be the largest project of its kind in the country—and the first to bring together housing and recreational, religious and medical facilities in one centralized location, close to a major metropolitan area. Leisure World is also the first senior-citizen project to include in the monthly payments an insured program for medical care and drugs, except for hospitalization.

Many unusual features attest to the detailed planning that has gone into Leisure World, developed by builder, Ross W. Cortese. Steps and stairs have been eliminated; ramps and gentle grades take their place where necessary. All apartments have been completely soundproofed. Showers have sit-down seats to help prevent slipping. Built-in night lights do away with groping in the dark. And all sidewalks, including the private walks to apartments, are brightly lit at night.

This emphasis which Leisure World places on comfort and convenience is reflected in the total electric design of its apartments. Flameless electric home heating, for example, does away for good with annoying drafts and sudden hot blasts. Individual units let apartment owners adjust each room to exactly the right temperature. And walls and curtains stay bright and clean the whole year round.

In the kitchen, a modern electric range helps make cooking fast, clean and cool. There's an electric dishwasher and garbage disposal unit, and a flameless electric water heater that supplies plenty of hot water for every need. Each apartment group has its own electric washer and dryer. And full Housepower wiring provides enough outlets to run all appliances at top efficiency—without the worry of blowing a fuse.

Just as in Leisure World, more and more families throughout America are discovering the wonderful comfort and convenience only flameless electricity can provide. And chances are that bringing the benefits of total electric living to your family may cost a lot less than you think. Why not talk it over with your local electric utility company sometime soon?

THE TOTAL ELECTRIC HOME that proudly displays this Gold Medallion is equipped with flameless electric home heating and appliances, full Housepower wiring and light for living. And tomorrow it will be as modern as it is today.

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY • *Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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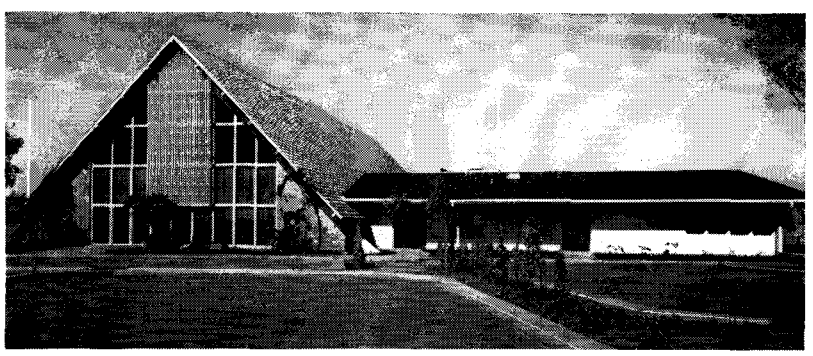
"ELECTRIC COOKING is wonderful—it's so clean and cool," says Mrs. J. T. Trotter as she shows Mr. Trotter how the all-electric kitchen in their new Leisure World apartment is especially designed to help save steps.



THREE MODERN CLUBHOUSES at Leisure World, like the one pictured above, each contain lounge, complete all-electric kitchen plus sewing, hobby and game rooms. Other special facilities include golf course, library, fully equipped medical center, 2500-seat amphitheater and 12½-acre shopping center.

"ROOM-BY-ROOM TEMPERATURE CONTROL is a real blessing," say new apartment owners Mr. and Mrs. John Ford. "Now we can keep each room at exactly the temperature we want." Note how electric outlets and switches are conveniently placed to eliminate stooping and reaching.

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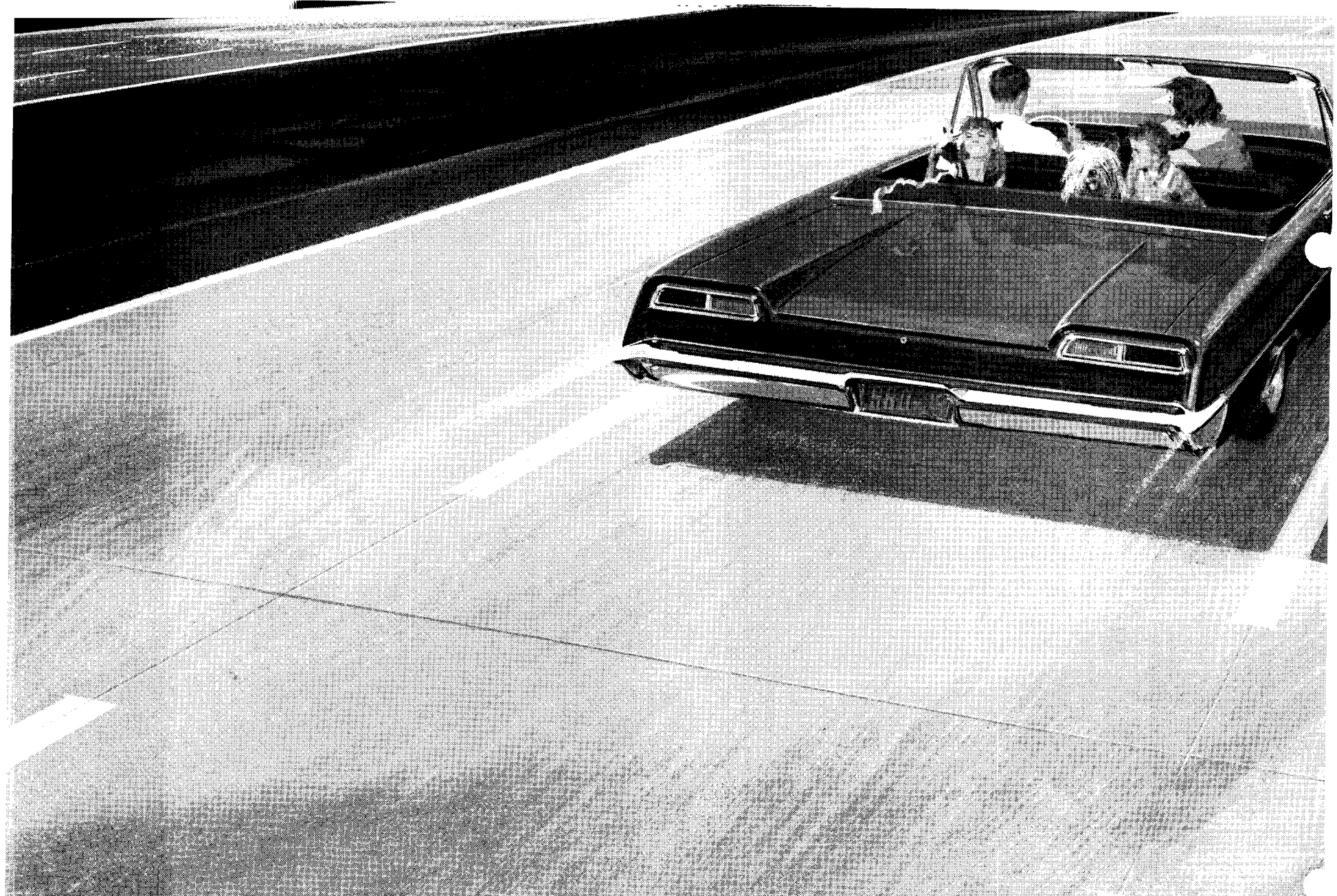

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Driving is a special pleasure on modern concrete. You roll on a surface that is flat and smooth-riding—and it stays that way. The reason is that concrete is tough and tremendously strong. It stands up to all kinds of weather and has the stamina to support the heaviest traffic loads. It increases in strength as it ages—as much as 20% in the first 5 years. That is why you can count on concrete to deliver riding comfort that lasts. (Read on the adjoining page what the National Road Test shows.) Year after year, the low upkeep of concrete saves you tax dollars. Because there is no substitute for strength, there is no substitute for concrete.

Concrete is the preferred pavement on the new Interstate System

INTERSTATE

Portland Cement Association

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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The National Road Test confirms that CONCRETE gives taxpayers riding quality that lasts

Out of the recent 27-million dollar National Road Test has come significant new information on the performance of pavement for streets and highways.

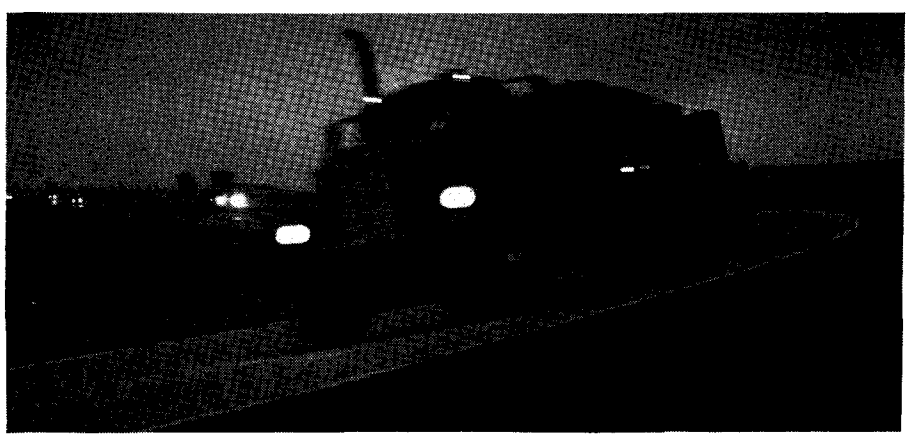
Sponsored by the American Association of State Highway Officials, this road test was the most scientific ever conducted. At a special test road near Ottawa, Illinois, concrete and asphalt test sections of varying thicknesses were laid in 5 loops. Over each of these loops, light, medium or heavy trucks were driven for two years.

To determine how well the test sections kept their riding quality, a form of measurement called the "serviceability index" was used. Pavement surfaces were rated from 0 ("very poor") to 5 ("very good").

After two years of traffic and the impact of more than 1,100,000 loads, 68% of the concrete test sections still had a rating of "very good" for riding smoothness.

Here is further evidence of the superior performance of concrete that assures taxpayers economical, long-term riding comfort on their streets, roads and Interstate highways.

54-ton tractor semi-trailer rolling on Loop 6



SPEAKING OUT

these things elsewhere. But it does provide encouraging settings. Some clubs, hoping that liquor sales will offset dining-room losses, do everything but post signs reading DRINK MORE—THE CLUB NEEDS THE MONEY. As a result females who would be considered B-girls in public saloons acquire protective halos as great supporters of the high-profit area of golf-club life. Nor is the locker room merely a place to bathe and change. An easily persuaded friend of mine lost his wife and family to drinks and dice in a locker room and regretted it the rest of his life.

Out on the course the possibilities for moral lapses are equally good and in some ways much better. A golfer's effort to overcome nature and chisel an edge for himself may be either immediate or long range. The long-range objective can be a player's maintenance of a high handicap, which gives him an advantage in any contest with a player of honest handicap. These golfers equipped with handicap foresight habitually louse up the eighteenth hole. They play seventeen holes well enough to win and then, in fear of the effect a low score will have in lowering their handicap, they accidentally take a few extra swipes on the last hole, bringing their totals for the round safely up to duffer level.

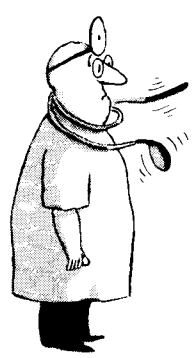
Small opportunities for winning or improving a score and undermining character are often of the on-the-spot variety. A subdued jingling of keys or coins while an opponent is executing a critical shot can be explained away as a small nervous habit. A discreet, unsuppressible cough or sneeze at the right time may be considered unintended.

In all kinds of play, whether against an opponent or against the card, certain improvements in conditions may be effected. These naturally include betterment of the lie of the ball, invoked by toe, heel or judicious addressing of the club-head against the ball until it is lightly squeezed out of the bad lie. However, immediate edges are sometimes of another sort, as illustrated in the famous case of Fox versus Fitch.

Case of the Missing Ball

The Fox-Fitch ruckus belongs to the great body of humor that not only envelops the game of golf but also frequently points up the fact that the matter joked about has a real basis in the game. In this case Fox and Fitch were playing a four-par hole which required a drive, a pitch to the green and two putts for an orthodox score. Fox drove straight down the fairway, but Fitch sliced into the tall grass of the rough. Fox went over to help Fitch locate his ball. The rules allow a player three minutes to search for a lost ball. If it is not found in that time, the player with the lost ball loses the hole.

After considerable peering and poking, the lost-ball time elapsed, but Fox magnanimously waived the rule. "I will play up to the green," he told Fitch. "You stay and look for a while. If you find the ball before I hole out, you may play up, and we'll forget the penalty." Whereupon Fox pitched to the green, putted once and was about to putt again when there was a cry of "Fore!" from Fitch back in the rough. Fitch had found his ball. He played up from the rough to the green very well indeed, his ball snuggling close to the pin, in an obvious position for a birdie three. In other words, Fitch was certainly going to win the hole from the big-hearted Fox who had waived the lost-ball rule. Fox was more than astounded. He was also in a dilemma. The problem was what should Fox do with Fitch's original ball which he had surreptitiously located, picked up, and which was at that moment in his pocket?



A pair of slickers like that must be included among the interesting new friends that it is possible to acquire by taking up golf. There are also the fellow players who would like to acquire you. The one who, about the fourth tee, begins to question you about the age of your car is an automobile salesman who holds the typical view that a golf course is a salesroom.

Companions of the Links

Lawyers seek the fairways to settle cases with other lawyers—I have witnessed it—or to butter up judges. Single girls sometimes believe—inaccurately—that potential swains will reveal their approximate net worth by their country-club behavior. Hypochondriacs consider a friendly golf game a foolproof setting for nudging free medical advice out of doctors. Take an amalgam of all these sorts and place any four of them on the first tee. You will then have four minds certain that they are entitled to win some money. To make sure of it they arrange the game under bargaining conditions several notches below those of a used-rug-merchant's bazaar.

The truth is that the bargaining is of no consequence compared to the over-all expense of the game, to which most golfers shut their eyes. Few golfers are willing to find out just how much a single round of golf costs. Recently a member of a modest establishment totaled every item that contributed to his golf expense, divided the sum by the number of rounds he played in a season and was not thereafter seen on the course for several weeks. Later he crept back and was questioned. "I was horrified," he answered. As it happened, his wife was not a golfer. If she had been, and he had added in her playing costs, her costume, lessons and drinking costs, plus keeping up with the golfing Joneses, he would have been stupefied.

Players who wouldn't think of playing for a dollar a hole should think again. They are already playing at a cost of a dollar a hole. If they do better than that, they are either lucky or they are using an inexpensive public course, and even these are getting pretty rare.

For approximately a dollar a hole, the golfer, it is assumed, gains the benefits hitherto stated—exercise, health, relaxation, moral strengthening and companionship. A detached view, however, would suggest that without exception the claims for the game of golf are stated in reverse.

So I have sworn off. I have quit. That decision is irrevocable. The only thing that would ever induce me to play again is success in my search for a doctor with more sense than the two who recently ordered me not to play the game any more. **THE END**

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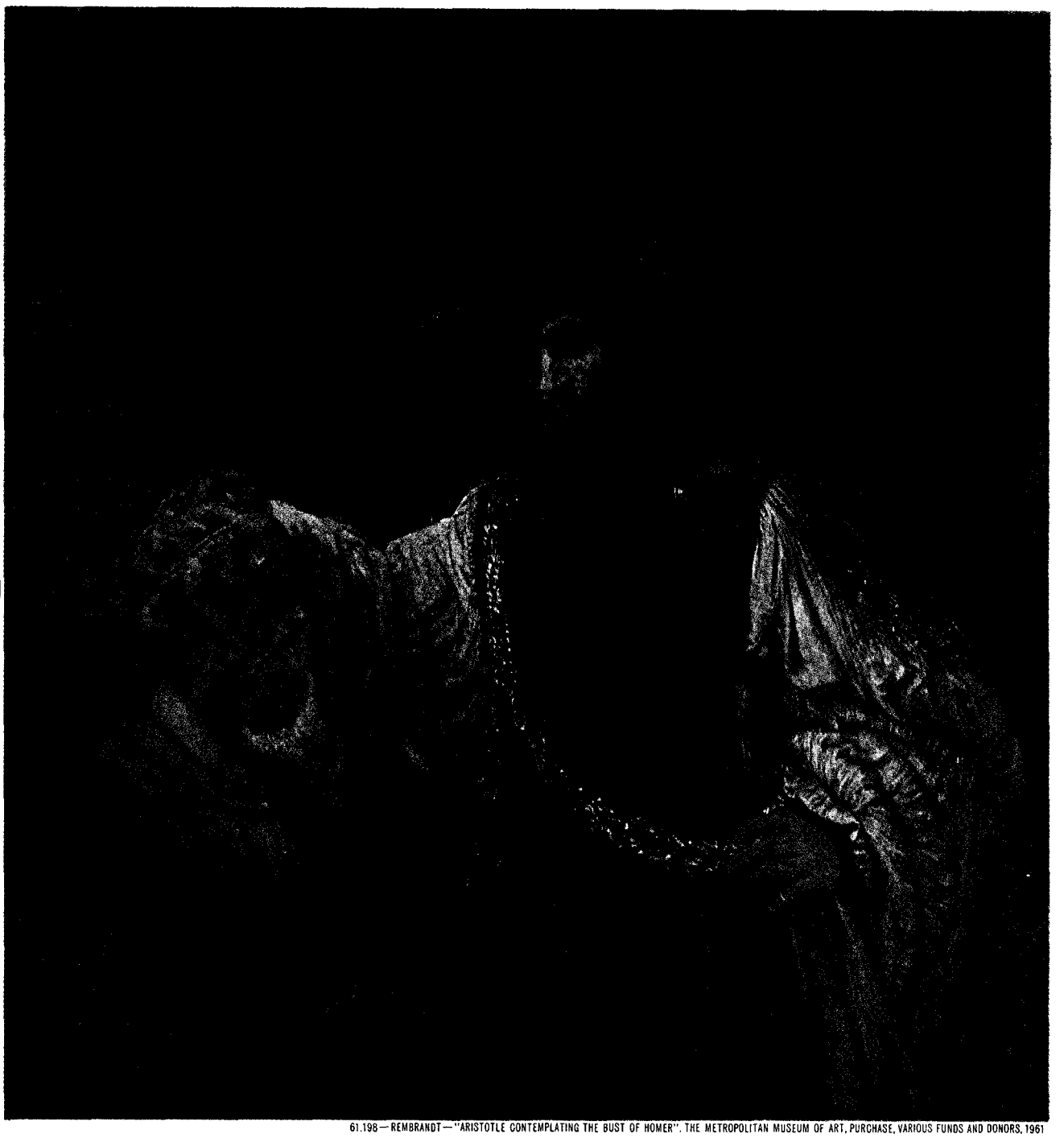

61.198—REMBRANDT—"ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING THE BUST OF HOMER". THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, PURCHASE, VARIOUS FUNDS AND DONORS, 1961

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

The atmosphere is electric. The most prized masterpiece to be sold in a decade is about to be auctioned. The opening bid is $1 million. Rapid-fire increments soon eliminate all but the most important collectors. At $2¼ million, the bidding hesitates. Going, going . . . and then, dramatically, an even higher bid is signalled, and Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" goes to The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York for a record $2.3 million.

It is worth noting that Royal-Globe participates in insuring the Rembrandt masterpiece, as it does the collections of the Metropolitan Museum.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

The Mood of America

With an eye to the forthcoming elections, a *Post* editor surveys voter opinion from coast to coast. • By STEWART ALSOP

Nathan Disbro, an elderly fellow who lives alone in a small house in Crothersville, Indiana, is a significant political symbol, although it may surprise him to learn that this is so.

Until recently Nate Disbro ran a "swap shop," but he found the strain of moving the heavier objects—refrigerators especially—too great, and he retired a year or so ago. "Worst mistake I ever made," says Nate, who is obviously a bit lonely.

Nate is a Protestant and a religious man. His reading of the Bible has convinced him that a terrible war is coming. "It's come to that time the Bible speaks about, the end of days," says Nate. "I believe it is about the end now."

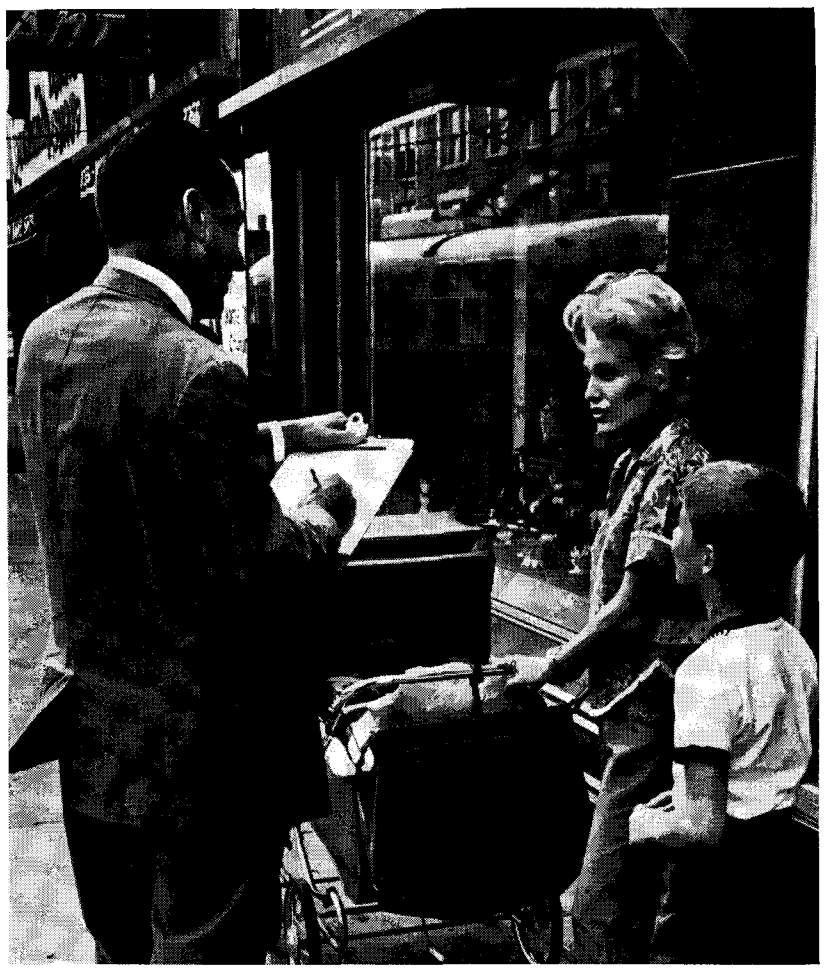
Nate is not happy about having a Catholic in the White House. "I don't like that," he says frankly, and Kennedy's religion was certainly one reason why Nate voted for Nixon in 1960. But Nate will vote for Kennedy in 1964, if "the end of days" does not happen in the meantime.

"He's trying to do something," says Nate. "He's trying to do more than any President ever done." He especially likes Kennedy's defeated Medicare program. "One of the greatest things ever put forward," he says.

Nate is certainly not a typical American—it is hardly typical to believe that "the end of days" is upon us, and Nate's enthusiasm for President Kennedy and his Medicare program is by no means universally shared. And yet in a symbolic sense Nate Disbro is a most significant political phenomenon all the same. For the change in Nate Disbro's attitude toward President Kennedy, which is shared to some degree by a lot of voters, is a vitally important factor in the current political scene.

I talked to Nate Disbro during the course of a rather arduous job of reporting. The job involved interviewing 500 people in seven carefully chosen areas across the country. Each interview consisted of nineteen questions, and when an interviewee was interesting in some way, the talk might last for half an hour or more.

I did about 200 of the interviews myself. I also hornswoggled a number of friends into helping me, with the promise of an interesting day and a Lucullan meal at the end of it—thus producing a useful cross-pollination of reactions and ideas—and in the Middle West I had the help of a couple of competent professional interviewers. The areas where my helpers and I did our walking-and-talking stint were: Louisa County, Virginia; the northern portion of the 8th Ward in Baltimore, Maryland; the towns of Suffield and Windsor Locks in Connecticut; Jackson County, Indiana; the 7th and 9th wards in Chicago; and the old 42nd Assembly District in Los Angeles.



Conducting his cross-country study of Americans' attitudes, reporter Alsop interviews Mrs. Barbara Diamond on a northside Chicago street.

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

***Post* Washington Editor Stewart Alsop traveled 6300 miles interviewing hundreds of voters in seven carefully chosen areas around the country, touching on issues which will be important in this fall's elections. These are some of his statistical findings:**

Of the 500 people interviewed 234 said they had voted for Kennedy in 1960, 171 said they had voted for Nixon, and 95 had not voted.*

270 said they would vote for Kennedy today, 147 said they would still vote for Nixon, and 83 were undecided or would vote for neither.

39 people said that Kennedy's religion was a matter of concern to them.

251 said they favored Kennedy Medicare program, 160 were opposed, and 89 were undecided.

101 thought there was a big danger of war, 246 thought the danger was small, and 153 thought there was no danger.

216 thought they were better off than they were two years ago, 200 thought they were about the same, and 84 thought they were worse off.

*Public-opinion researchers have found that from 10 to 15 percent of the voters who actually voted for a loser believe in retrospect they voted for the winner, and the percentage increases with the passage of time. Therefore Kennedy's margin over Nixon among the people Alsop polled actually was much slimmer, and the gain over Nixon far greater than the figures show.

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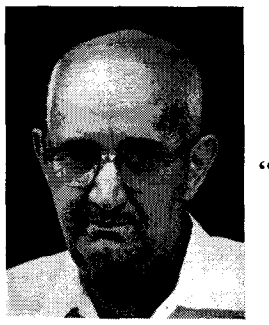
Nathan Disbro
Retired

"He's trying to do something. He's trying to do more than any President ever done before."

Frank Cameron
Aircraft Worker

"There are too many Kennedys in office." But he would vote for Kennedy again next time around.



Carl Plummer
Tractor Dealer

"Kennedy is hurting small business." As a merchant, he dislikes the soil-bank program; it reduces his market.

I had been to all these places before, in the summer and fall of 1960, when I did a walking-and-talking tour to find out what people thought about the Kennedy-Nixon race. I chose the areas then with the help of such public-opinion experts as pollster Louis Harris and Richard Scammon, now chief of the Census Bureau. The idea was to produce a microcosm of America, to consist of "barometric" areas which had voted very close to the national average in the last several elections.

In 1960 a few of the areas lost their barometric status. Heavily Protestant Jackson County, Indiana, for example, went heavily for Nixon, and heavily Catholic Ward 8 in Baltimore went heavily for Kennedy. But these seven areas still represent, geographically, racially and religiously, what the public-opinion experts call a "good mix," and I thought it would be interesting, for purposes of comparison, to go back to them.

Examining the American Mood

The statistical results of all our walking and talking are reproduced herewith, and some of these results seem to me worth a second glance. But the real value of this kind of project lies, I think, not in statistics but in the feel you can get of America's mood from talking to large numbers of Americans in various parts of the country. If I read it correctly, the mood of America today is a rather odd mood—a balky, ambivalent and contradictory mood.

For example, the American people, to judge from their talk, are in an essentially conservative frame of mind. The word "socialism" to most of them is almost as bad a word as "communism." They are worried about Government spending, and instinctively resistant to what they call "too much government." A surprising number of them are firmly opposed to any tax cut unless it is accompanied by a balanced budget. They almost unanimously condemn the farm-subsidy program, and they are also almost unanimous in believing that we are spending too much money on foreign aid and that the money is going to the wrong people.

In view of all this, one might suppose that there was a great tide of public sentiment in favor of the Republican Party as the more conservative party. Not at all. At least in the abstract, most voters prefer the Democratic Party, and they prefer President Kennedy to any now-visible Republican rival by a big majority. And except in the Middle West, most voters like the President's Medicare program, which is anathema to conservatives.

There are other odd ambivalences. For example, most of the people we talked to fear nuclear war more than anything else, but only one in five thinks there is much danger of such a war. Finally, the American people are by and large a strongly moral, even a moralistic, people, who are deeply worried about the morality of the American people.

But of these large and general conclusions, more later. Let us go back to Nate Disbro and why it is politically significant that he has changed his mind about President Kennedy.

One of the purposes of the project was to find out a bit more about Kennedy's much-advertised popularity than can be deduced from polls giving the percentage of those who "approve" or "disapprove" of the way he is handling his job. I wanted to get some notion of how real Kennedy's popularity is and how deep it goes. I also wanted to get an idea of *why* people liked Kennedy—and why they disliked him.

The figures reproduced herewith, showing how the people we interviewed said they voted in 1960 and how they would vote today, suggest that Kennedy's popularity is real enough. In six of the seven places where we did our interviewing, Kennedy sharply improved his showing over 1960. But the figures tell only part of the story.

As all testers of public opinion have discovered, between 10 and 15 percent of the voters who actually voted for the loser now believe, in most cases quite sincerely, that they voted for the winner. (This retrospective vote for the winner increases with time—the old gaffers who voted in the 1904 election would now doubtless recall to a man that they voted for Teddy Roosevelt rather than the forgotten Judge Parker.) So it must be assumed that the switch to Kennedy, as compared to the actual 1960 vote, is even larger than the figures suggest.

I am convinced that the biggest single factor in this switching to Kennedy—though, of course, not the only one—is suggested by the case of Nate Disbro. In 1960 there were a great many non-Catholic voters, perhaps millions, who were torn between an inclination to vote for Kennedy and a disinclination to see a Catholic in the White House. Now, two years later, a lot of these voters, who voted for Nixon in 1960, have resolved the conflict in Kennedy's favor.

Religion Issue Still Strong

Mind you, the conflict still exists. There are a good many people who still feel the same way as Ed Bentle, for example. We came upon Ed Bentle working on the base of a wheat-storage bin on a farm road in Jackson County. Ed is a big, strong-voiced, opinionated man. He voted for Nixon, but he has been, he confesses, "surprised by Kennedy." He "fully expected" that Kennedy would be a bad President, but now he "thinks a lot of him—a mighty fine man." But if the Nixon-Kennedy election were held over again, Ed would still vote for Nixon. He just couldn't bring himself to vote for a Catholic.

There were a lot of Ed Bentles in 1960—people who considered Kennedy's religion an absolute bar to the Presidency. But there are comparatively few of them now. In 1960, in the two heavily Protestant rural counties I visited, Jackson in Indiana and Louisa in Virgina, more than half those questioned were "concerned" about Kennedy's religion—and a lot would add, vehemently, "You're damn right I'm concerned." This year only nine out of sixty-nine in Louisa County and fourteen out of sixty in Jackson County admitted concern. A good many of these, like Nate Disbro, would vote for Kennedy next time anyway.

This dying away of the religious issue, which most public-opinion experts agree was the most decisive issue in 1960, is a central Kennedy asset in 1962—and, presumably, 1964. But, of course, there are a lot of people who have switched to Kennedy for reasons having nothing to do with religion.

Scarcity of Economic Complaints

Take as an example another Indianan—Donald Goodpaster, of the quaintly named town of Surprise. We came upon Don in his backyard, stripped to the waist, happily fixing up an expensive-looking slide for his children. Don had voted for Nixon in 1960, like Mr. Disbro and Mr. Bentle. But if he had another chance, he said, he would vote for Kennedy. The reason? He had been out of work a couple of years ago, and now he had a good job. "He's helped me in that way," says Don, and he figures he owes Kennedy a vote.

Here we come to a point which sophisticated Washington-based political observers tend to overlook. The national economy, we are told by those modern oracles, the economists, is in trouble. The rate of growth and other economic indicators have not lived up to expectation. The stock-market slump was a symptom of the trouble—a most vividly painful symptom to those who owned enough stock to be hurt by the crash.

But if most of the people we interviewed are in trouble economically, they don't know it—not yet, anyway. Only ten people out of 500 so much as mentioned the stock market. And more than four people out of five thought they had held their own or were better off, compared with two years ago. This was true even in the two areas which have been hard hit—Louisa County, Virginia, where the lumber mills are going out of business, and the Los Angeles district, which has been hurt by cutbacks in aircraft orders.

The fact is that most people actually *are* better off than they were a couple of years ago—there are more people employed, and the national income is higher. At least as of the moment of writing, our trouble is not that we are in a depression but that we have not had as big a boom as had been hoped. Kennedy would no doubt have been more popular if a big boom had developed as expected. But he has not been badly hurt because it has turned out to be only a small boom.

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James Boyd
Doorman

"I don't want to go into a place to eat if I think I'm not wanted... A lot of people are crazy on both sides."

Thelma Gilder
Waitress

She voted for Kennedy, but wouldn't do it again, because "he hasn't pushed hard enough on civil rights."

Bonnie Rose
Housewife

Negroes "should have definite rights, including good schools. But I'd hate to have them in the neighborhood."

No one can predict what might happen if a real "Kennedy depression" developed. My guess is that it might help Kennedy almost as much as it would hurt. Evan Pounds, a drill-press operator in an aircraft plant in Los Angeles, who had just been laid off when we talked to him, had not got around to voting in 1960, but he will vote for Kennedy next time round. Kennedy, he thinks, is "trying to get things done."

Kennedy would have another asset in time of real economic trouble—the memory of Franklin Roosevelt, dim among the young and even the younger middle-aged, but still vivid and powerful among those of fifty or over. A combative elderly lady in Baltimore told me: "Things have been better ever since President Roosevelt, God rest his soul. The young people are always complaining, but they go into a bathroom every day and have a nice warm bath; they don't have to go to an outhouse and freeze their tails off on a cold day."

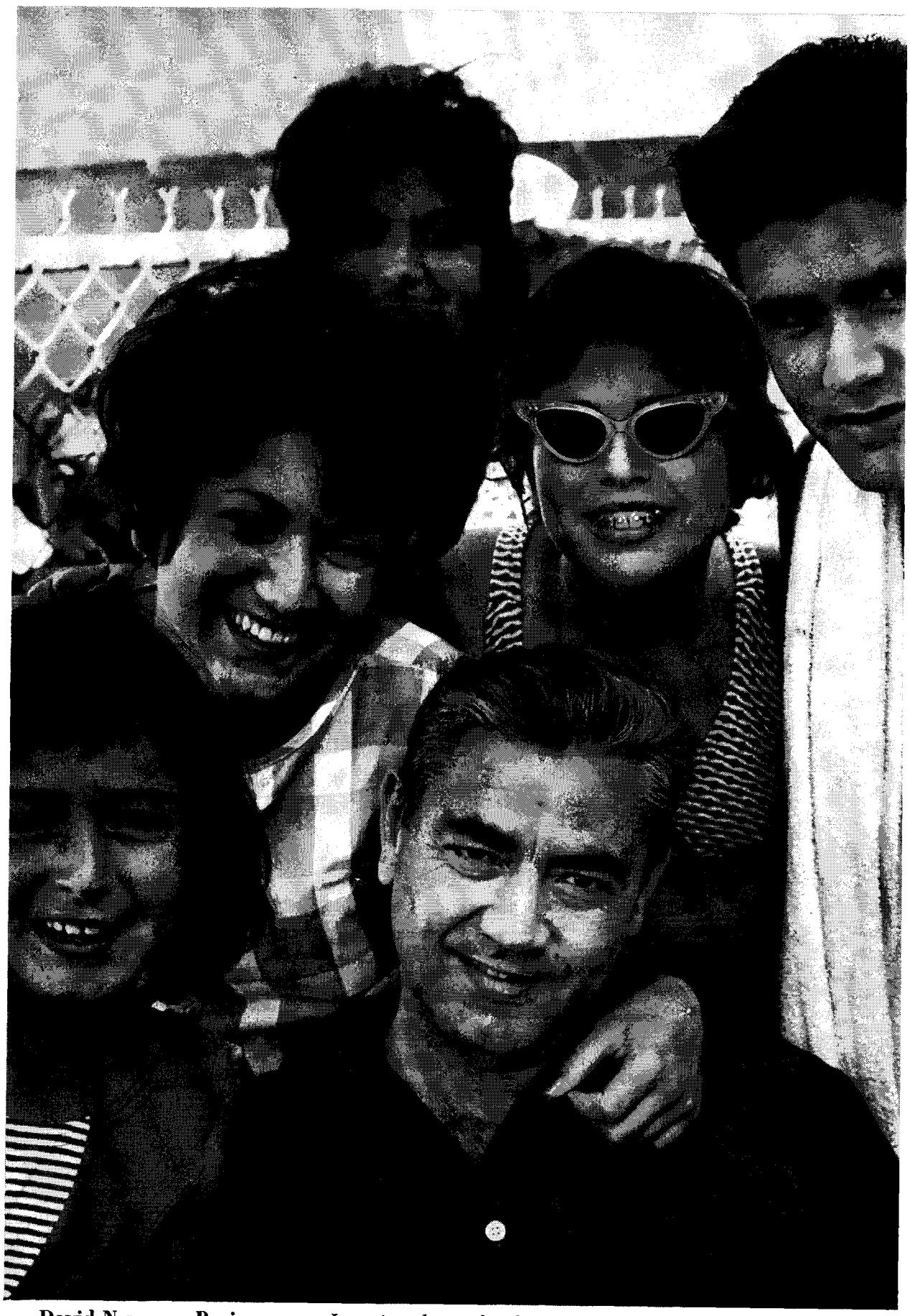
Kennedy inherits not only the antiouthouse vote but also the central heritage of the New Deal—the feeling that "the Republicans are the party of the rich; the Democrats are the party of the common people." I heard this phrase far less this year than I did ten years ago, when I first began talking with the voters on a systematic basis. Yet the feeling is still there, and it would be a great asset to a Democratic President in bad times. But aside from economic trouble, there are other ways in which Kennedy can be hurt, and is being hurt.

Every major politician in time attracts a set of plus words and minus words. Dwight Eisenhower's plus words were the best a politician can hope for—"good," "nice" and "sincere." These words were often uttered at the same time as his minus words, as in, "I know he goofs off a lot, but he's such a *good* man." In 1960 Nixon's plus words were "more experienced," and his minus words were, "I just don't trust him."

"A Rough Road and Him So Young"

By this time Kennedy has developed a choice collection of both plus and minus words. His plus words are "dynamic," "straightforward," "intelligent," "forthright" and—surprisingly often—"well-educated." And a good many voters—women especially—have an odd sense of sympathy for him. "He has a rough road and him so young," said a housewife in Baltimore; and another, in Connecticut, said almost tearfully, "He's carrying such a big load for such a young man." A lot of motherly females apparently have the notion that Kennedy had the Presidency forced upon him by fate, like a Prince Hal inheriting the crown.

In any case, there is no doubt about Kennedy's popularity, in the sense that a lot more people like him than dislike him. In certain areas, I suspect, where the President's personal popularity can be tied to the Medicare program—of which



David Newman, Businessman: *Interviewed at a family party beside his swimming pool, he had one criticism of the President—"too many Kennedys in the White House."*

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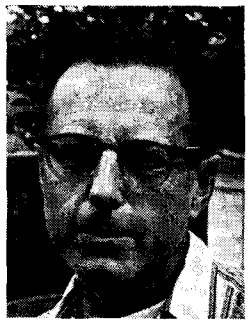

Marvin L. Simon
Businessman

He is inclined to hope that there will be no war, "because neither side could be the winner."

Mrs. Myles Mitz
Housewife

She was opposed to her husband's idea for a fallout shelter. "It's just silly to bury yourself underground."

Dale Frew
Airplane Navigator

"Communism is creeping in through the back door—that's the main threat in the long run."

more later—intervention by the President in this year's congressional election might be a lot more effective than presidential intervention ever was in the Eisenhower or Truman years. Even so, an important part of Kennedy's popularity is negative. As one of my volunteer helpers astutely remarked. "A lot of Protestants seem to be for him just because he hasn't put the Pope in the White House guest room." And Kennedy has collected his share of minus words too. Here are four favorite minus phrases, in ascending order of importance:

"He's rich and knows nothing about the problems of the poor."

"He's reaching out for too much power."

"He flies off the handle too much." This is an odd one. A lot of voters seem to be convinced that the President, who is actually a very cool customer, is a hothead with an uncontrollable temper.

Complaint: "Too Many Kennedys"

Finally: "Too much family." You hear this complaint from coast to coast—but less, surprisingly, in the Middle West than elsewhere. Out in Los Angeles David Newman, who was having a family party beside his newly built swimming pool, said that his "only criticism" of the President was that there were "too many Kennedys in the White House." In Connecticut Frank Cameron, who works in an aircraft company, said that there are "too many Kennedys in office." But both would vote for Kennedy again. Curiously, the complaint about "too much family" seems to come most often from people who are (a) Catholic, and (b) pro-Kennedy otherwise.

In any case, any Republican with presidential aspirations would do well to study with some care the four phrases listed above, for they represent, as of today, the only serious flaws in the "Kennedy image." It is worth noting in passing that Nelson Rockefeller, who seems at the moment the most likely Republican candidate in 1964, is in a poor position to exploit two of these four flaws.

Individuals, of course, have their own peculiar reasons for disliking Kennedy. One lady said he was addicted to "foul language" (a reference to the Joe Kennedy-"s.o.b." story?), and another said he "drank too much" (the President is an abstemious man who occasionally indulges in one Daiquiri). But there were also certain special groups with reasons of their own for disenchantment with the President.

In the kind of middle-income areas where my helpers and I did our interviewing, you very rarely come across the anti-Kennedy passion with which parts of the big-business community have been seized since the steel row and the stock-market collapse. But among small businessmen there is at least a pale reflection of that passion. One of the three Smith brothers, who operate a sawmill near Louisa, Virginia, remarked of Kennedy, "I don't know nothin' good about him," and another said, "Ever since Kennedy was nominated, everything's been going down." Carl Plummer, a tractor dealer in Brownstown, Indiana, is convinced that "Kennedy is hurting small business"—he especially dislikes the soil-bank policy, since the soil bank reduces the sale of tractors.

But it seems unlikely that the Smith Brothers, who are admirers of Senator Harry Byrd, or Mr. Plummer, who is an admirer of Senator Capehart, ever have supported, or ever would support, a Democratic President. A more politically meaningful phenomenon than the disenchantment of the small businessmen, it seemed to me, was the curious anti-Kennedy impact of the race issue in Ward 7 in Chicago.

Ward 7, where we interviewed seventy people, was the one area where Kennedy had actually lost ground since 1960—where more 1960 Kennedy voters had moved to an undecided or an anti-Kennedy position than the other way around. The basic reason for this reversal seemed both obvious and politically significant.

To the naked eye, Ward 7 looks much like Ward 8 in Baltimore, or Ward 39 in north Chicago, or—except for sunshine and smog—the Los Angeles district. Ward 7 is "middle middle," to use the classification of the sociologists. It is average America, big-city version—a mixture of four- or five-story apartment houses, small one-family or two-family houses with tiny patches of lawn and, near the lakefront, some rather pretentious places owned by the moderately prosperous. But there is one difference between Ward 7 and the other areas we visited. The Negroes are beginning to move in.

Ward 7's Overriding Issue

Negroes now occupy most of the apartment houses in the northern corner of the ward. As a result, to the people of Ward 7, white and colored, the racial issue is overriding. And the issue, oddly enough, hurts Kennedy among *both* whites and Negroes.

There are some Negroes, like James Boyd, a doorman, who are moderates on the racial issue. "I don't want to go into a place to eat if I think I'm not wanted," he says, and he thinks "a lot of people are crazy on both sides." But most Negroes in Ward 7 are passionate integrationists, and some, at least, agree with Thelma Gilder. Thelma Gilder is a waitress, and when I interviewed her, she was wearing a very striking yellow hat. She voted for Kennedy, but if she had it to do over again, she would vote against him. Why? Because Kennedy "hasn't pushed hard enough" on the civil-rights issue.

There are racial liberals and integrationists among the whites in the 7th Ward. A doctor believes that "segregation is the cancer of our society," and he looks forward to the time when, as a result of intermarriage, "in five generations all Americans will be Negro." But there are many more whites like the craneman in a steel mill who voted for Kennedy in 1960. He will never vote for Kennedy again, he says, because "the colored get more from Kennedy than the whites."

Thus in the 7th Ward Kennedy gets it coming and going. And even in other areas, where the racial problem is more remote, it remains our prickliest domestic political problem and an issue which is more likely to hurt than to help an incumbent President.

There are violent Negro-haters to be found everywhere. One lady in Baltimore, after delivering herself of a long anti-Negro tirade, added, "But you ought to talk to my husband—he's a *real* bigot." There are racial liberals to be found everywhere, even in Harry Byrd's Virginia. Near the town of Bumpass, in Louisa County, I came upon an elderly man sitting on a porch. He had a long saturnine face, and he might have sat for a Herblock cartoon of a white supremacist. So I was startled by his views on the racial problem.

"Don't See Why We Got to Mingle"

"They're citizens of the United States, ain't they?" he asked. "Then they ought to have the right to vote. They pay their taxes, don't they? Then they ought to have the right to go to the same schools as the whites." He refused to give his name or have his picture taken.

But the view of the vast majority of whites across the country was oddly ambivalent. The basic view was summed by a Baltimore housewife: "They got rights, just like anybody else. They ought to vote and have just as good schools and all that, but I don't see why we got to mingle together." Across the country in Los Angeles, an attractive Mormon housewife echoed this basic view. She was "mixed," she said, on the racial issue. The Negroes "should have definite rights," including the right to go to the best schools. But, she admitted, she would "hate to have them in the neighborhood."

Everywhere, you find a strictly abstract desire for justice for the Negro coupled with a desire to avoid any personal consequences of racial equality. Sometimes the inherent conflict in these desires can lead to ludicrous results. "I'm all for equal rights for the colored," a householder in Los Angeles told Tom Braden, one of my volunteer helpers, "as long as they keep their place and don't try to eat in the same restaurants as us whites."

I suspect that a politician who took a sort of modified *apartheid* line—"equal rights but no mingling"—would pick up a lot of white votes in the North. But if you have a look at the vast colored sections of our big cities, it is easy to see why no politician tries it. No politician can afford to alienate a huge bloc of votes, which is why Attorney General Robert Kennedy is right when he insists that the right to vote is the key to all Negro rights.

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Gloria O'Donough, Housewife: "*People seem to have lost something. They don't seem to care anymore. It sounds corny, but maybe what we've lost is Americanism.*"

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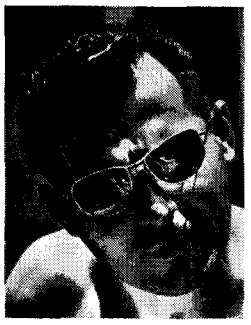

Ellis J. Charrette
Distributor

He complains about the U.S. foreign-aid program, feels "we pamper foreign countries too much."

Nelson S. German
Trainman

German is bitter that taxes on his modest home have gone from $147 to $325. "I think that's too high."

Dan Stieber
Electrician

"I was always a Democrat, but I just became a Republican." Democrats raised his house assessment.

One more comment on this matter of the race problem. In the *mythos* of a certain kind of liberal intellectual, the rich are the bad guys and the poor are the good guys—the rich are bad old reactionaries and the poor are good little liberals. This is largely untrue as regards many issues. As regards the race issue, it is totally untrue. If you want to hear reasoned and liberal views on the race issue, press the doorbells of big houses, with well-kept lawns. If you want to hear really violent race prejudice, go to the slums or near-slums.

The racial issue is one problem about which everybody has an opinion—although, as in the case of religion, a good many people get a guarded and secretive look about the eyes when the subject is raised. A lot of people, especially in the cities, have no opinion at all about farm policy. "I don't know too much about that," they will say, apologetically, and very few mention the name of Billie Sol Estes. But almost all those who do have an opinion seem to have about the same opinion, often summed up in two words: "It stinks." In all my walking and talking I found not a single soul who approved the farm program in its present form.

The soil-bank idea especially is universally unpopular. There seems to be a sense of guilt in the rural areas about the soil bank. Nicholas Vodel of Seymour, Indiana, expressed a very general view when he said, "It just don't seem right, not raising anything while the land lies idle."

Even the farmers who benefit in their pocketbooks from farm subsidies express no enthusiasm for the present program. Orville Schnitker, who runs a prosperous farm in Jackson County, would only say that the program "could operate more efficiently." And a lot of people agree with Joseph Gray of Brownstown, Indiana, that "the Government ought to get its nose right out of the farms."

Discontent Over Foreign Aid

The universal discontent with the farm program is a remarkable political phenomenon. It seems to me surprising that no politician in either party has found a way to exploit it. The discontent with the foreign-aid program is almost as universal.

It is strange how misinformed most people are after all these years about foreign aid. Most people think the program is essentially charitable in its purposes, which it is not. Most people think that Western Europe is still receiving vast sums from the United States, which is not true either. It is strange that no Administration, back to the Truman days, has ever been able to explain to the American electorate what foreign aid is all about, or why it is needed, which is certainly one reason for its universal unpopularity.

Mrs. Jack Diamond, a pretty Chicago housewife, spoke for the majority when she said that we were "sending too much money abroad," and that we "need it more here at home." Pipe-smoking Percy White of Indiana also spoke for the majority when he said he was especially against sending aid to Communist countries. A lot of people agree with Ellis J. Charrette of Los Angeles, who thinks we "pamper foreign countries too much." The nearest approach to enthusiasm for the program came from a Baltimore housewife: "I suppose we gotta do it to save those countries from going Communist."

Curiously enough, this very strong resistance to sending money abroad was not accompanied by any strong resistance to paying Federal income taxes. The attitude of the American people toward the subject of taxes, as James Cross, another of my volunteer helpers, remarked, is "surprisingly un-French." "Taxes hurt, but you can't help that," said E. W. Bruce, who was selling tomatoes in Louisa, Virginia. "Other countries pay more; you know that."

Paying for Those "Nice Things"

"If you want to have nice things, like schools and outer space and all," a Connecticut housewife said, "you gotta pay for them." It was surprising how many people, in the Middle West especially, volunteered that they were against an income-tax cut unless it was accompanied by a balanced budget. Toward local real-estate taxes the attitude was entirely different.

Nelson S. German, a trainman, was understandably bitter about the fact that taxes on his modest house had gone up from $147 some years ago to $325 today. He had a fellow sufferer in Dan Stieber, a Chicago electrician. When I asked him what party he favored, Dan said: "I was always a Democrat, but I just became a Republican." The reason? The Democratic city administration had raised the assessment on his house from $300 to $503.

Why do local taxes arouse far more bitterness than Federal taxes in the sort of middle-income areas where we did our interviewing? One reason may be that in such areas the income-tax bite is not unbearably painful. But I think there is another reason, which goes back to Beardsley Ruml and his withholding tax.

In these post-Ruml days the income tax is extracted from the taxpayer *before* he really knows it's his. Local real-estate taxes are extracted from people like Mr. German and Mr. Stieber *after* they have felt the lovely touch of the green stuff between their fingers. There is an enormous psychological difference between the two. I suspect that the withholding tax represented the worst defeat the advocates of economy in the national Government have suffered. And the fact that people like Mr. German and Mr. Stieber are still so painfully aware of the money they pay to their city governments may be one reason why most of our big cities look so shoddy and ill-kempt.

There were no sharp geographical variations on these issues, except that people on the East Coast seemed more resigned to foreign aid than they were elsewhere. But on the Medicare program there was a remarkable geographical difference which still puzzles me.

I started my interviewing in the East, and I thought I had discovered the sleeper in this year's congressional elections. People were for Medicare by margins ranging up to almost five to one in the Baltimore ward. Thus the Democrats' formula for winning in the fall seemed simple. Just persuade the voters that a vote for a Republican is a vote against the popular President and his even more popular Medicare program, and a decisive New Frontier majority is assured.

I still think this is a formidable formula in the East, and probably also in California, where our limited sample gave Medicare a three-to-one majority. But it won't work in the Middle West. There was a decisive majority against the Medicare program in both Chicago wards and in the Indiana county.

In the Middle West, even those who favored the Medicare program favored it in an oddly shamefaced way. In Brownstown I climbed a ladder to interview a man working on a roof. The man turned out to be a highly intelligent political scientist, Loren Noblitt. (One has these surprises—a man I interviewed in Baltimore kept protesting that whatever the neighbors said, he wasn't *really* a sex maniac.) Professor Noblitt is highly conservative—he believes that both the farm and foreign-aid programs are unconstitutional. But on the Medicare program he remarked with an apologetic smile, "As I approach a certain age, my hand goes out like anyone else's."

The minority in the Middle West who favored Medicare were similarly apologetic, with many protestations of their unyielding opposition to "socialized medicine." And in the Middle West we constantly heard an argument against hospital care under Social Security which we never heard elsewhere—"the wealthy don't need help."

Varying Thoughts on Medicare

Why this remarkable difference? Why should a ward in Baltimore be overwhelmingly in favor of the Medicare program, while a ward in Chicago is strongly against it, when both places look very much alike, have similar voting records and contain much the same kind of people? I have no clue to the answer. Perhaps some knowledgeable reader can enlighten me.

So much for the American mood as it concerns the major current political issues. On the graver issue of war and peace the American people may be divided neatly into two categories—the fatalist minority and the Churchillian majority.

A typical fatalist is seventy-two-year-old E. B. Harlow of Louisa County, Virginia. "It's coming," he says, with a certain relish, "I do believe it's coming." A large proportion of the fatalists are elderly men like Mr. Harlow. And a good many are biblical fatalists like Mr. Disbro.

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Mrs. R. F. Perkins
Housewife
She doesn't believe there will be another war, because "I don't think either side dares to do it."

Again and again we ran across people who said that war was coming because "it's in the Bible." Some added that it would be "the end of everything." Was this a reference to Matthew 24:6—"*And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet*"—and to similar passages in Luke and Mark? Or is there some more explicit biblical reference? Again, perhaps a knowledgeable reader will enlighten me.

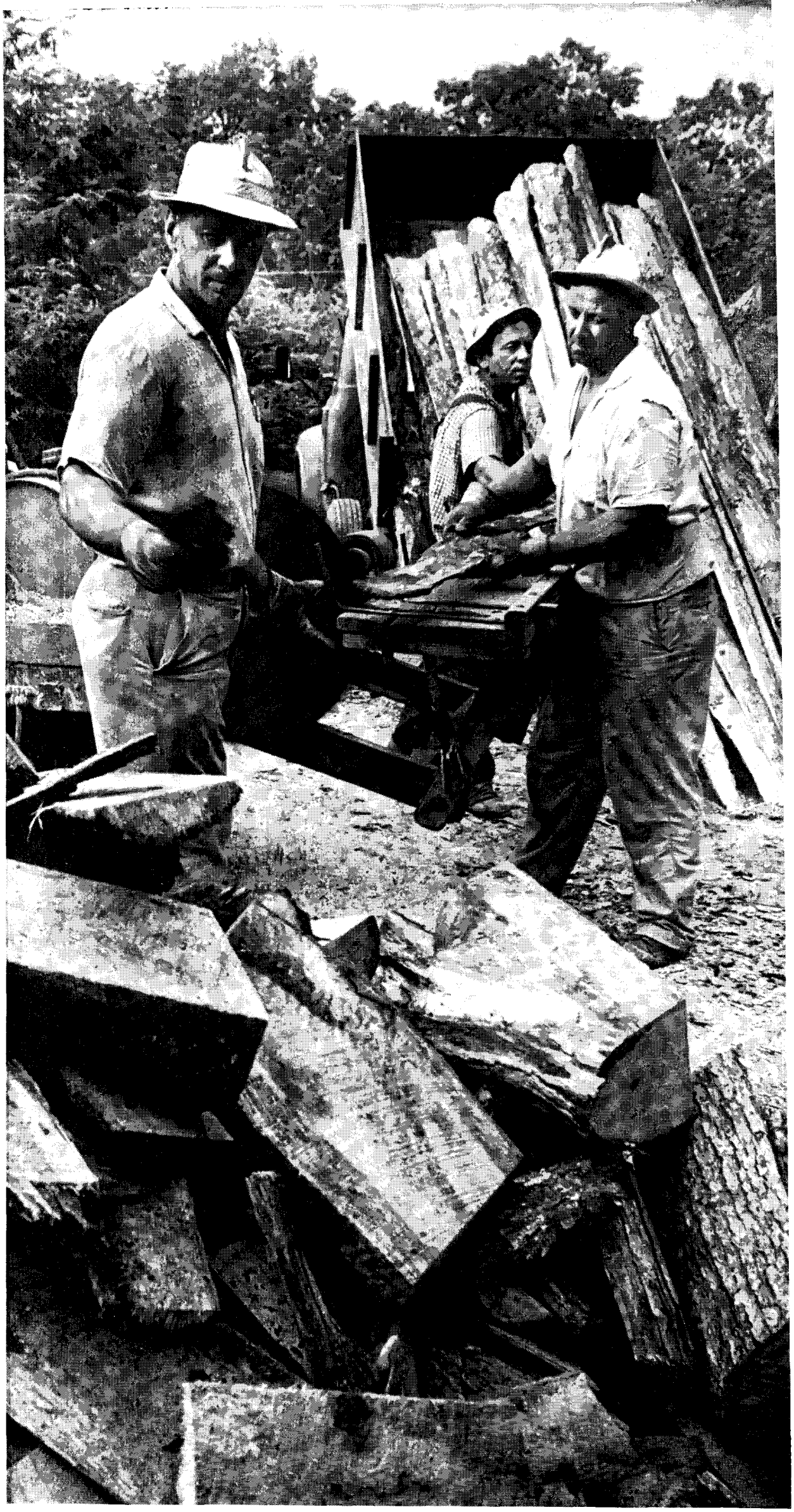
Fatalists in the Minority

The fatalists are in the minority—of the 500 people my helpers and I interviewed, only one in five thought there was a "big" danger of war. Most of the rest of the people are Churchillians. Twelve years ago, in an eloquent speech in the House of Commons, Winston Churchill outlined his theory of "the peace of mutual terror." The nuclear weapon, Churchill reasoned, has changed the whole nature of warfare. Whereas in his youth a nation going to war might hope for "glory, booty and national aggrandizement," the nuclear weapons now assured "a period of measureless agony from which neither side could hope to recover." While the terror remained truly mutual, Churchill reasoned, peace of a sort might well persist.

Again and again and again, talking to people about the chances of war and peace, we caught a less eloquent echo of this Churchillian thesis. Mrs. R. F. Perkins of Virginia, for example, put the Churchillian thesis more simply than Churchill. Mrs. Perkins doesn't think there will be a war, because "I don't think either side dares." Jack Lynch, a mailman in Indiana, was in the Air Force for four years, and he is convinced that "either side could destroy the other," and that therefore there will be no war. Benjamin Levinson, a Chicago lawyer, thinks that because of the power of modern weapons, the danger of all-out war has been "gradually diminishing," although the danger of small, local wars persists. Marvin L. Simon, a neighbor of Mr. Levinson's, was also "inclined to hope that there would be no war, because neither side could be the winner." But he added thoughtfully that the fear of gas and mass bombing, which was almost as great twenty-five years ago as the fear of nuclear weapons today, had not prevented World War II.

Others among the Churchillian majority qualified their hopeful predictions by citing the danger of accidental war. "Khrushchev doesn't want it," said a retired railroad man in Virginia, "but he might fall over the brink." Many others said there would be no war "so long as we remain strong," which was their paraphrase of the Churchillian requirement that "the terror must be truly mutual."

I included the question "Have you ever thought seriously about building a fallout shelter?" to try to measure how deep the fear of war



Smith Brothers, Saw Mill Operators: *One brother said, "Since Kennedy, everything's been going down." From another brother: "I don't know nothin' good about him."*

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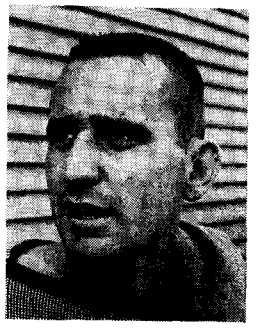
James Daniel
Foundry Worker
"Unemployment is our greatest problem." Next come the high cost of living and danger of a depression.



Robert Oliva
Teacher
"We don't have the family as a unit as we used to have. As a result, a lot of kids have got out of control."

Mrs. B. John Mix
Housewife
"We're becoming decadent. Moral values have declined. People don't feel patriotism as they used to."

really goes. The reaction was an odd one. Nobody, nobody at all, had actually built a shelter, and if there were any shelters in the seven areas we visited, nobody mentioned it. Perhaps a dozen people out of 500 had thought seriously about building a shelter. Myles Mitz of Chicago had gone so far as to investigate the cost of a shelter. But his wife, a prettyish girl in toreador pants who was painting a mural in the entrance hall of their house, had vetoed the project. She was furiously against the whole idea. "It's just silly to bury yourself underground," she said.

Little Worry About Shelters

What was odd about the reaction to the shelter question was the indignant way a lot of people answered it, as though their personal courage had been called in question. "Hell, no," a man might say angrily, or: "How stupid can you get?"

Does this mean that the danger of war is wholly remote to most people, that it has no reality to them? Perhaps in part. A good many people—especially housewives with children—say, "I just don't let myself think about it." Yet people are aware of the danger all the same, at least when they are reminded of it.

In its original version the sixteenth question in my interview read: "What concerns you most about the world and this country today? The threat of war? The danger of depression? Something else?" After thirty or forty interviews, I changed it to read: "What concerns you most about this country today?" (Pause.) "What do you think is our biggest problem?" (Pause.) As it was originally phrased, almost everybody answered the question with "the threat of war."

I changed the question to get people to give their own "biggest problem" without prompting. The result was a remarkable variety of answers, which defy statistical classification. Some of the answers were just plain odd—they ranged from "leave the moon alone" and "too much spraying with poisons," to "that bastard downtown" and "my daughter-in-law."

Most of the answers were more conventional of course, and most of them fell into one of three categories—war and Cold War issues, economic and pocketbook issues, and moral issues. Mrs. Martha Gunnell of Chicago, for example, thinks "Communism" is the greatest problem, and a lot of people gave that answer. Dale Frew, a pilot for the Flying Tiger Lines, says that "Communism is creeping in through the back door—that's the main threat in the long run." Mrs. Morris London of Chicago was the only one to couple both "Communism and Nazism."

James Daniel, a Negro foundry worker in Chicago, thinks unemployment is our greatest problem. So does Dorothy Callahan, a clerk in Los Angeles. Unemployment, she says, "is at an all-time high in California." But she says she personally is better off than she was two years ago. Only six of the seventy-seven people we interviewed in the Los Angeles district thought they were worse off.

Other favorite pocketbook issues were the high cost of living and the threat of a depression. Then there were economic-political issues, like "creeping specialism" and "the threat to free enterprise." But what really surprised me was the number of people who felt that America's greatest problems are moral rather than economic or political. George Marshall, a partner in the Southern States Cooperative, in Louisa, Virginia, says firmly that America's greatest problem is "the moral decay of the nation as a whole." Across the country in Los Angeles Gloria O'Donough, a pretty housewife, says that "people seem to have lost something. They don't seem to care anymore. I know it sounds corny, but maybe what we've lost is Americanism. They don't teach it to the kids anymore."

This feeling of something lost, of something that was good that has gone out of American life, is remarkably widespread. People grope to express it. "We're all living too fast," said Eileen Hicherson of Indiana, whom we interviewed just as she was about to go fishing. "There's too much in one day's time. We're all running and we can't catch up."

"The only really major issue," says an aircraft worker in Windsor Locks, Connecticut, "is America's softness." And what seems to worry people above all is the feeling, as one Baltimore householder put it, that "something's got into our kids." "Sure," he says, "we used to play pranks when we were children, but this is different. The other day a kid scratches my car all up with a knife. Why would he want to do that?"

"What's Got Into Our Kids?"

"It was all in the papers," said a Baltimore housewife, "that place on Blair Road where the kids was taking codeine pills." A remarkable number of people have the feeling that something strange and rather terrible has happened to the next generation. Robert Oliva of Windsor Locks is an elementary-school teacher. "We don't have the family as a unit as we used to have." he says. "As a result, a lot of the kids have got out of control." He says frankly that he is glad he teaches only younger children. Trying to control a classroom of teen-agers can be a very rough business, he says.

"I don't worry much about depression," says a kindly looking housewife in Connecticut. "If you got no meat in the house you can eat greens. It's these teen-agers that really scare you, with their gangs and their knives and all. What's got into our kids? I don't know."

In Europe, says Mr. S. P. Sevcik, a locksmith who emigrated to this country years ago, children had respect for adults, and adults were expected to correct bad behavior in children. "But here," says Mr. Sevcik, "you try to correct a boy, he throws a rock at you."

Mrs. B. John Mix, a thoughtful housewife who lives in a big comfortable-looking house in north Chicago, says that she is trying hard to raise her children to respect moral values. But she admits that it is difficult in the atmosphere of the times. "We're becoming decadent," she says. "Moral values have declined. People don't feel patriotism as they used to. Somehow there is not that sense of challenge that was presented years ago."

Americans: Optimistic But Troubled

The American people, it seems to me, after talking to a lot of them, are a pleasant people, unsuspicious and openhearted, who for the most part lead highly moral lives in modestly prosperous, though far from affluent, surroundings. (We pushed hundreds of doorbells, but no door was ever opened by a maid.) On the whole they are optimists. Most of them think they are better off than they were, and by a big majority they think we can avoid a nuclear war. And yet they are also in an oddly troubled and self-questioning mood. A surprising number of them seem to feel that somehow, somewhere, America has lost something—a sense of purpose, a sense of right and wrong, a sense of home and family.

This curious national mood, part nostalgia and part moral indignation, was recently caught precisely by former President Eisenhower, in a little homily in which he compared the twist unfavorably to the minuet. The sophisticated like to giggle at the Eisenhower homilies, but his ability to mirror the national mood is a big part of his political genius.

This suggests the way Kennedy's popularity differs from Eisenhower's. Eisenhower's genius for reflecting the national mood—indeed, for becoming a part of the national mood—led the voters to think of him in a very special and personal way. "Ike and Mamie are the kind of people I'd like to ask to a cookout," one middle-aged man remarked, and the remark suggests the special, rather cozy nature of Eisenhower's relationship with the voters. This special relationship made all criticism of Eisenhower politically pointless.

President Kennedy is incapable of small homilies in the Eisenhower style, and although his wife is widely admired ("I like Kennedy's advisers, especially his wife," said a young Connecticut housewife) the average voter would be unlikely to "ask Jack and Jackie for a cookout." A majority of the voters feel admiration and respect for the President, but he has not yet realized that special, warm and human relationship with the electorate that those two very different men, Presidents Eisenhower and Roosevelt, achieved.

In the long run, in a time of trouble, that could turn out to be a serious weakness in the President's political armor. But for the moment, there is no doubt that the President's popularity is widespread and entirely real. **THE END**

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President Kennedy stirs excitement wherever he goes, as shown by the swarming greeting he received on the beach at Malibu on a visit to California last month. But, Alsop reports, he does not yet enjoy the special warmth the voters felt for Roosevelt and Eisenhower.

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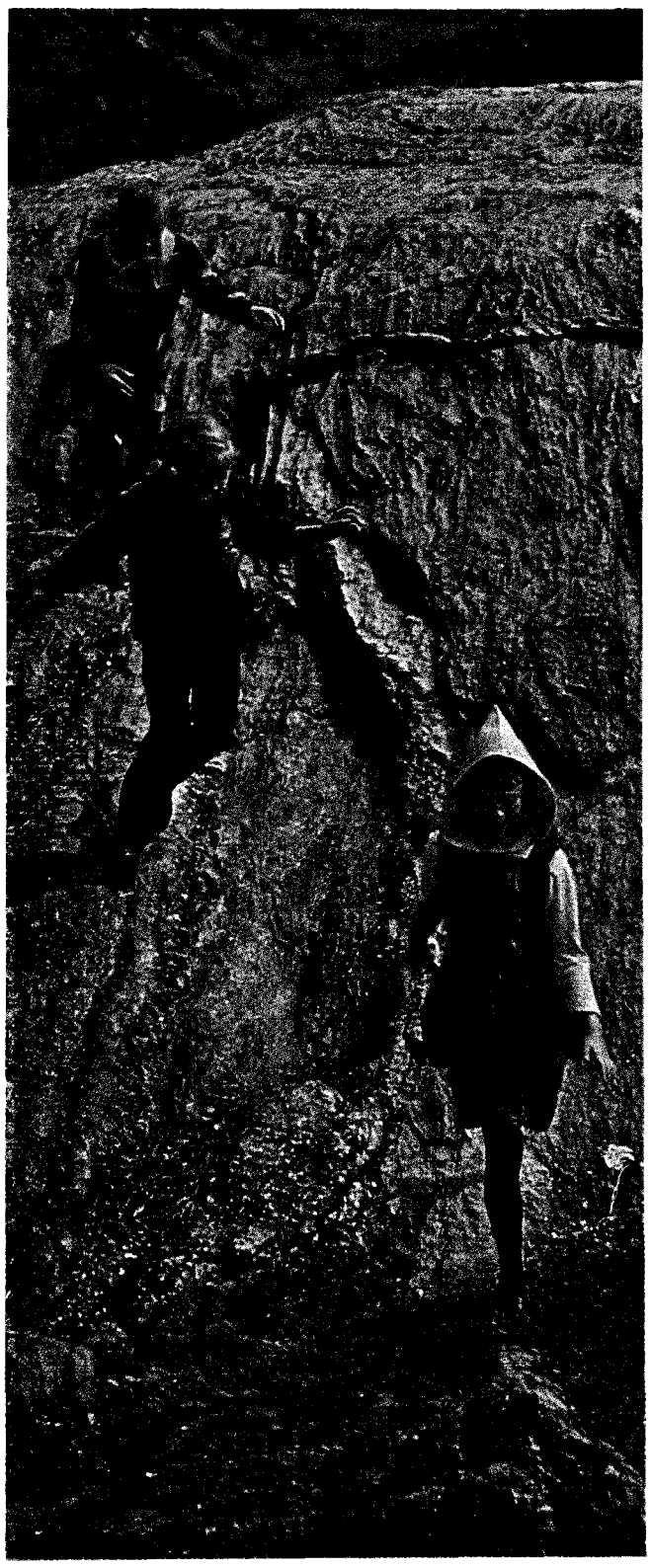
Haute Mode for Little Girls

Top fashion designers are creating elegant new wardrobes with fancy price tags for the grade-school set. • By SUSAN BLACK



Chic and comfort are characteristic of the play-clothes collection of designer Arnold Scaasi, who came into the children's field this year.

One afternoon last spring the dress designer Arnold Scaasi, whose customers include such glamorous ladies as Zsa Zsa Gabor, Sophia Loren and Mamie Eisenhower, held a fashion show in an elegant New York hotel. At first glance it appeared to be one of Mr. Scaasi's usual sartorial melodramas. Chandeliers and mirrors twinkled back and forth at each other; soft piano music floated on the smoke-filled air, while chilled drinks and warm hors d'oeuvres were served to the guests.

What distinguished this fashion show from its predecessors was revealed when the commentator stepped to the microphone to introduce the first models. Instead of the tall, gaunt, pterodactyl-like creatures who customarily model Mr. Scaasi's highly sophisticated clothes, three robust little girls wearing stretch jump-suits leaped—actually leaped—into view. They bounded onto the red-carpeted runway, dashed down it, and then did splits as the commentator announced, "Arnold Scaasi, entering a new field of fashion, now presents his designs for little women."

The Scaasi show revealed a surprising development in the children's-clothes industry, for Scaasi is not the only outstanding American designer of adult high fashion to have entered the field; Bill Blass and Lilly Daché also presented their first collections of fashions for little girls this year. The entrance of these designers into children's wear promises changes in the wardrobes of every grade-school girl in the country. For, just as in adult fashions, children's originals are copied and then filter down to the lowest price levels. And the styles these designers create are in crisp contrast to conventional notions of what little girls should wear.

Rejecting the Fussy Designs

The pioneer and chief source of inspiration for children's clothes is Helen Lee, a highly articulate designer whose distinctions include being the only person in this field to receive the Coty Award, fashion's highest prize.

Thirty-three years ago, when Helen Lee got her first job, neither the designers, the manufacturers nor the buyers of children's clothes had any idea of how little girls might want to look. Helen Lee came into the field convinced that she had, as she says, "total recall of every fashion moment in my own life, from diapers on." That conviction led her to reject the grimly useful "miniature adult" dresses, in which children were being outfitted for school and play, and the fussy "baby doll" pastel dresses with smocked bodices, puffy sleeves and big-bow belts, in which they were being sent to parties.

"Many little girls have fat stomachs often unsuited for tucked bodices and wide sashes," Miss Lee observes. "And not all little girls are pale pink and pale blue. Some are black-and-white-checked with moods of bright red." Acting on those beliefs, Helen Lee began to design dresses in strong, sophisticated colors. She was the first in this country to use black for children and the first to cut her dresses along simpler lines and from functional fabrics. She recognized a problem peculiar to her field, and she dealt with it: The product had to be liked by two persons who were approximately thirty years apart in age. So she designed dresses that said to the mother, "I am appropriate; I am wearable; you won't have any trouble with me in the washing machine." To the child the dresses said, "I am gay; I am young; I can be identified by you as 'My dress that buttons all the way down the back!' or 'My dress with six pockets.'"

Story-Telling Fashion Line

Over the years Miss Lee also worked out the idea of producing an integrated line, which could be effectively presented and promoted. The idea became reality in 1950 when she allied herself with the firm of Sam Landorf, Inc. Within months the dresses labeled YOUNGLAND, BY HELEN LEE were making clothing history—and money. Her collections consisted of several groups, each of which could be characterized by a single story-telling phrase, such as "A Date to Pose for Portraits" or "Dancing Colors." Those fashion themes gave stores a dramatic focus for their presentation. In 1957, Helen Lee left Landorf and became a partner in the Alyssa Company. Four years later, while still continuing to direct the Alyssa line, she introduced a separate Helen Lee of Saks 5th Avenue Line.

Helen Lee's success was bound to be imitated. Having learned that people were willing to spend money for different-looking children's clothes and that department stores were eager to carry such lines, manufacturers went out looking for designers whose names would command attention and high prices. But no "names" had been developed in the children's field. The manufacturers then looked to the field of adult fashion. Finding a "name" there had two advantages. For one, a young mother wearing, say, a Bill Blass ensemble, would be delighted to have her daughter dressed by the same designer. For another, designers from the field of *haute couture*, with no clichés to fall back on, might turn out children's clothes that were truly original.

In 1960 a children's-wear firm sought out Louis Feraud, a French *couturier*, and had him create a collection which was sold only at one department store. Sales were so successful that a second collection was ordered by the manufacturer. The next year three other designers from abroad—

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These velvety party dresses with matching hats and lace on the petticoats are made by Lilly Daché. She says . . . . . it by designing special outfits for her daughter.

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Children love jumpers, pockets and stretch pants. They hate snow pants and petticoats.

School dresses designed by Bill Blass incline toward conservative colors and simple lines. He "despises outfits that scream for attention."

Going-to-church clothes by Helen Lee emphasize strong colors. The pioneer in the field, Miss Lee was the first to use black for children.

Capucci, Marc Bohan and Simonetta—entered the field. And this fall Lilly Daché, Arnold Scaasi and Bill Blass presented their first children's collections. Many generalizations apply to the clothes they have created (all avoid the "sugar-and-spice" look, for example), but each designer has done a distinctive collection and has expressed his own ideas on designing for little girls.

Bill Blass applies to girls' clothes the principles that serve him so well in the women's field. A pleasant-looking, untemperamental thirty-nine-year-old bachelor, Blass for the past four years has headed the designing staff of the New York firm of Maurice Rentner, Ltd. In 1961 he won the Coty Award for his clothes for women.

"My direction is toward the most classic concept of designing," Blass says. "Clothes must be terribly plain in design and must have very simple lines. I believe that any sort of frills are vulgar." Though his theory is one of absolute simplicity, Blass believes that "each dress must have one attraction that makes its owner prefer it to all the other things she has." For children this season the attraction is the Oliver Twist scarf that appears on three of his outfits.

Another principle Blass has applied to his children's collection is that the individual comes first, clothes second. "I want people to say to the women and children who wear my clothes, 'You look marvelous,' rather than, 'The dress is nice.'" Blass is adamant in his refusal to adapt his grown-ups' clothes for children. "I wouldn't dream of doing mother-daughter dresses," he says. "I despise outfits that scream for attention. Also, there's a difference of twenty to thirty years between mother and daughter, and in most matching outfits one or the other will look ridiculous."

Blass likes black relieved with white for little girls, "because it's elegant." He hates baby blue and baby pink, "because they tend to wash out even a pretty child and because they're banal." He likes school clothes in conservative colors: "A gray flannel jumper and a clean, crisp white shirt are better than anything else." And he likes dressy clothes in bright colors: "A party dress should have the plainest, most severe look except for the most wonderful, strong color—clear yellow, orange, hot pink or red, depending on the child's coloring."

From Picture-Drawing to Design

When Arnold Scaasi was asked to do a children's collection, he was a bit wary. "I have no children, and I don't know much about them," he says. "I decided to do it because I thought there were too many of one kind of children's wear on the market—the fussy kind—and I object to those clothes. The fussy is no longer contemporary. The age of giving more thought to trim and less thought to fit is gone. You can't cover workmanship defects with ruffles and bows."

Scaasi, a native of Montreal who moved to New York in 1951, began a cram course on children by reading child-psychology books. Then, in an attempt to learn more about his prospective customers at firsthand, he invited several of his clients' daughters to a party-forum in his showroom. Each of the seven-to-twelve-year-old young ladies who came was supposed to wear her favorite outfit, to tell Scaasi what she loved and hated to wear and to draw pictures of a dress she would like to have.

"It was a real eye-opener," he says. "Several things really impressed me. My panel loved jumpers, pockets, stretch pants and simple things like their school uniforms. They despised snow pants, petticoats and fancy things like their gucked-up party dresses. I found that children are more concerned than grown-ups about comfort. Adults are willing to suffer for what they think is beauty. Children, more sensibly, won't wear anything that itches or squeezes or bothers them in any way."

Pleased by their agreement with him on such essentials as simplicity and comfort and inspired by their preferences, Scaasi promised his panel he would keep their suggestions in mind. His first collection shows that he has honored his promise. All of his clothes have pockets; none of them have puffy petticoats. All have clean, spare lines; none have fussy decorations.

"Jeune Couture" in a Town House

Lilly Daché—the third outstanding American designer to turn to fashions for little girls, is a vivid woman with amber eyes. Since coming to New York from France in 1924 with thirteen dollars in her pocket, she has built up a thriving business that includes hats, dresses, beauty products, jewelry and other accessories. These enterprises take up the first seven floors of her Manhattan town house. Miss Daché lives on the eighth and ninth floors with her husband, Jean Despres and their recently adopted eleven-year-old daughter Suzanne, who lured Miss Daché into the children's-clothes field.

"When Suzanne came to New York from France last year," Miss Daché says, "I had a dreadful time finding clothes for her. Some clothes seemed too childish. They seemed to represent an adult's concept of a child. Some clothes were too serious. Children are witty and amusing and should be dressed that way."

If you are Lilly Daché and you can't find the right clothes for your daughter, you design a few outfits especially for her. When she wears them, and the mothers of her classmates telephone you to see if you would make the same clothes for their children, you realize that those mothers are in the same boat you were in. Then you go around the world, bring back three young designers and an array of fabrics and install a *Jeune Couture* division in your town house, with custom-made fashions for hard-to-fit young ladies.

Because of their lofty price tags—a Blass jumper blouse and scarf cost about fourteen dollars, a Scaasi jump suit about seventeen—the sales of these new clothes will be small in volume, but they will be big in influence. Manufacturers who until recently would have shrunk from dramatically new children's styles are now taking courage.

"If an unknown children's-wear designer had done that Scaasi collection," says Eugene Gantzhorn, the children's-wear editor of *Women's Wear Daily*, "the clothing-house owner would have had a heart attack."

Gantzhorn believes that manufacturers have wanted to turn out something new but, without a name designer, have been afraid to take the risk. "Now," he says, "with these big names designing for children, some exciting chances are being taken by the industry. The rest is up to the little girls." **THE END**

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

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Today's children's collections balance between simplicity and sophistication. Bill Blass designed the long-sleeved pink party dress, Lilly Daché the blue velvet dress, Arnold Scaasi the black jump suit, and Helen Lee the multiprint apron dress.

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Facing Up to Automation

An expert warns that our economic survival depends on wiser use of the new technology.

By JOHN DIEBOLD
as told to Robert Cahn

At a White House conference several weeks ago, the head of one of our most powerful labor unions told me, "Half of my members are worried about losing their jobs to machines. Can't you people hold off this automation business until the unemployment problem is solved?"

Like many Americans today, that union leader simply doesn't understand what automation—one of the great breakthroughs of our age—is all about. I told him, in effect, that: (1) Progress in automation isn't a matter of choice, it's inevitable; (2) the United States must pioneer in this technology or face calamitous economic and political defeat by its competitors; and (3) instead of causing unemployment, aggressive and wise use of automation could multiply jobs and swiftly raise our standard of living.

"In fact," I concluded, "the best thing we can do right now to keep workers from really being hurt, and to help the country as a whole, is to push automation forward as fast as possible."

That labor leader's fears are often reflected in newspaper headlines of today . . . AUTOMATION REPORT SEES VAST JOB LOSS or AUTOMATION FEAR STIRS LONGSHOREMEN. A poll of Detroit workers showed fear of automation second only to fear of Russia. A recent Secretary of the Army opposed a modernization program for military plants because he wanted no part of anything smacking of automation. One of the nation's largest corporations, hoping to avoid controversy, warned its executives not to use the word "automation" in speeches.

When I coined that word eleven years ago, I meant it to describe an exciting new system of making factory assembly lines almost completely automatic through the use of electronic control systems. The concept has since been broadened to embrace a whole new method of using technical knowledge, and most of its applications are outside the factory. It enables man to undertake tasks which hitherto have been impossible, to extend his capabilities beyond all previous limits and to create a multitude of new industries. Naturally I am pained and somewhat astonished that automation is so widely misunderstood and feared.

"Automation" is almost universally misused as a synonym for "mechanization." Actually automation means the application to machines and processes of the principle of feedback, or self-correction.

About the Author: *One of the world's foremost authorities on automation and a member of the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on Automation and Manpower, John Diebold, 36, has had a meteoric career. After coining the word automation in 1951 in a report made while at Harvard Business School, he started his own management consulting firm with practically no capital and an office in a bedroom of his father's Weehawken, New Jersey, home. Today The Diebold Group which he owns and heads has offices in fourteen cities on three continents and advises governments, businesses and industries on the application of automation techniques.*

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"I'm here to register a squawk-

those crazy people at Campbell's insist on putting real chicken in their Red Kettle Chicken Noodle Soup Mix!"

Now that the henhouse has been heard from, we'll speak our piece.

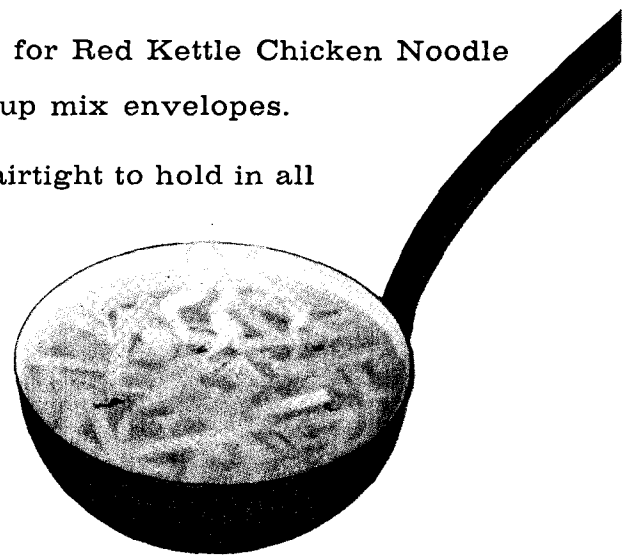
We've always been old-fashioned enough to think that a Chicken Noodle Soup Mix ought to have real chicken meat in it. Chicken is what you get in Campbell's new Red Kettle Chicken Noodle Soup Mix—tender, diced pieces just full of flavor because we freeze the flavor in before we take the moisture out. (Maybe you read about this remarkable Freeze-Drying process in Reader's Digest.)

Another thing that makes this soup mix so good is that we found a way to make it with real chicken stock, which does something wonderful for the egg noodles when you start the whole thing simmering.

P. S. Don't look for Red Kettle Chicken Noodle Soup Mix in the usual soup mix envelopes.

It comes in cute, little cans (two cans to a carton) completely airtight to hold in all the big full flavor until you get hungry.

Each can makes enough for three to four people. Chickens may be mad at us. But lovers of Chicken Noodle Soup love us.



RED KETTLE SOUP MIXES

New from Campbell's

8 great kinds . . .

Chicken Noodle with diced chicken meat, **Noodle** with real chicken stock, **Onion, Beef Noodle, Cream of Mushroom, Vegetable** with noodles, **Cream of Potato, Old-fashioned Beef** with barley and vegetables.

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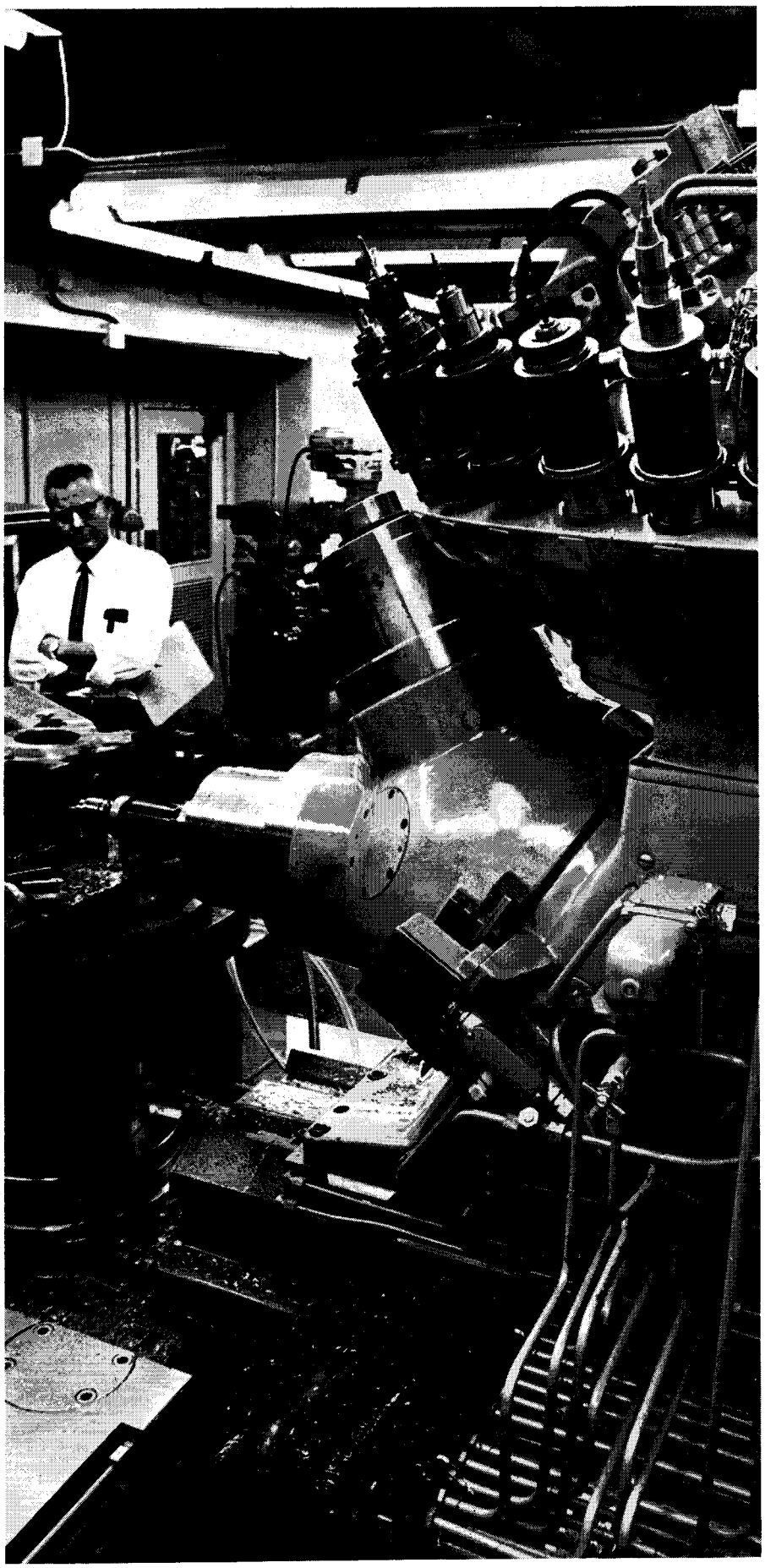
"Machines have been taught to play checkers and have defeated their teachers."



Hughes tape-controlled milling, drilling and boring machine processes complicated parts more accurately and much faster than manual methods.

Automation

Automated machines are those that control their own operation—that is, they can make certain "decisions" without human aid. Your home heating system is a simple kind of automation; the temperature of the air in the house affects the thermostat which feeds the information—"too cold or too hot"—back to the furnace and turns it on or off to maintain a certain range of temperature.

The breakthrough in automation has come with the development of highly sophisticated information-handling devices which enable us to move far beyond the physical and mental limitations of human workers in production processes. For example, the burgeoning space industry with its satellites, such as Telstar, could not exist without automation. In Telstar, thousands of tasks are performed out in space through built-in automated control systems. Telstar receives messages from earth, amplifies them 10,000,000,000 times, changes their frequency and then sends them back to earth.

To place Telstar in orbit, computers had to perform complicated calculations in millionths of a second. An army of superintelligent human workers could not have reacted fast enough to substitute for the lightning-quick electronic brain which coordinated the thousands of circuits involved in getting the booster rocket to take off perfectly. As the rocket rose toward space, computers digested millions of bits of information and, at the split second when the rocket had attained exactly the required velocity and was at the right location in space, a computer-directed signal was sent to cut off fuel and allow Telstar to enter the planned orbit.

Our weather satellites are also marvels of automation, taking thousands of cloud-pattern pictures per minute and telemetering data back to ground stations where computers analyze and interpret the information. Eventually weather satellites will help not only in forecasting but in weather control, acting like the household thermostat, monitoring atmospheric conditions constantly all over the world and sending out the signals to set in motion weather-control devices.

Fears of Mass Unemployment

Unhappily, the very people who welcome the benefits expected from Telstar or weather satellites are the ones who fear automation's immediate effect on their lives. Authoritative-sounding studies that warn of automation's dire effects add to the confusion. One report, released last winter by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, included statements that chemical production jobs had dropped 3 percent since 1956, while output had increased 27 percent; and that telephone-company personnel had increased only 10 percent in the last 10 years while volume of calls had risen 50 percent. These and other statistics were used to indicate that mass unemployment lies ahead as the result of automation.

I could just as readily cite similar evidence to prove my point of view—that automation increases the number and quality of jobs. The Bell System, for instance, in spite of all its automation, now employs 40 percent more women phone operators than it did when dial phones were introduced. For every ten jobs lost in direct chemical employment, hundreds of jobs have been created in the manufacture, distribution and sales of new automation-produced chemical materials. And a study by the International Association of Machinists revealed that, in 346 metalworking plants where some form of automation had been installed, total employment had increased.

Shortsighted critics have been predicting that machines would cause mass unemployment ever since the start of the Industrial Revolution. Unfortunately no comprehensive, unbiased study has ever been made of the many factors affecting employment levels—how and why people get jobs, change jobs or lose jobs. But our industrial history shows that despite periodic slumps in employment, technological advances in the long run created enough new and better jobs to take care of the increasing population and to provide a progressively higher standard of living.

Problems of the Displaced

It is true that automation has played some part in today's unemployment. As the techniques of automation have been applied, many people have been replaced by machines and suffered before finding new work. Some have had to take inferior or lower-paying jobs; and some, especially older workers, have not been able to find work of any kind. I have seen the frustration of these displaced workers. They are human beings, not statistics, and we cannot ignore the immediate problems of getting these people back into productive and satisfying work.

The Manpower Development and Training Act recently passed by Congress is an important, though inadequate, step toward meeting the displaced-worker problem. Under the act, studies are being made of the methods of retraining and relocating unemployed workers, and a program is under way to retrain and place 100,000 people in new jobs this year.

The main point, often overlooked, is that automation is an economic necessity, a matter of national survival. We must grow economically if we are to take care of our increasing population. Ninety percent of the productivity gains of the past fifty years have come from improved technology, and the technology of today is automation.

We Americans look forward to an even better life than we enjoy today. We expect our children to have extra years of education. We want the safety of an expensive military-defense arsenal. We like the prestige of our $20,000,000,000 program to put a man on the moon. Each of us anticipates a yearly rise in personal income. And yet we expect to gain all of these expensive benefits while working shorter hours, taking longer vacations and retiring earlier in life. Through the use of our most potent economy expander—automation—we have been able to boost the amount of production per man-hour enough to match the heavy demands. But unless we continue to automate intelligently, our productivity may not grow as fast as our needs. We will find ourselves working harder with fewer benefits.

Keeping up with the new technology is also vital to our international trade. Mass production techniques made us the world's richest nation. The assembly line gave us new jobs, higher wages, low prices and a tremendous export trade. But today we no longer have a monopoly on modern automation techniques, and our small cushion of leadership time is rapidly vanishing.

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Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!

You can light either end!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor... so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding... and they are Mild!

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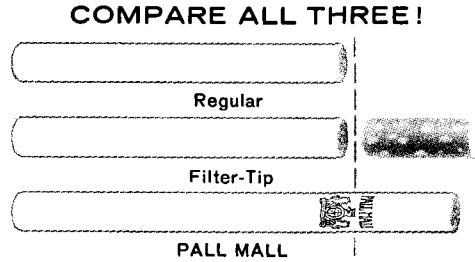
COMPARE ALL THREE!



Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally... over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild... but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

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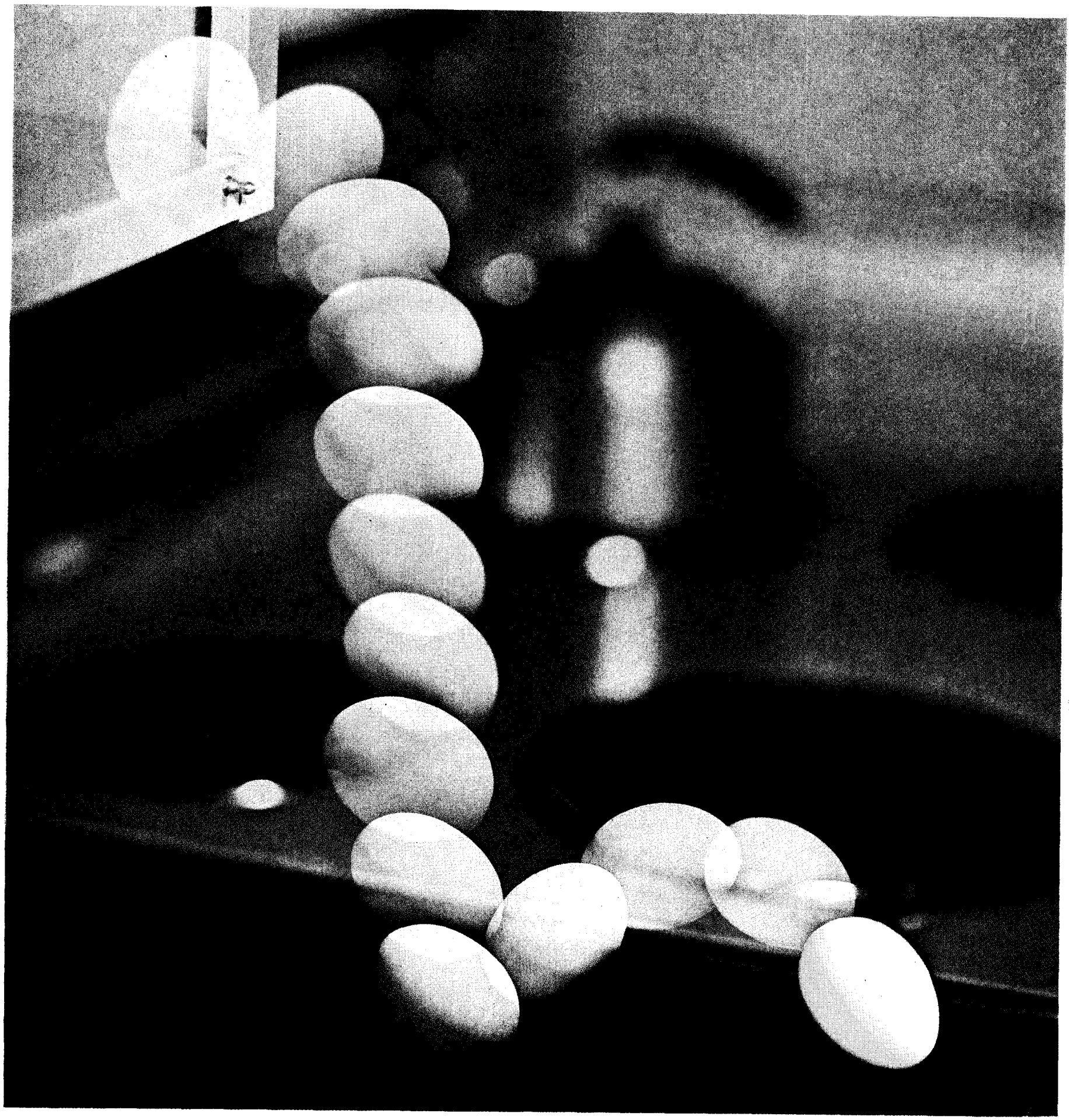
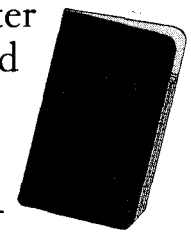


Sometimes it pays to be hardboiled

There are certain things you don't want to take chances with. Your savings, for instance. You want to know they're safe. That when you go to get them, they'll be there – the full amount, with interest. And you want to know that – no matter what – *somebody's* being pretty hardboiled about protecting them. *Like a bank.*



BANK OF AMERICA

– first in savings

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION · MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

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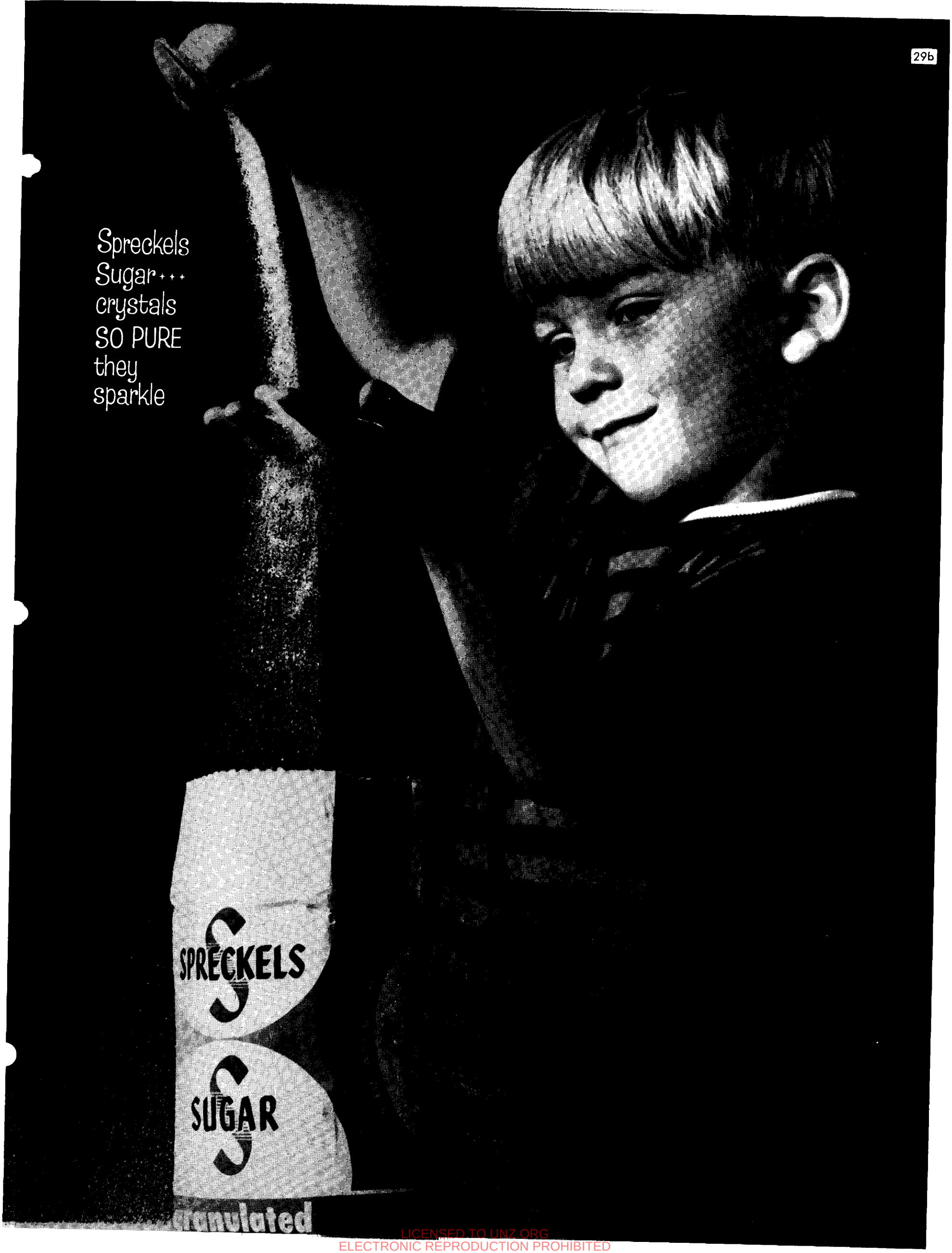

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Don't put shoes on

HOT, ITCHY FEET!

Unless you apply

Absorbine Jr.

New Research Proves Embedded Fungi Killed with Penetrating YG-7*

Itching cracks between toes are sure signs of Athlete's Foot—a fungi infection which can burrow deep and become a serious medical problem.

Now Absorbine Jr. with the penetrating fungicide YG-7* (chloroxylenol) has shown in laboratory tests to penetrate into horny skin tissue to kill embedded fungi.

Only Absorbine Jr. offers all this scientific proof of effectiveness:

1. Test-tube experiments prove 100% kill of fungi within 5 minutes.
2. Radioactive isotope tests prove penetration into skin.
3. Laboratory tests prove killing power on embedded fungi.
4. Evidence from foot specialists show effectiveness against Athlete's Foot.

Don't put shoes on hot, itchy feet without applying Absorbine Jr. with penetrating YG-7.

New Applicator: Convenient, no spill, no waste.

NOTE—Foot Specialists: Write for summary of laboratory research on effectiveness against embedded fungi. Address: Medical Director, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

"A premium will be placed on intelligence.... Fewer people will work in factories.... 60,000,000 jobs will change in character in the next generation."

Automation

While many Americans shy away from "automation" as a dirty word, most of the rest of the world has been captivated by its promise. The demand for automation equipment in the Common Market countries is enormous. We like to think of the United States as a pioneer in industrial methods, but the most modern steel plant in the world is being built in Wales; highly sophisticated computers are being built in France and West Germany; Japan and France have advanced car-building processes that rival the best in Detroit; and Japan is now the world's hottest market for computers.

In Paris two years ago Premier Khrushchev said: "Automation is a good thing. It is through this means that we are going to beat you capitalists."

Khrushchev's boast may seem ridiculous, especially in the face of reports of antiquated Russian factories and outmoded industrial techniques. Yet we know that the Kremlin has given automation a high priority since 1957, and some U.S. experts believe that the Soviet Union is now in the midst of a crash program. In May, 1961, the same month when Secretary of Labor Goldberg set up an advisory committee on automation, the Russians formed a similar group under their Council of Ministers. A series of institutes has been established to study possible uses of automation in basic industries. Top Soviet experts in theoretical mathematics (a field in which Russians have always excelled) are doing some of the best basic research in the world on advanced problem-solving machines.

Western visitors have been shown carefully selected examples of the new Soviet technology, such as an automated piston factory, which uses no direct labor, and an automated soda-production plant, which is controlled by a computer 400 miles away. The subject even affects fiction. In a recent Russian novel, *Not by Bread Alone*, the hero is not a cosmonaut or a collective farmer; he's an automation engineer who invents a new process for the continuous casting of steel.

Early U.S. Lead Fades

Our position *vis-à-vis* Russia might be compared to 1947, when we were far ahead in nuclear energy and rocketry and assumed that our lead was insurmountable. But we slowed down our nuclear development program and temporarily stopped our rocket building. Russia plodded ahead. The 100-megaton bombs, Sputnik, Titov and Gagarin and the new space twins, tell their own story.

One of the most serious threats to America's leadership in technology—and efficient production—is homegrown. It is the tendency of many of our management officials to make a basic mistake in applying automation. I find that businessmen all too often jump blindly into automation because they think that machines will magically reduce operating costs.

One manufacturing company in Florida had a fairly good accounting system until it decided it could save money by replacing thirty office workers with a computer. The computer turned out to be unsuited to the company's operation. The management had to retain all of the old help—and hired more. After a year of expensive frustration the company returned the computer and went back to its former system.

Cases as extreme as this are unusual. Most businesses that install automation devices, however, make an even greater mistake. When new equipment performs old tasks more efficiently, the executives suppose that they are reaping the full benefits of automation. But they are missing the much more important potential of automation: its capacity for new ventures and business expansion.

Automation Breeds Jobs

Rightly used, automation breeds thousands of new jobs and incalculable benefits for all of us. A few years ago Du Pont scientists worked out a formula for making a new plastic material called polyethylene. The formula required extremely exact mixing. There were so many variables to be controlled that no manual system could be devised which would keep the mixture from turning to wax.

Du Pont engineers installed a completely automated system that could maintain the flow of ingredients, holding exact pressures and temperatures at a hundred different points while blending the materials in precisely the right proportions. Very few workers are needed in this automated plant. But jobs have been created all over the country in the manufacture, distribution and sales of products made from polyethylene—squeeze bottles, toys, garment bags, frozen-food containers and many types of merchandise packaging.

The whole new atomic-energy industry, with its fabulous promise for low-cost fuel, medical advances and industrial applications, would be impossible without automated control systems which allow people to work with reactors and radioactive materials from a safe distance. The everyday benefits of atomic energy would have been delayed for years without calculations made possible by high-speed computers.

Designing and building rockets and space vehicles kept several aircraft companies in business after Government- and civilian-airplane contracts faded away. Thousands of people have found work in electronics companies making parts for space vehicles. All told, an estimated half million people work in various parts of the space-and-missile program.

If we can overcome our fears and put automation to work effectively—a big *if*—we will open the way to a world such as few can imagine. It is impossible to predict all the benefits we will enjoy from the new technology, but here are samples of what to expect:

- By Century 21, currency probably will be used only for incidentals. Instead of taking home a paycheck, you may have a central account to which your employer's computer automatically credits your salary. All of your purchases at stores, markets, theaters, restaurants, and so on, will be automatically debited to your account *at the instant of purchase.*
- New systems for the handling of information will soon affect everyone. The library will become a central store of information which will be available at any point in the country by means of data-communications systems. When you need particular information, you will simply dial a code number, and information-retrieval machines will project the material on a screen or produce electronically prepared copies.
- Information-storage-and-retrieval systems will also be used in medical diagnosis and research. A running record of each patient's history, kept in electronic form, will enable doctors to spot disease symptoms or tendencies long before they could be discovered by conventional methods. If you become ill while traveling in any part of the world, a physician will be able to dial a record-storage center and in seconds have your complete medical history.

Innovations for Tomorrow

Just the other day I saw demonstrated in a laboratory of the Radio Corporation of America a machine which instantaneously translated a spoken sentence into three foreign languages. When the project engineer spoke into the machine, its electronic voice repeated the sentence in German, French and Spanish, producing at the same time a printed translation. The machine is still crude, but translating systems will be refined so rapidly that within the decade two people speaking different languages may converse and understand each other through a tiny device on wrist or lapel.

A few years ago I believed that machines would never be able to duplicate man's learning processes, or his ability to identify one face out of 100,000,000. The research now going on has made me change my mind.

Perceptron, a pattern-recognition device now under development, can distinguish between letters of the alphabet, identify objects and recognize faces. Machines have been taught to play checkers and blackjack, and have defeated the men who taught them. The most revolutionary research in automation today is being done in what we call heuristic, or

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Diebold listens to auto workers' chief Walter Reuther, who admits the need for automation, but feels more account must be given to the impact of change on the lives of wage earners.

self-adaptive, systems. Some of these machines are "goal-oriented"—you can program them for a certain goal, and they will keep trying new approaches until they work out the best one. They improve their own approaches as they go along and will be able to cope with entirely new conditions which may be unknown to the intelligence that built and programmed their electronic innards. Most of the publicity concerning heuristic machines has been devoted to their game-playing abilities, but much of the research being done here and in Russia is top secret. Both governments know that the next great scientific breakthrough might come in this area.

These machines have special importance in the space program. When the first unmanned spaceship goes to Mars, for instance, no one can predict all the conditions it will meet. But the spaceship's heuristic system could be given goals of landing, exploring and returning, and it would accomplish the mission in the best possible way, adapting itself to whatever conditions it would encounter.

Many other innovations are now taken for granted and are only awaiting financing and public acceptance. On the electronic highways of the future you may dial a destination and let your computer-controlled car pick the optimum route and do the driving. Teaching machines will pace a student's progress, diagnose his weaknesses and make certain that he understands a fundamental concept before allowing him to advance to the next lesson. Computers will enable a businessman to test all the alternatives of a decision before he actually enters into a deal. And the State Department will be able to feed the factors of a ticklish international situation into a computer and learn the probable consequences to each of a wide range of decisions.

Great Upheavals Ahead

This automated world of tomorrow will also bring great upheavals. Along with the benefits will come vast and rapid change in every aspect of our lives. The social consequences will be far more jarring than those experienced in the Industrial Revolution. Specifically, we can expect these things to happen:

- Within the next generation 60,000,000 jobs will change in character.
- Six-year-olds now starting school can expect their vocations to change three times during their lifetime. One shot of formal education may have sufficed for most of us, but our children will need some form of education all during life.
- Fewer and fewer people will work in factories. More will be in offices and laboratories. Work will be more interesting because machines will do the repetitive tasks, while more of our working time will be devoted to innovation.
- A premium will be placed on intelligence; mistakes will be more costly. Some people who have been accustomed to monotonous jobs will have difficulty adjusting to employment requiring thought and skill.
- The workday, as well as the workweek, will be shortened. The pace of life might even slow down. We will have more time for art, culture, sports and hobbies. People will have to learn how to use the extra time off and not deteriorate mentally and physically.

The new age demands courageous decisions and actions now by Government, labor and management. Instead of being ruled by fear of labor displacement, we must prepare for the extensive social and economic changes which are sure to come.

Major Domestic Challenge

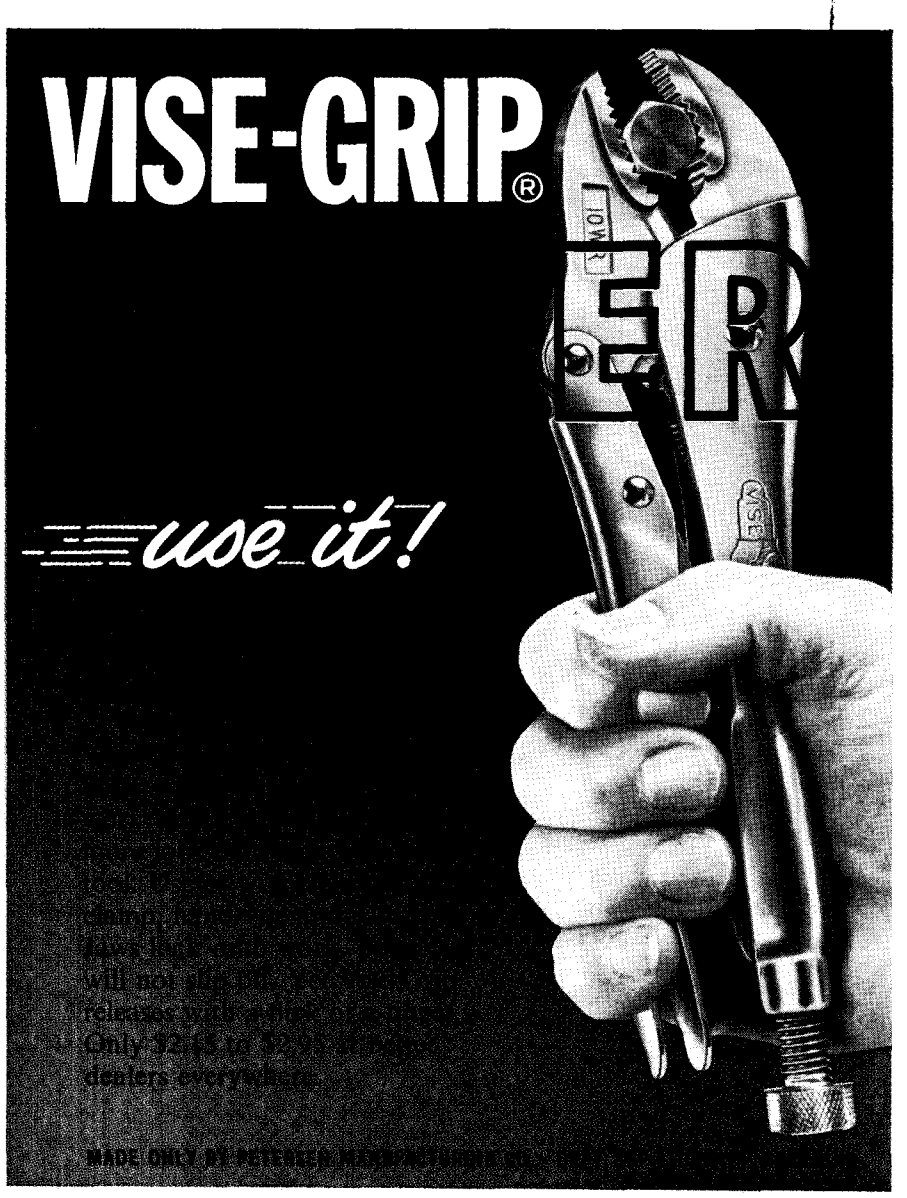
Government must stop running scared. The present relocation and retraining activity, as necessary as it is, deals primarily with mopping up after the damage has been done. The President declared last February that automation is "the major domestic challenge of the '60's." What is needed now is a clear statement of policy: that we intend to seek world leadership in automation, that it is highly desirable and should be pursued vigorously.

Once Government has set a favorable climate, labor and management should join forces to prepare for inevitable changes. Labor unions must drop their blind fear of automation and use their organizations to work out with management plans for orderly stages of automation. Unions also must accept responsibility for helping their own members adjust to changes in jobs. A good example is the training program started in 1955 by the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 1, in St. Louis. Forty percent of the membership has enrolled in one or more of the thirty different courses in electronics and other new electrical techniques.

Management must realize that there is more to automation than just installing new machines. They need to recognize that the changes ahead must be planned with care for the worker. The ingenuity that goes into solving business problems should be applied to the problems of social adjustments.

During the Industrial Revolution, management shrugged off its social responsibility, with an "everything will take care of itself" attitude. The resulting unrest among laboring people produced a fertile atmosphere for the theories of Karl Marx, which have had much to do with the shape of our world, whether we like it or not.

The new automation revolution is going on now. The question before all of us is: Are we going to lead the way into the new world of automation—or must we be dragged into it? THE END



Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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New Non-Flammable for tough jobs.
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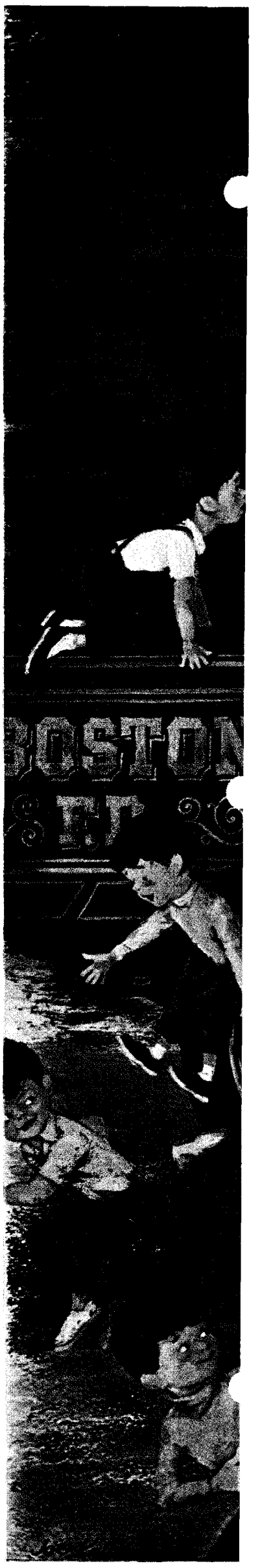
Is an ancient fire engine worth a divorce?

A Bargain at the Price

by KEN PURDY



Jeremy Harmon, aged six, had made no sound for ten minutes, and his mother, deep in the sordid task of balancing, or attempting to balance, her checkbook, was beginning to wonder what he was up to when he did speak.

"Mother," he screeched, "there's a fire engine parked in front of our house!"

Elisabeth Harmon dropped her pencil and whacked her right knee painfully into the desk drawer. Then she realized that fire engines did not, when on duty, so to speak, slip down the street on little cat feet. She had heard no bells, no siren. She smelled no smoke.

"I don't think so, Jeremy," she said.

"There is *too*, dammit!" the child howled. "It's right in front of the *house!*"

Slowly Mrs. Harmon gathered herself. Her rising gorge was directed not against the child but against her husband. The night before, no less, she had cited his free use of profanity before the child. She made for Jeremy's room with what she conceived to be a measured tread.

"Now, then, Jeremy," she said.

The child turned from the window. "Look!" he said.

It was indeed a fire engine, nothing less, but an odd-looking one. She stared. Her acquaintance with fire apparatus had been limited, but slowly awareness came to her, and recognition. Although it looked like a truck and had a steering wheel like a truck's, surely that shiny brass-bound cylinder on the rear was the same tanklike thing one remembered from old pictures of the horse-drawn era: two white horses, one black, the driver's stern eyes peering over a six-inch moustache, another man hanging desperately to the back? Then she saw the lettering, bright gold against the red paint: BOSTON F.D. Boston? In the incorporated town of Somerset, Connecticut? A fire engine forty-five years past its prime?

"No!" she whispered. "No, it can't be!" But in her heart she knew better. "Oh, dammit!" she said. "Dammit, dammit!"

Jeremy looked up slyly. "I told you," he said.

She wanted to slug the child, but she was already on her way out of the room and it was too late. She hit the top of the stairs running.

"Peter!" she yelled. "You stinker, where are you?"

There was no answer, but she found him in the kitchen. He had stuck his head, ostrichlike, into the refrigerator. He came out slowly, a bottle of beer in one hand and a silly look on his face.

"Oh, hello," he said. "I was wondering where you were."

Elisabeth looked at him. She slitted her eyes, dropped the corners of her mouth and registered loathing.

"You're home early," she said.

Her husband made a show of looking at his wristwatch, spilling beer on himself in the process.

"Yes," he said, "a little, I guess."

"Tell me, lover," Elisabeth said, "to get right down to cases without any needless delay, did you drive home in a fire engine, by any odd chance?"

He put on her what he conceived to be a direct and level gaze. If they want war, she could almost hear him saying to himself, very well, let it begin here. "Yes," he said, "I did."

"Somehow I thought you had," she said. "And, of course, you, or we, considering the community-property laws, own this fire engine?"

"Yes," he said firmly. He drank a large portion of beer and burped noisily.

"Do you recall —" she said, her voice rising wildly and nothing she could do about it "—do you recall giving me your pledged word, when you sold that stupid, imbecile, ridiculous pile of junk, that 1934 Frazer-Nash chain-thing, that you would never buy another antique automobile without telling me first? Do you remember that, dammit?"

Peter pointed silently behind her. Jeremy was standing wide-eyed in the doorway. "You were saying something about profanity last night?" Peter said.

"Dammit!" Elisabeth said. "Do you remember promising me, dammit, or don't you?"

"A fire engine," Peter said, "is not an antique automobile."

Elisabeth shrugged. Her voice dropped to a husky, Garboesque whisper. "The lowest form of life," she said, "is the thief who steals from the blind. Directly beneath him, and otherwise unclassifiable, is the so-called antique-automobile nut, who steals from his own children."

"Now just a short minute here, Elisabeth," Peter said. "Let me just say ——"

"Do you know what I was doing when Jeremy told me there was a fire engine in front of the house?" Elisabeth said. "I was balancing my checkbook. And do you want to know how it was coming out? It was just about seventy-five dollars overdrawn. What do you think of that, monster?"

Peter shrugged. "You never could add," he said. "I'll go over it for you after dinner."

He patted her unyielding shoulder. "You'll die laughing," he said, "when I tell you how this all happened. You see ——"

Elisabeth slid from under his hand. "Chief," she said, "why don't you go sit in your thing, so as to be ready if

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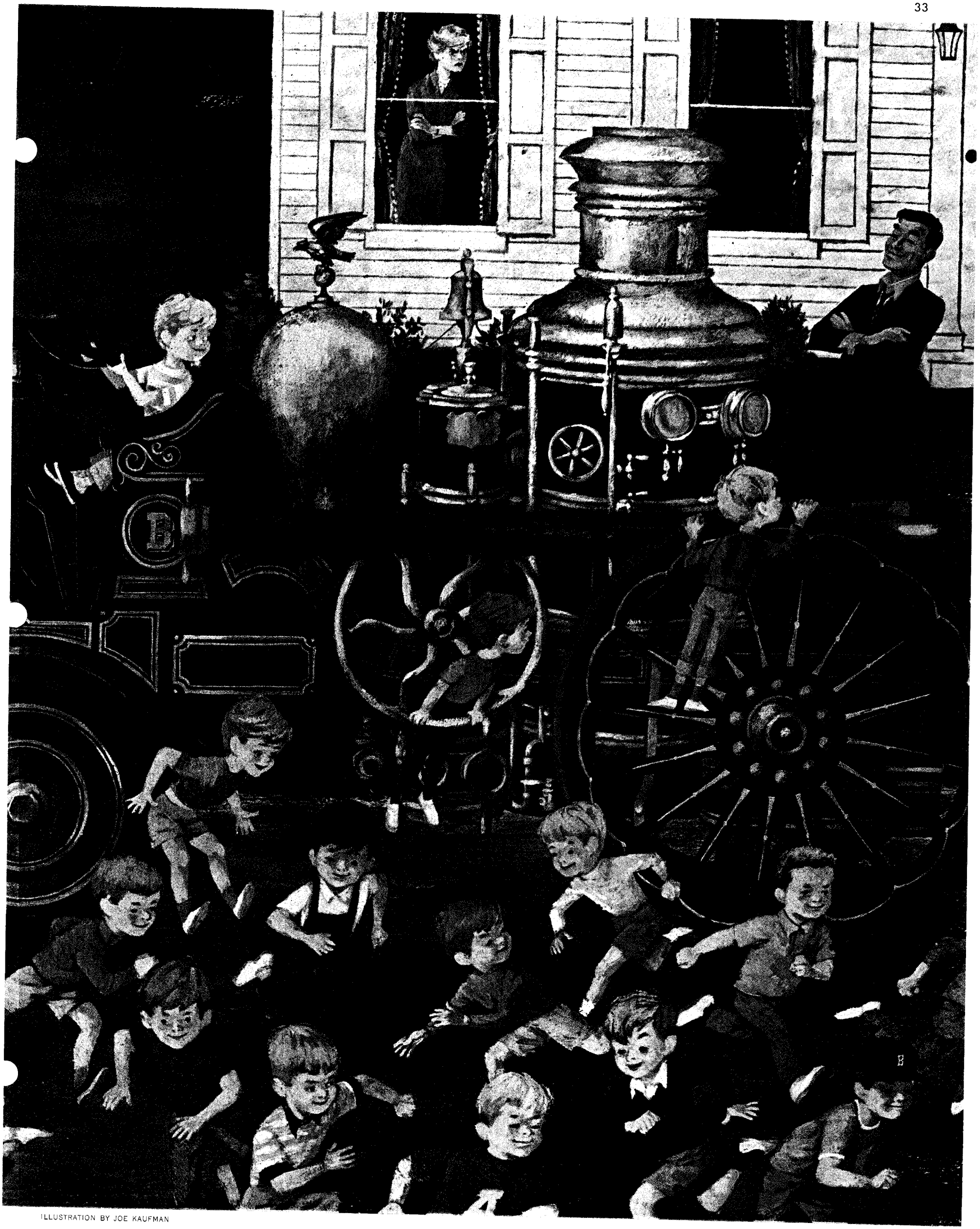

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE KAUFMAN

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Bargain a three-alarmer comes in? In any case, at least while I'm making dinner, get out of my sight."

Peter left the kitchen and the premises. Jeremy was in the driver's seat of the fire engine, his small fingers clutching the great cord-wrapped steering wheel, and about nineteen of his buddies were hanging on the apparatus like rooks on a roost.

"All right," Peter said. "Off! All of you!" They scattered, all but Jeremy, who felt that he could stick around as long as he vacated the driver's seat.

Peter stamped on the starter button, worn shiny by a generation of thick-soled firemen's boots; the big engine grunted through its unmuffled exhaust pipe and settled to a steady rolling beat. The whole rig shook with it. He reached across for the siren and let it go a touch, a whisper.

"Man!" he said to Jeremy. "How about that?"

"Is this really our fire engine, dad?" Jeremy said.

"You know it," Peter said. "It's really and truly ours, and all ours." He put it into gear and backed it ponderously into the driveway.

Dinner in the Harmon household was notably quiet that night until the phone began to ring. Every wag in the neighborhood had the same idea, and each of five successive calls began with a variation on the theme, "Fireman, save my child!" The sixth was different. The sixth was long distance, and it was from Elisabeth's father.

"Peter," he began. "You can hear me?"

Peter admitted it. He allowed himself a fleeting mental picture of Charles Bohman, Esq., as he remembered him best, in the library of his simple little duplex apartment overlooking the Bay in San Francisco. "Yes, Charles," he said, "I hear you very well."

"Good," Mr. Bohman told him. "Now, then, Elisabeth tells me that you have bought a fire engine. May I ask why? Please be brief."

"Well, it's a fairly long story," Peter said.

"Is there anything wrong with the facilities of the local department?" Mr. Bohman asked. "Have you had any difficulty with insurance, for example, so that you felt you had to provide your own protection?"

"No," Peter said. "The local department is splendid. Volunteer, you understand, but competent and dedicated."

"I see," Charles Bohman said. "Well, go on, go on."

"It's a fairly long story, as I said before," Peter began, "but I think most of us, one time or another, have wanted to own a fire engine, and ——"

"I never have," Charles Bohman said. "*Never!*"

"All my life I've wanted a fire engine," Peter said. "All my life. And when this opportunity came along —— Charles, you ought to see this rig! It's a hybrid, you understand—an Amoskeag horse-drawn steamer hooked up to an early American-La France chassis. It was in the Boston department for twenty-eight years, imagine that, and the thing will still throw a stream of water that will tear the shingles off a house. I found it in a garage in ——"

"May I remind you, Peter, that I am calling from San Francisco?" Charles Bohman said. "I am little interested in the extraneous details. I would just like to point out to you that during the past several years you have made a number of purchases of this kind—obsolete, impractical, *useless* vehicles of one sort or another. It does not appear to me that your—uh, income, warrants such a hobby. Elisabeth feels that the moneys you have expended in this pursuit might better have been used in other directions, and I must say I agree with her. Further ——"

Gently, silently, Peter laid the phone on its side. He crooked a finger at his wife. "I think," he said, "that your father wants to talk to you."

It was not a wise move and, if he didn't know it then, he knew it next day when Barry called him.

"You want to have lunch?" Barry said.

"I've got a date," Peter said. "Should I break it?"

"Put it this way," Barry said, "if I were you, I would."

"I will," Peter said.

"Well, barrister," he said when they met. "What is the earth-shaking bulletin?"

"I shouldn't be doing this, Peter," Barry said. "It's absolutely unethical and all that, but ——"

"But I saved your life in the Crimean War, and after that I gave you a million twenty-dollar gold pieces so you could start your own business and, besides that, you're my kid brother. Right? So tell me."

"You have a great sense of humor," Barry said. "I want to hear you laugh when I tell you that Elisabeth's father sent old Talmadge a wire this morning asking him to work up grounds on which Elisabeth can divorce you."

Peter stared at his brother.

"You're not laughing," Barry said. "Or if you are, I can't hear you. Louder, please. Much louder."

"Shut up," Peter said. "Are you serious?"

"Scout's oath," Barry said. "What have you been doing to the girl? You got her chained to a post in the cellar or something?"

Peter shook his head. "I bought a fire engine," he said.

"I see," Barry said. "You bought a fire engine, and it bothers her to get waked up every time you answer an alarm, that it?"

"I really *did* buy a fire engine," Peter said. "It's an 1898 Amoskeag steamer on a 1917 La France chassis. It was in the Boston department for twenty-eight years and it's in really great shape. You know how a first-class department keeps a piece of equipment, Barry. The thing's like new!"

"Gee," Barry said.

"I paid only $2500 for it," Peter said.

"Wow," Barry said. "You sure are real lucky." He looked pensively across the table at his brother. "You some kind of nut or something?" he said. "You turning into a cupcake in your middle thirties, already? What in hell do you want with a fire engine?"

"You wouldn't understand, clod."

"I *hope* I wouldn't," Barry said. "Look, I didn't even understand when you bought the Morgan Three-Wheeler, or that chain-drive thing, that Frazer-Nash. You ask me, those are two really sad, mixed-up automobiles, but at least they ran. You could drive them. You could even go for a trip in them if you were nutty enough. But a fire engine! You can't run it, and you haven't got room enough to park it. So where's the thrill? You go out and sit in it every night and hang on to the wheel and say 'ding-ding' between your teeth?"

"The appeal of all kinds of antiques to the sensitive, perceptive mind," Peter said, "is primarily nostalgic. You wouldn't understand."

"OK, I wouldn't understand," Barry said. "But apparently you can have nostalgia or you can have your wife, but not both. Which is it going to be? Let me hear you laugh. . . . You're not laughing."

"You say that one more time, and the temptation to belt you is going to overwhelm me," Peter said.

"Contain it," Barry said, "because I'll hit you back and plead defense against a maniac. Anybody who buys a 200-year-old fire engine is a maniac *per se*."

Peter contemplated the alleged Dover sole on his plate. He was sure it was flounder. That, he told himself, is life: The sole turns out to be flounder; you buy happiness, in the form of a simple second-hand fire engine, and the price turns out to be not $2500, but the wife of your bosom. He sighed heavily.

"Well, genius," his brother said, "what's your plan of attack? You're not going to let this rich old curmudgeon get away with this, are you?"

"Certainly not," Peter said. He took a forkful of fish. It tasted something like sole, he decided. It might even be sole. "I'll take him to the highest courts in the land!" he said.

"You'll take him nowhere," his brother said. "Why don't you be serious?"

"Elisabeth's father can't divorce me," Peter said. "Elisabeth has to do it. Right? And she doesn't want to. And couldn't, if she did want to."

"Never say 'couldn't' when it's a question of law," Barry said. "And if I were you, I'd certainly have a little talk with her about it."

Jeremy was waiting at the door, a post he usually occupied only when his father had been long enough away from home so that he might logically be bringing presents.

"Mother started up our fire engine and drove it!" he said the instant his father was close enough to hear him. "She drove it right out into the street and back!"

"No!" Peter said. Somehow he expected a trap. "She didn't!" he said.

Elisabeth's voice floated distantly out of the living room. "Oh, yes she did," it said. "When you put the rear end of the thing into the garage last night, you forgot how far the front end would stick out. I couldn't get the station wagon past it, so I had to put the fire engine on the street, take out the station wagon —— well, you follow me, I'm sure, chiefie."

"Yeah," Peter said. He presented himself in the doorway and looked at her. She was sewing a fine seam.

"Uh, you have any trouble driving it?" Peter said.

Elisabeth looked up brightly. "None at all," she said. "It was a rich, rewarding experience. It was fun, as I imagine ditch digging must be fun, or wood chopping."

"I see," Peter said.

"Incidentally I had a little bad luck with it," Elisabeth said.

I knew it, Peter said to himself. *Flounder, it's all flounder.* "What'd you hit?" he said.

"I didn't hit anything, chiefie," Elisabeth said. "I said I was a victim of bad luck, not incompetence. A police car was just going past the corner when I turned on the siren. I wanted to see what it sounded like up close, you know, and it attracted their attention, these two men in the squad car. They turned around and came back. They thought it was all very amusing, but they gave me a ticket anyway."

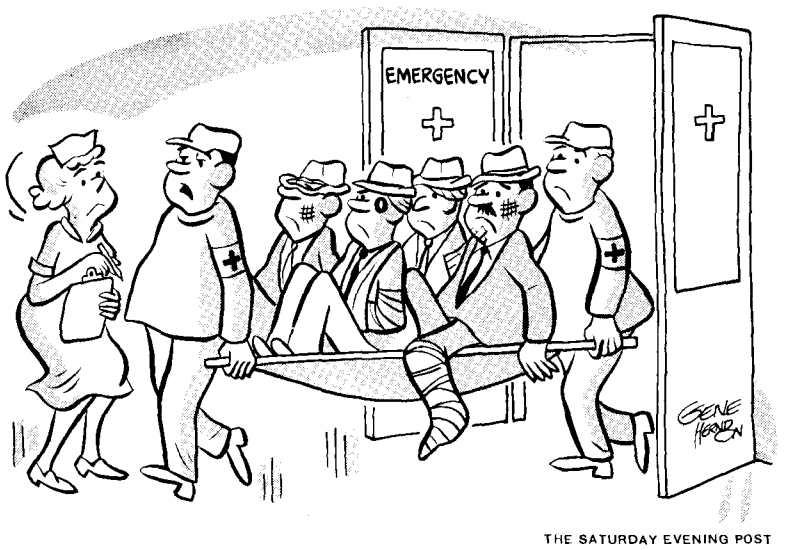
"You're usually pretty good at talking your way out of a ticket," Peter said.

"I know," Elisabeth said, "but I have to have my heart in my work. You'll find it on the hall table."

Peter found it. He was, it seemed, cited for illegal parking, operating an unlicensed vehicle, operating an uninsured vehicle, illegal lights, illegal warning device, lack of muffler, excessive length for a private vehicle, excessive weight for a private vehicle and no windshield wiper. "Quite a ticket," he said, "to be sure. Looks like about forty dollars."

"About seventy-five, the policeman figured," Elisabeth said. "Unless you can prove you're a fire department." She laughed shortly.

Peter looked at the rest of the mail. There were four bills. There was an envelope addressed in an interesting, square, feminine hand. He opened it: a mailer from a stockbroker. YOU HAVE BEEN OUT OF COLLEGE FOR 15 YEARS—WHAT HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED? Peter shuddered and dropped it. There was one other envelope. He opened it slowly, like a bomb-squad expert lifting the lid on a ticking package. "Dear New Member," it said. "Congratulations! As a full member of The Society of Antique Fire Apparatus Connoisseurs of North America, Connecticut Station, you are invited to enter your rig in the Annual Summer Meet, to be held in Downluff, Connecticut, July 16–17th. Entry blanks are enclosed, and



"Car pool."

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because of your status as a new boy, the deadline for entry will be extended to the date of the event itself." The signature was illegible, but beneath it the signer was identified as battalion chief. Peter examined the entry blanks. There were about a dozen competitions, from Starting Up [2 points] to Water Throw—Distance [5 points].

"All crews," the entry blanks remarked, "are invited to The Firemen's Free Supper at the Grange Hall, 6 P.M. July 17th." *Crew, indeed. I'll be lucky if I have a family two weeks from now,* he thought, *let alone a crew.* He decided to mix himself a Martini. He made one for Elisabeth and offered it to her silently. She thanked him and tasted it.

"Peter," she said, "dad wants me to divorce you."

"My compliments to your old man," Peter said, "and he should live so long."

"I don't want to divorce you," she said. "I love you, after all. Except for being crazy, a little sick, as we say, I think you're a warm, loving, bright, sweet, kind, dear man. How come you're such a nut, Peter?"

"If by what you refer to as sickness you mean my attraction to things mechanical," Peter said stiffly, "I am a normal, clean-living, fun-loving American boy with the American boy's natural affinity for machinery, which affinity, I may say, has done much to make this nation great." He finished his Martini and sat chewing the olive with the look of a wise squirrel.

"Creeps!" Elisabeth said. "It is worse than I thought. Make me another Martini, to soften the blow."

"Gladly," Peter said. "I will also make one for myself."

"By the way," he said later, "I resent your father's gratuitous interference in my domestic affairs, and I wish you would give him the message."

"You should have told him yourself last night," Elisabeth said.

"No doubt," Peter said.

"You can tell him week after next," Elisabeth said.

"We can expect the pleasure of another phone call?" Peter asked.

"More," Elisabeth said. "My surviving parent will be traveling in these parts and will visit us."

Flounder, Peter said to himself. *You marry a nice girl, and it turns out she has a father who is a flounder.* He held his Martini to the light and peered into it, as a seer into a crystal ball, considering Charles Bohman, Esq., as a flounder. "Certainly makes him look narrow," he said.

"Who?" Elisabeth said.

Peter ignored the question. "Tell me, duck," he said. "How would you like to be part of my crew at a contest held by The Society of Antique Fire Apparatus Connoisseurs of North America, Connecticut Station, two weeks from date?"

She glared at him. "It is worse than I thought even," she said. "You won't so much as try to get well!" He could see tears trembling in the lower rims of her eyes. "You're a monster, a true raving monster, and I *am* going to divorce you!"

"OK, doll," Peter said. "But first, what do you say we have dinner?"

"We may as well," Elisabeth said. "I am certainly not going to starve myself on your account. I warn you, though, I haven't knocked myself out on this dinner. It's no culinary triumph."

"I'm sure of that," Peter said.

She stopped just past the door. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, 'In your fur hat,'" Peter said. "An old Arkanian expression meaning 'good appetite.'"

She came back to the doorway. "Peter," she said, "you are not well. You are, in fact, terribly ill. You need help. I am going to present you with a simple proposition, one you'll be able to grasp easily."

"Splendid," Peter said. "I was hoping for something of this kind."

"Either that crazy fire engine goes, dammit," she said, her voice rising like a missile off a launching pad, "or I go!"

"You put the matter very well," Peter said, "even though you obviously have no idea what his own personal secondhand fire engine can mean to one who is, after all, still a boy at heart."

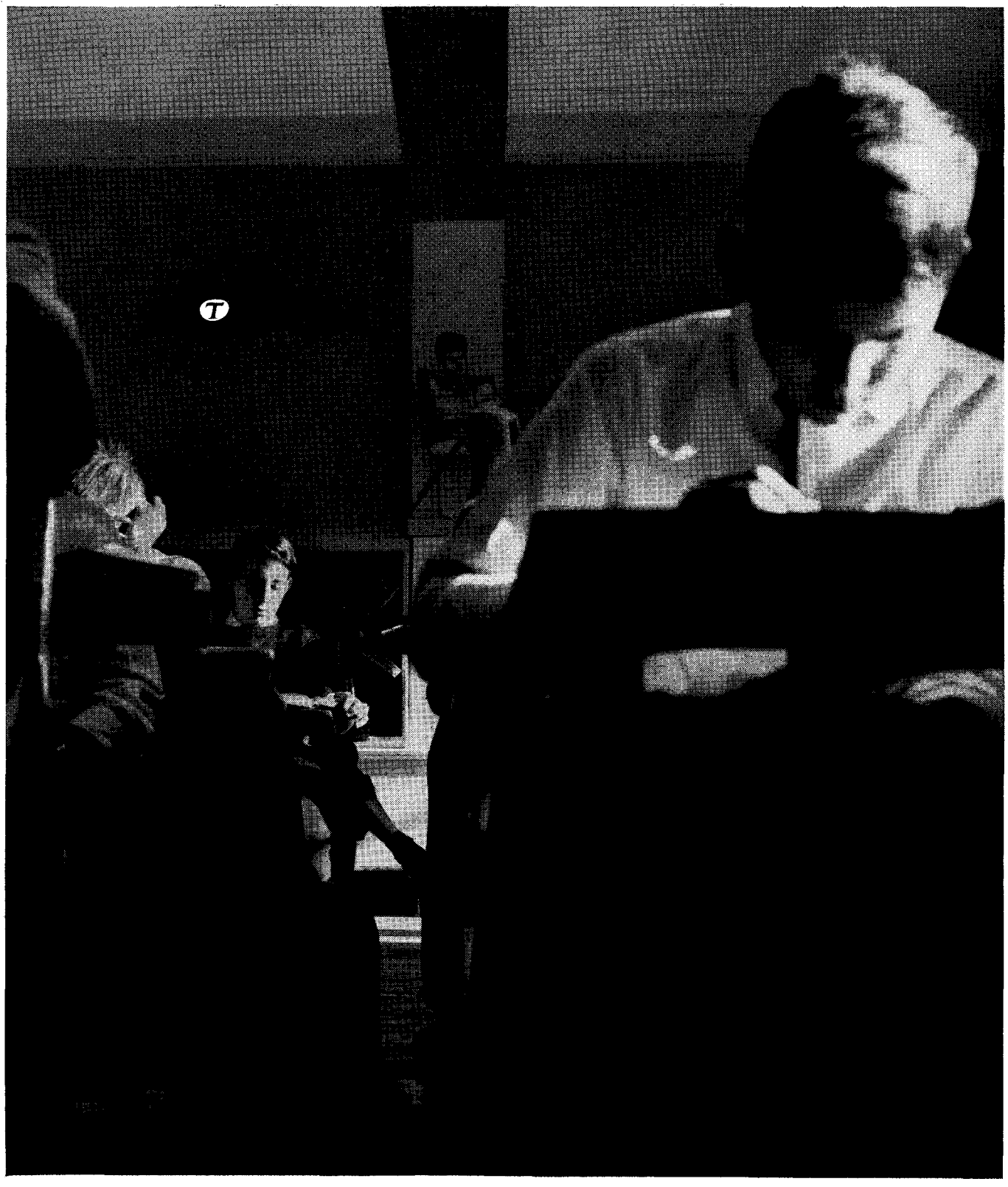
"I know," Elisabeth said. "And apparently I also have no idea what his own personal, firsthand wife means to this case of delayed adolescence you have just described."

"Don't be bitter," Peter said. "I have already decided I will take your proposition under advisement. Don't call us. We'll call you. When we have reached a decision, we will let you know."

"Dinner," Elisabeth said, "is served."

Elisabeth's father was due to arrive on a Wednesday. Tuesday night Peter negotiated with a local dealer in wines and spirits for a couple of bottles of Burgundy.

"My father-in-law," Peter said, "is a millionaire, and I want to do him well, but on the other hand—no ostentation. Nothing upsets a really rich millionaire



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Bargain like ostentation of somebody else's ostentating, if you follow me."

"Perfectly," the man said. He wished Peter luck and fobbed off on him two flagons of Gevray-Chambertin 1952. They were open on the side table next evening when Mr. Bohman's hired and chauffeured Cadillac slid to a stop in front of the house. Peter and Elisabeth went out to meet him. He kissed Elisabeth and greeted Peter with restraint. He peered down the driveway into the garage.

"Ah, you still have your fire engine, I see, Peter," he said.

"That's right," Peter said.

"There seem to be some people in there," Mr. Bohman said.

"Just a couple of mechanics from the local sports-car garage," Peter said. "They understand these old engines."

"I see," Bohman said. "They prefer to work at night?"

Peter laughed. "That's when they're free," he said. "Have to pay them double-time, of course, but there's no way out if I'm to get the rig ready for a meet on Saturday."

"Naturally," Charles Bohman said. "I can see that that would be important."

They made a silent procession into the house. It was when Elisabeth took his hat that he got his first good look at her. "Is that a black eye, my dear?" he said.

"I'm afraid so," she said.

"But whatever happened?" he said.

"Peter hit me," she said.

Charles Bohman was not a tycoon for nothing. He was capable of instant decision. "Fortunately," he said, "I told the car to wait. I presume you're packed and ready. We will leave at once. . . . As for you," he said to Peter, "*you* will hear from my attorneys by tomorrow noon, and it will be no very good news, I can promise you that!"

"No, dad," Elisabeth said, "I'm not going. And I don't want you to go either."

"You want to stay under the same roof with this homicidal moron, this, this fire-engine collector?" her father said.

"Come have a drink, dad," Elisabeth said. "Nothing is as simple as it looks."

"How true," Peter said. "Nothing is as simple as it looks. Or, put another way, nothing looks as simple as it is, often."

"You do," Charles Bohman said. He advanced into the living room with the air of a bull elephant testing a shaky bridge. "Where is this cocktail you spoke of?" he asked Elisabeth.

"Here, sir," Peter said. He had materialized three prechilled Martinis on a small tray.

"Cold gin, eh?" Charles Bohman said. "The drink of barbarians."

"I could get you some sherry," Peter said.

"Spare yourself," Bohman said. "I know you must husband your strength against the possibility of this 110-pound girl hitting you back." He raised his glass. "I refuse to drink pointlessly," he said, "but you make it hard, since I will certainly not drink to your health." His eyes roamed the ceiling. "To the survivors of the Triangle Shirtwaist Company," he said.

"To the Flatiron Building," Peter said, solemnly, "and Hose Company 22."

"What's going on here?" Elisabeth said. "What is this nonsense?"

"In an attempt to test me, darling," Peter said, "your father made reference to a famous New York City fire of many years ago. Don't give it another thought." He raised his glass. "To you, darling, and your bright blue eyes. Eye, that is."

"Yes, what about that?" Charles Bohman said. "What about that black eye? Just what excuse do you have, if I may be so bold? Is this the first time you have struck my daughter? I suppose not."

"Yes," Peter said thoughtfully, "this was the first time. Not the last, though, I daresay. It seems to have worked wonders."

Elisabeth noted with alarm that her father's face was trending toward a rich, pulsating purple. "Peter," she said, "get the clipping."

Peter smiled at her. "As a matter of fact," he said, "you get the clipping. On the double."

"Yes, dear," she said. She hurried out of the room. She was back within thirty seconds, a newspaper clipping in her hand. It was a clipping of substantial size, three-columns wide and better than a half-a-page deep.

"This will explain a good deal to you, sir," Peter said, "if you'll just read it."

Mr. Bohman adjusted his glasses. "This is from the local—uh, journal, I take it?" he said.

"That's right," Peter said. "The Somerset *Sun & Bugle*."

"Well," Mr. Bohman said. He lowered his eyes and focused them. SOMERSET WOMAN A HEROINE, the headline ran. Beneath it, a photograph of a female barely recognizable as Elisabeth, standing beside a fire engine, a fat man shaking her hand. There was a caption: "First Selectman Abner Cronen congratulates Mrs. Peter

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Harmon, whose prompt action saved the Bosworth Boat Yard from total destruction on Saturday."

Mr. Bohman peered at Elisabeth over his glasses. "Well, now, I must say," he said, "you seem to be famous. Locally, that is."

"Read the story, sir," Peter said.

"Complete destruction by fire of the Bosworth Boat Company's plant," he read, "was narrowly averted Saturday afternoon, owing to the quick wit and cool head displayed by Mrs. Peter Harmon of 27 Newcomb Lane, Somerset.

"Shortly after noon a flash fire broke out in the paint-and-varnish storeroom of the boat yard. An alarm was turned in, and Mrs. Harmon recalled hearing the standard signal blown on the Town Hall siren. A few minutes later she heard and recognized the five-short-blasts-repeated drastic-emergency signal. Correctly deducing that more apparatus was needed, Mrs. Harmon thought of the latest acquisition of her husband, Peter Harmon, the well-known antique-automobile collector, an 1898 steam pumper, stored in the Harmon garage. Without delay she started the engine and, guided by the smoke which was by this time rising high in the sky, drove the huge steamer, unaided, more than three miles to the boat yard.

"It was the only piece of apparatus on the scene, the two Somerset Fire Department trucks having failed to respond to the first alarm, being occupied at a barn fire at Hotlett's Corners. James McTigue, boilerman at the boat yard since its founding, took over. He filled the Harmon engine with water, fired it with two acetylene paint burners and raised steam within minutes. By the time the Somerset volunteers arrived on the scene, the blaze had, as firemen say, been 'knocked down.'"

Mr. Bohman added, "My goodness. Remarkable. Really remarkable."

"And that's not all," Peter said. "Two days later, if you please, the insurance company that had the coverage on the place, $150,000 of it, sent a man around with a check for Elisabeth."

"Really," Mr. Bohman said. "A substantial amount, I trust?"

"Three thousand dollars," Peter said. "Five hundred more than I paid for the pumper."

"Amazing," Mr. Bohman said. "You've actually made a profit!" He looked at Elisabeth. "My dear, you showed extraordinary presence of mind, I must say. I couldn't have done better myself. One thing I don't understand, though: the, uh, reason Peter hit you in the eye."

"Your daughter didn't tell me about the check, sir," Peter said. "She endorsed it and deposited it in her own checking account. When I went into the bank, the cashier congratulated me, so I went home and gave Elisabeth that nice black eye."

"Elisabeth," Mr. Bohman said, "that was hardly the thing to do."

"It was my check," Elisabeth said. "It was made out to me, after all."

"I did let Elisabeth keep half the money, $1500," Peter said.

"I would call that very fair," Mr. Bohman said. "Even generous. And I presume you hit her only the one time?"

"Just once," Peter said.

"H'm," Mr. Bohman said. He looked at Elisabeth over his glasses. "I do not wish to condone wife beating, but—well, h'm." He picked up the clipping. "You know, Peter," he said, "this pumper looks very much like one I used to chase on my bicycle when I was a boy in Buffalo. It had the same short stack. Threw a tremendous stream of water. And you say this one does too."

"Why don't you stay overnight?" Peter said. "Tomorrow we'll run it out and I'll show you how far it will throw a stick of water into the woods behind the house."

"A 'stick of water' it's called?" Mr. Bohman said. "How interesting. And this meet you mentioned—I suppose there'll be a number of other engines on hand?"

"Thirty or forty, I should think," Peter said.

"Amazing," Mr. Bohman said. "You know, I think I will just stay over at least until tomorrow."

"Great," Peter said. "Would you like another Martini?"

"Right," Mr. Bohman said. "First I'll just run out and tell the driver he can go back to New York."

"Elisabeth can do that," Peter said.

"Fine," Mr. Bohman said. "Tell him I won't need him any more tonight, my dear," he said.

"OK, dad," Elisabeth said. She had almost reached the door when her father spoke again.

"Elisabeth," he said.

"Yes, dad?" she said.

"On the double, now."

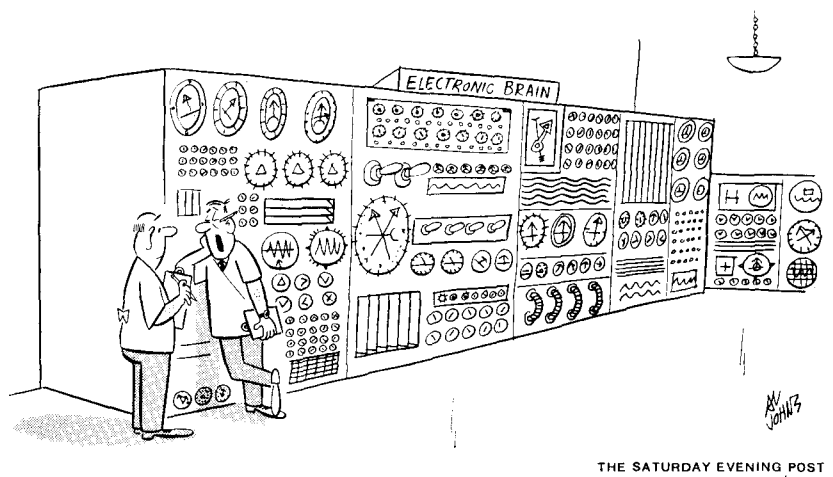
The whole front of the house quivered under the slammed door.

"Lots of fire in that girl," Mr. Bohman said, "if you'll forgive me the pun."

"Well, at least right now she's burning up," Peter said, "if *you'll* forgive *me*."

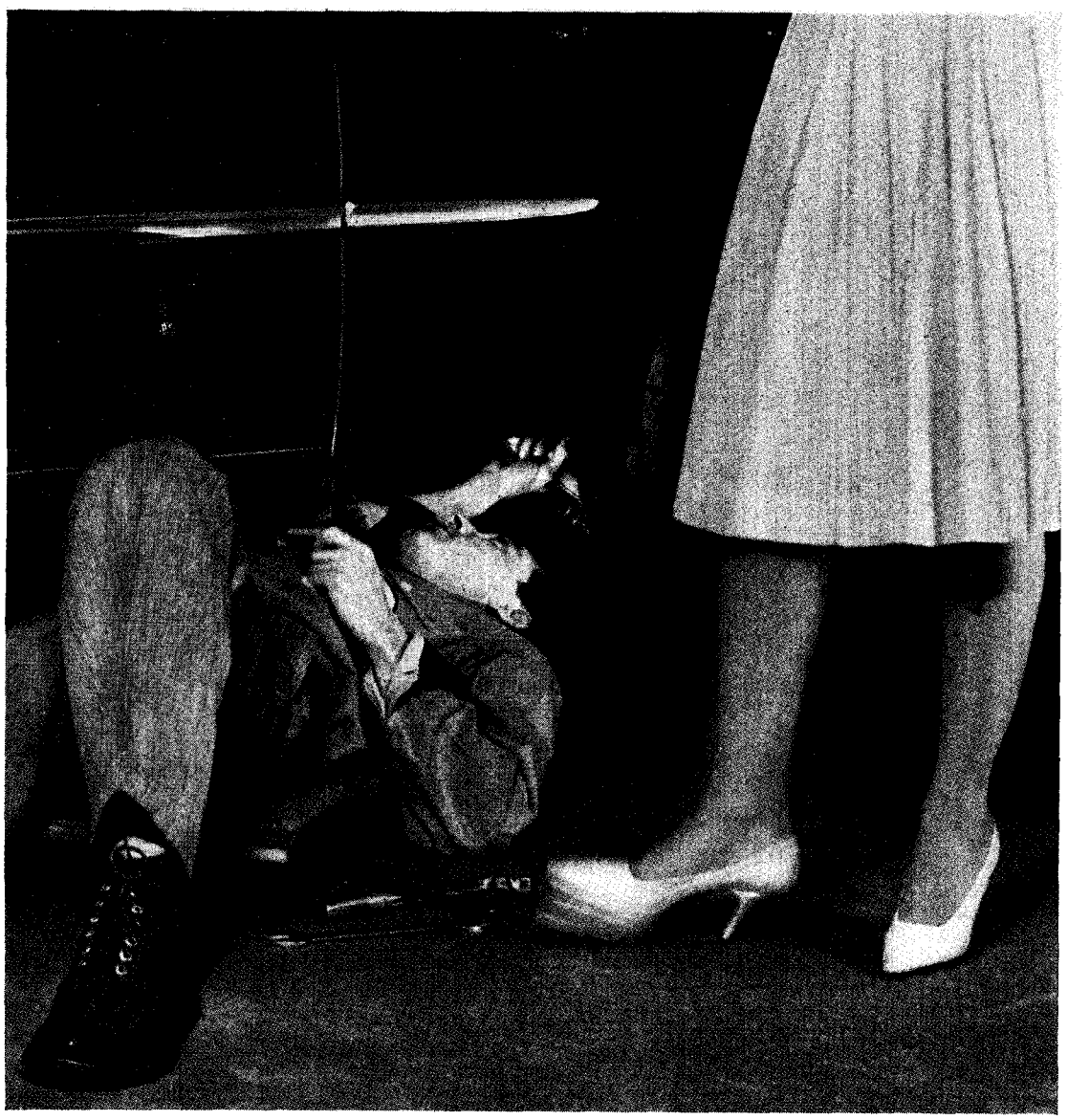
They grinned at each other like idiot hyenas and raised their glasses.

"To Hose Company 22," Mr. Bohman said. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What time is it? I can't look another dial in the face."



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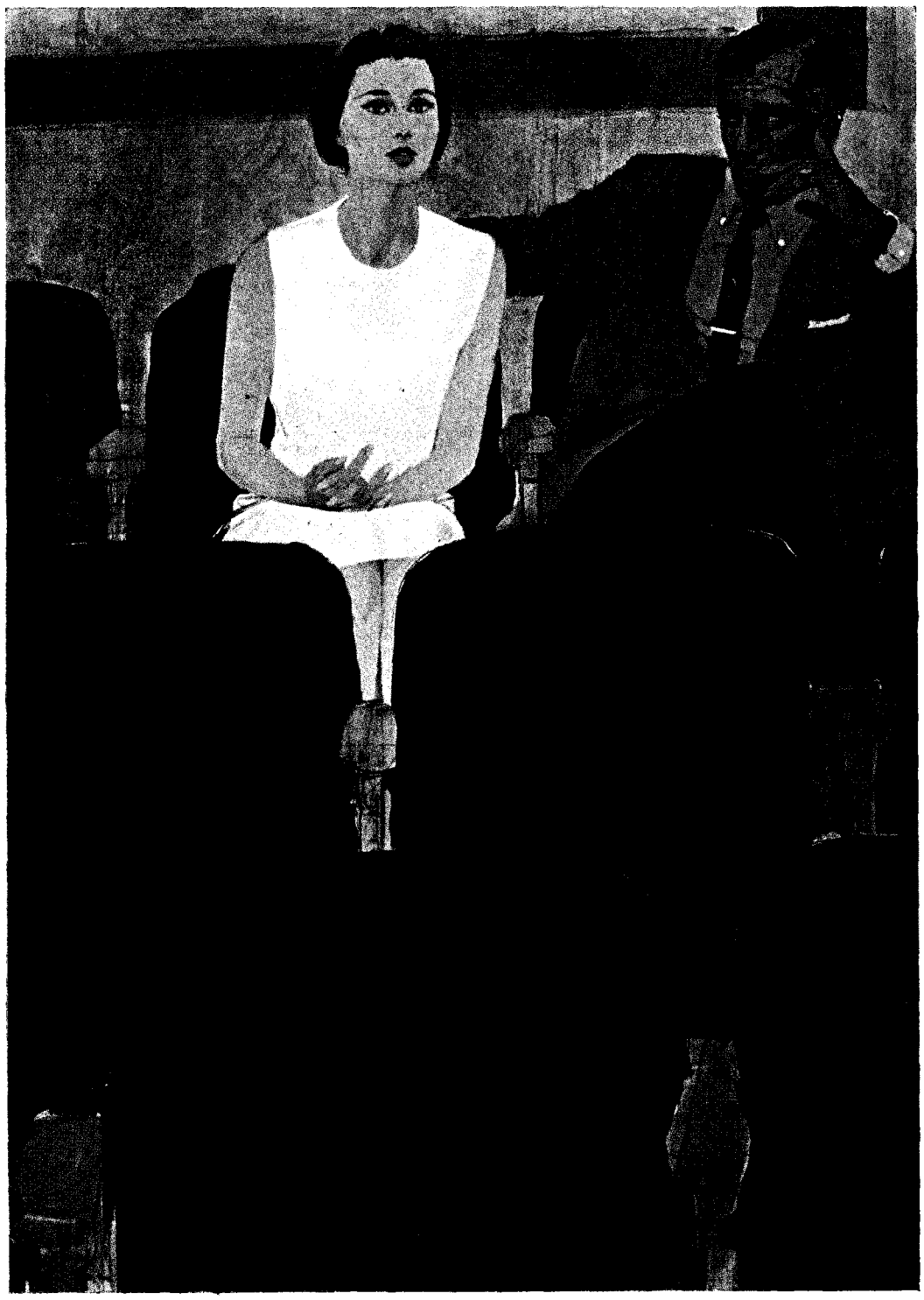
IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

by William Saroyan



An American meets
the daughter
of the oldest man in the world.

Oscar Hayklute considered himself a slightly vain man in that he was not ashamed of being stupid, although he did not take pride in it. At the Aladdin in Kristiansand, where he had gone to see a movie called *Don Quixote*, he had made no effort at all to speak Norwegian to the ticket-cage girl. He had no small book *Easy Norwegian*, although he had *Easy Hungarian*, *Conversational Turkish* and *Swiss Like Nothing*, but these books were up in his room at the Astoria Hotel. And so, going up to the ticket cage, he thought, *Well, I'll just be my usual stupid self and speak English.*

The girl with the red hair in the cage looked intelligent around the blue eyes, and it seemed to Oscar that she would understand anybody speaking any language.

"How are you?" Oscar said.

"Just fine," the girl replied in easy English.

"Well, what can you tell me about the movie?"

"It's in the Russian language."

"Yes. Well, that's *another* language I don't know. Anything else?"

"The subtitles are in Norwegian."

"Of course."

"The story itself is Spanish."

"Why not?"

"It's a movie based upon the great novel by Cervantes."

"*Based* upon," Oscar said. "But is it *well* based upon it?"

"I haven't seen it yet," the girl said. "I believe it won several prizes, however. One at Cannes, another at Venice."

"No prize in San Francisco?"

"Not that I know of."

"San Francisco's my home town."

"You're very far from home, aren't you?"

"About ten hours by jet over the Pole, as I understand it. But I'm not jetting just now, I'm driving."

"Very few travelers stop in Kristiansand long enough to see a movie."

"That's odd. It seems like a nice town."

"*We* dislike it," the girl said, eye-laughing because nothing seemed to make Oscar mouth-smile or eye-laugh.

"Yes, that's how it goes," Oscar said. "You're young and haven't traveled yet, so of course you can't abide your home town. You haven't married yet, either—or divorced. Anybody in that fortunate position has got to dislike one of the most beautiful towns I've ever seen."

"I'm not so young," the girl said.

"I am the second-oldest man in the world," Oscar said.

"You don't look especially old."

"Thirty-three? Is that youth?"

"I know a man who's thirty-nine."

"That's not easy to believe," Oscar said. "Is he nearby? I'd like to meet him."

"Really?"

"Yes, of course. I'd like to see how *he's* holding up. Who is he?"

"My father."

"No?"

"Yes. Thirty-nine years old."

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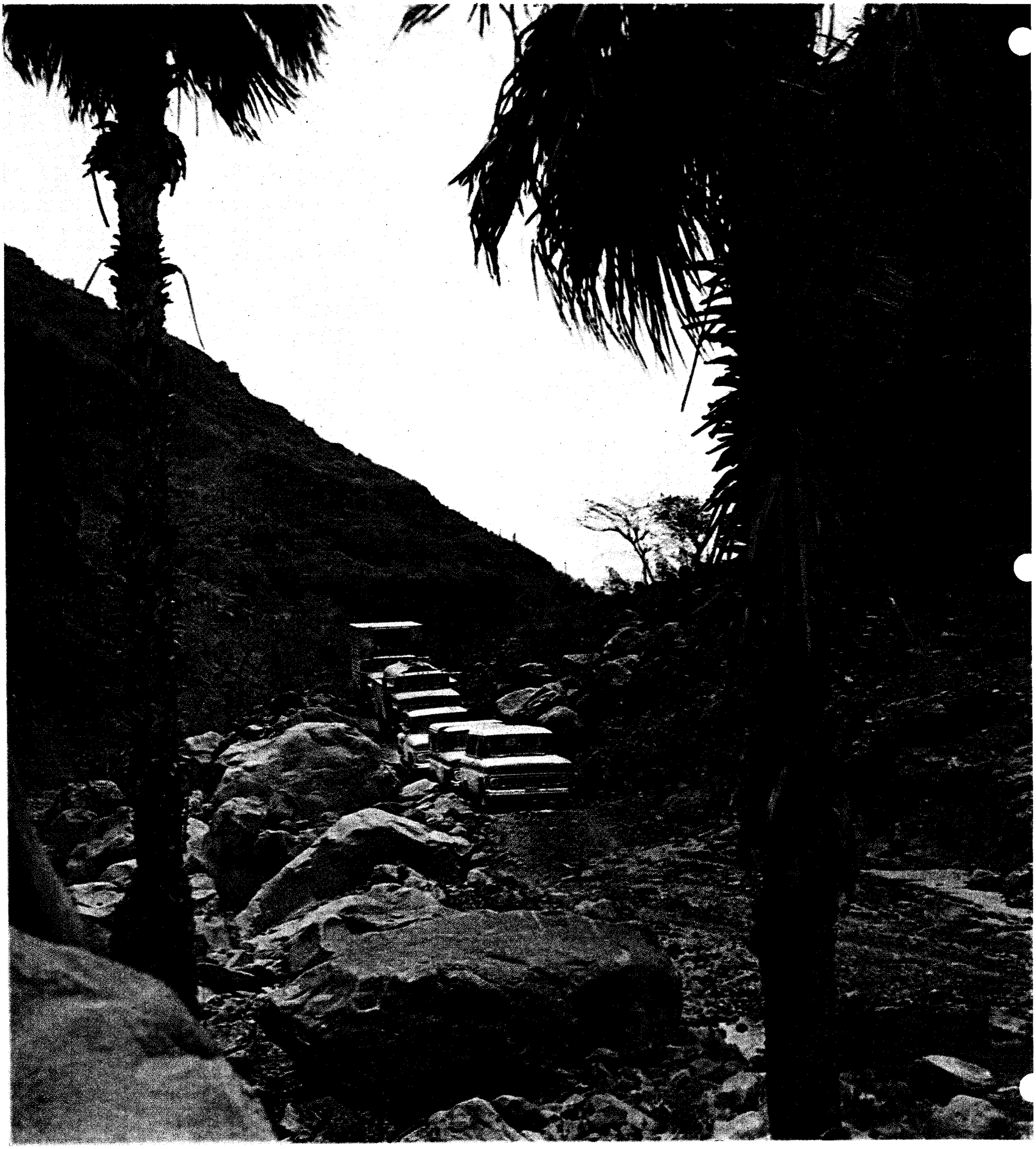
Here come the new '63 Chevrolet Trucks



Mexico's Baja wilderness brought out the best in new engines and chassis. Like nothing else could, this run tested the design and quality of every truck component—including the new Chevrolet truck 6-cylinder engines, the new light-duty coil-spring independent suspension and ladder-type frames and the new variable-rate front suspension in medium- and heavy-duty trucks. For almost a month, traveling to the tip of the peninsula and back, the caravan of standard production '63 trucks (Fleetside Pickup, Stepside Pickup, Carryall, Series 60 Van, Series 60 Diesel and Series 80 Tandem) kept up a steady pace through boulder fields, cactus jungles, hub-deep sand, over burning-hot dry lake beds and up towering grades.

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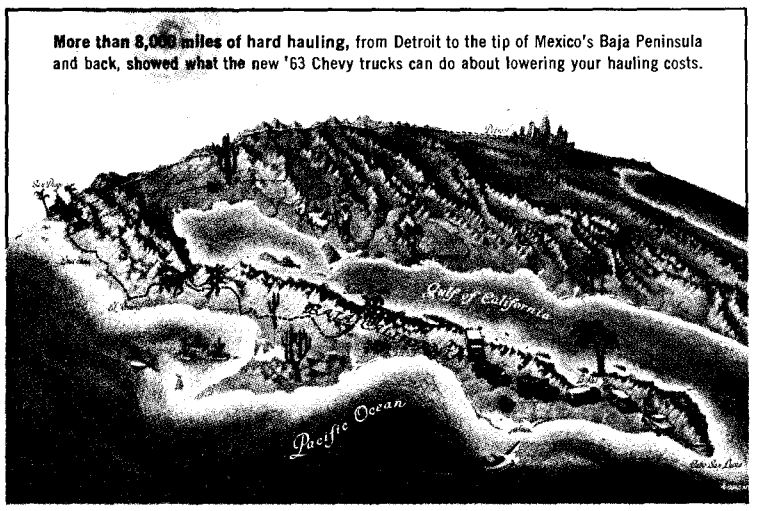
....Work tested on the slam-bang Baja Run!



More than 8,000 miles of hard hauling, from Detroit to the tip of Mexico's Baja Peninsula and back, showed what the new '63 Chevy trucks can do about lowering your hauling costs.

They whipped the toughest run under the sun—proved the cost-saving quality of new 6-cylinder engines, new suspensions, new frames . . . every '63 truck component!

Mexico's Baja (*bah'hah*) California Peninsula stretches 1,000 miles south of Tijuana, curling into the Pacific like a jagged, grotesque finger. Sportsmen fly in to resorts which dot its beaches—but inland lies a virtually unknown land.

A land of dust and desolation, of scorching sun, endless desert, primeval cactus jungles, of mountains that stand saw-toothed against the sky, burned barren by furnace heat.

A road twists through this hot and silent place—*a road that bears no resemblance to the modern highways on the Mexican mainland.* Made more for burros than motor vehicles, its rocky, dusty surface offers the severest challenge to any wheels that attempt to roll its length.

Chevrolet, looking for the toughest performance challenge on the face of the map, selected this primitive Baja road as a testing site for the new 1963 Chevrolet trucks.

Six standard production 1963 models set out on the Baja Run and virtually every foot of the way every wheel made jarring contact with rocks or ruts. Always, there was the dust, billowing up in yellow clouds, and the heat, sometimes rising to more than 120 degrees. And towering mountain ranges had to be crossed—treacherous switchback trails along sheer cliffs where loss of performance would have meant disaster.

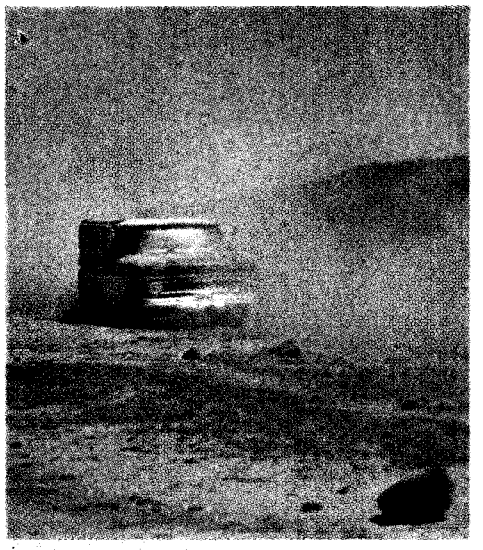
No component was immune from the beating—every truck part had to take it or fail in a wilderness where failure is calamity. *And, in the end, all of the new Chevrolets reached the end of the trail in first-class running order. Only normal maintenance and minor adjustments had been required—not once had progress been slowed because of mechanical difficulty.*

Evidence enough of cost-saving Chevrolet truck quality. See the Baja-tested '63 models at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

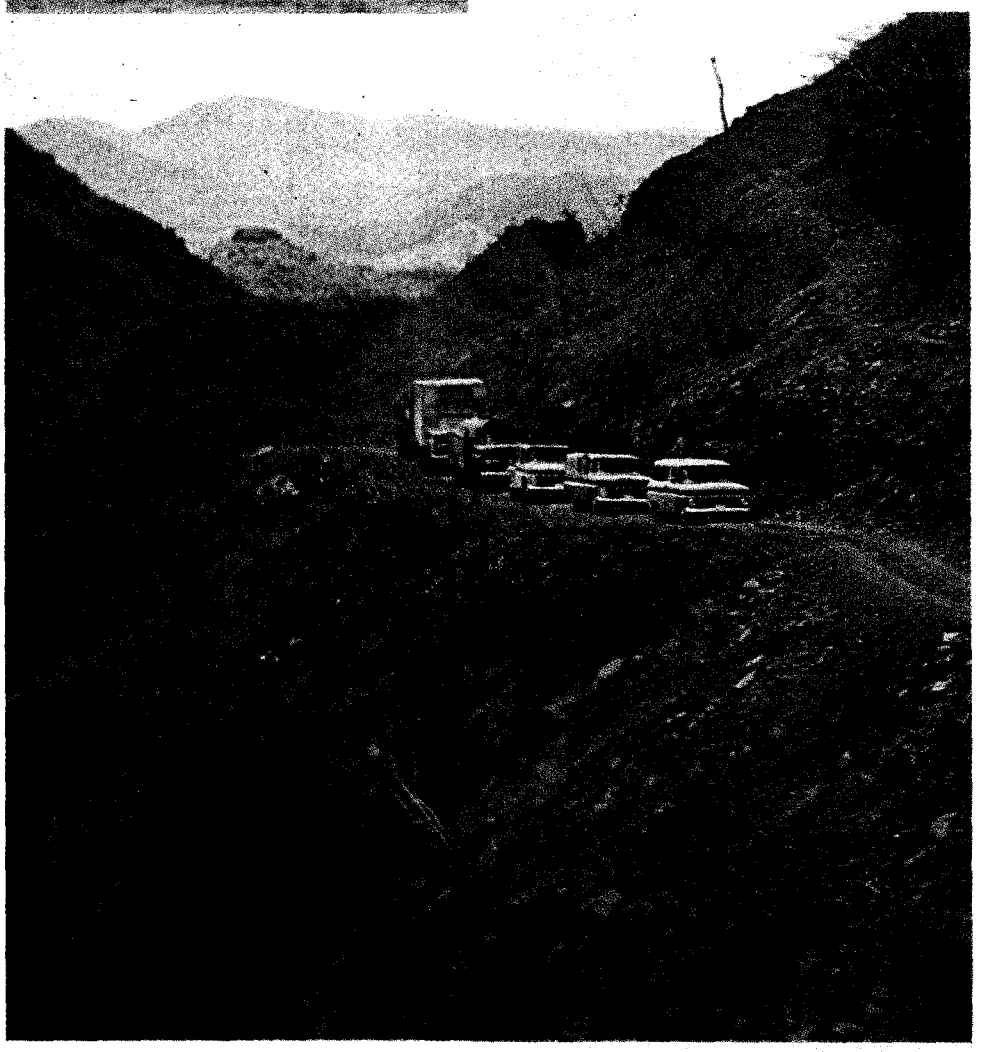
CHEVROLET

THE "NEW RELIABLES" FROM CHEVROLET

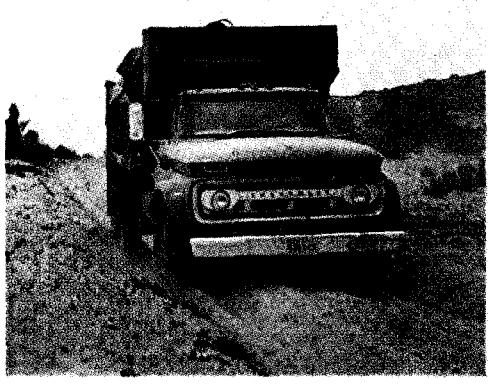
Rough rock-strewn roads challenged new ▶ Chevrolet truck coil-spring independent front suspension (light-duty models) and new variable-rate front suspension (medium- and heavy-duty models).



◀ **Yellow dust, fine as talcum powder,** billowed up continuously in blinding clouds as trucks forged ahead at speeds which seldom exceeded 10 miles per hour due to the rough terrain.



Long grinds up the mountains on narrow rocky trails put both trucks and drivers to the severest test. Brakes, steering mechanisms, engines—every truck component had to perform perfectly, for failure in this region could have been disastrous.



Deep sand slowed the caravan—but didn't stop it. Here's the '63 Chevy tandem, body caked with dust, big 409 V8 putting out plenty of torque, plowing its way through.

◀ **Canyon country,** where new trim-line design (7″ narrower) enabled the '63 medium- and heavy-duty Chevies to squeeze through the tight spots. This Series 60 Van was powered by the new Chevrolet truck 292 Six.

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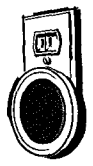

New Ideas to Light Up

MIDNIGHT SUN

"Well, then, how old are *you?*"

"I can't be much past thirty, can I, or my father would have been only nine years old when I was born."

"That's true," Oscar said. "Twenty-six or twenty-seven, then, making him twelve or thirteen when you were born."

Nobody was standing behind Oscar waiting to buy a ticket and go on in and see the movie. Nobody was standing across the street, even. A boy and a girl on the corner, were eating soft-ice-cream cones and passing the time of day, but they apparently weren't going to the movie, so it was all right to have a little chat.

A lot of little chats of the same order were always happening to Oscar. They seemed to creep up on him all by themselves. He never went out of his way to get them going. He would say some little unimportant thing or other, moving his lower jaw easily, and somebody else would say something back, and pretty soon quite a few things had been said back and forth by both of the parties. It may have been because Oscar was never interested in getting anything in particular from the other party. He just wasn't in a big hurry and, unlike cows and horses in meadows, two human beings just somehow couldn't face each other in silence.

Cows and horses could. Oscar had seen them doing it all the way down the coast from Oslo to Kristiansand over Highway Number—what was the number of that particular highway? Fourteen? Well, it was a number something like that.

Oscar had admired the cows and horses. He had marveled at the dignity of them standing face to face that way and just looking at one another and being at peace with the world. At peace with more than the world—at peace with everything. You name it, they were at peace with it. Seeing them over and over, Oscar had said out loud, cruising along at 110 kilometers an hour, which is actually only around 66 miles an hour, "Someday I'm going to go out into a meadow and walk up to a horse and just stand there face to face with him and keep my big mouth shut. If he can do it, I can do it."

And then he thought, *Why not do it right now?*

And so he drew up alongside a fine flowered meadow, cool green grass spotted all over with little patches of red and yellow and white, and he got out of his little red car. And right there, just a little beyond the timber fence, stood one of the most majestic personalities of our time, possibly of all time, housed entirely, flawlessly, simply, nobly in the body of a gray horse. Oscar loitered in the weather a moment, then walked to the fence, climbed over it and let himself down in the horseside of the meadow.

Now, the thing about horses, Oscar thought, *is probably that they really aren't any such thing. They are probably great men in that superior, improved form. They probably expect their inferiors to act like inferiors—like human beings, that is. Talk and all. Ho boy, and other talk like that. Well, I ain't talking. Not with my mouth, at any rate. I'm meeting this great personality on his own terms.*

And so, placing his hands at his back, out of sight, and leaning forward about a foot, possibly two, Oscar moved to the horse, which had as a matter of fact watched Oscar in total peace, and for all anybody knew had understood Oscar's thinking about horses and people.

At any rate, the horse hadn't shied, turned away and gone off. It hadn't changed at all.

And so Oscar met the horse—nose to nose, because that appeared to be the horse's preference, for when Oscar was within leaning distance the horse leaned forward, as Oscar himself was leaning, and their noses touched. The man and the horse stood that way half a minute or more, breathing easily, and then each of them drew back easily and took up the classic stance of horses facing each other in total peace.

Well, it felt good to Oscar. He had never been a cowboy or anything fanciful like that, a fellow with a six-shooter, somebody bowlegged in Texas or TV, but it felt good to be there. It felt good to be anywhere. Oscar didn't say anything,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lady . . . you forgot your groceries."

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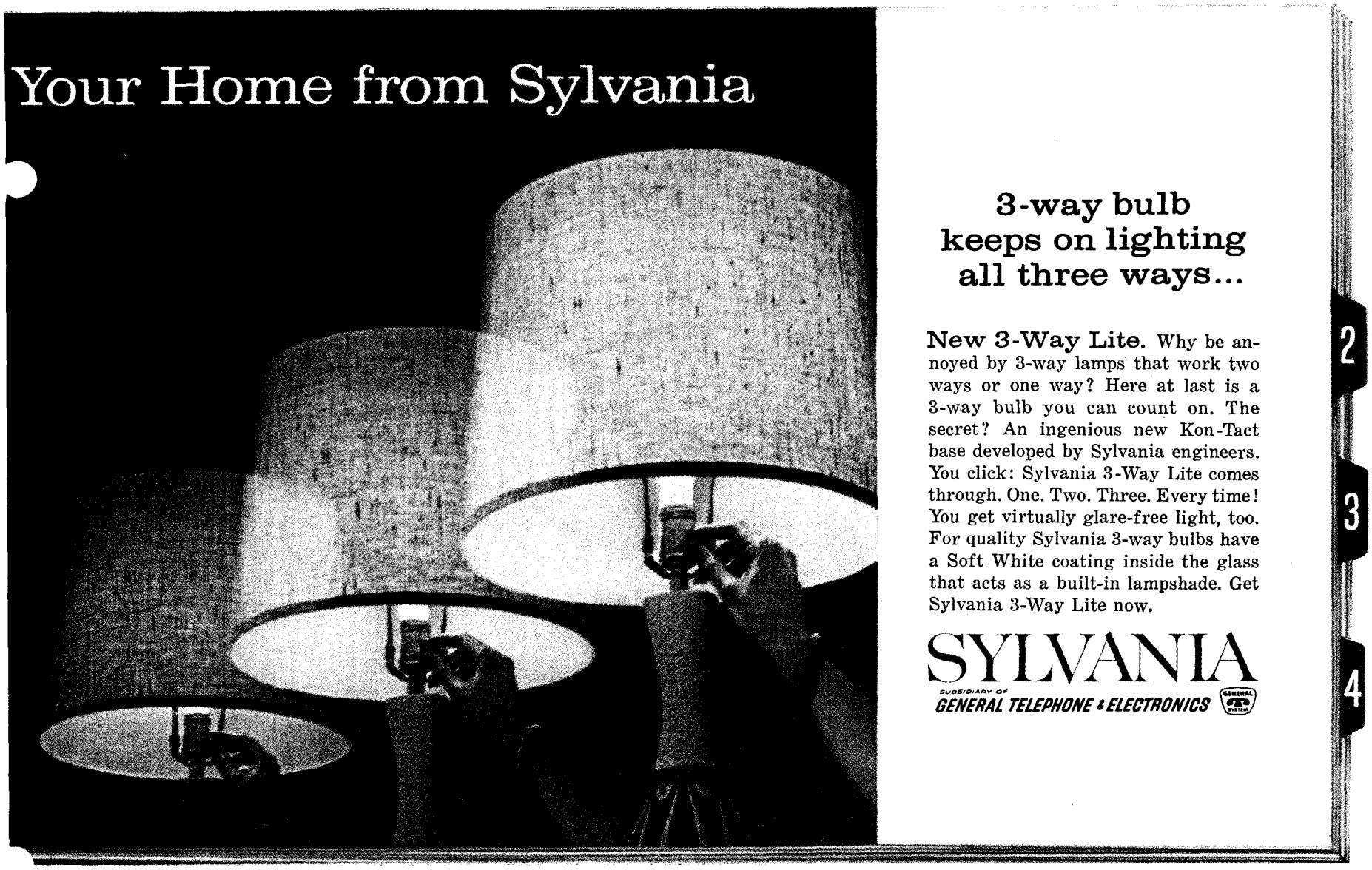
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3-way bulb keeps on lighting all three ways...
New 3-Way Lite. Why be annoyed by 3-way lamps that work two ways or one way? Here at last is a 3-way bulb you can count on. The secret? An ingenious new Kon-Tact base developed by Sylvania engineers. You click: Sylvania 3-Way Lite comes through. One. Two. Three. Every time! You get virtually glare-free light, too. For quality Sylvania 3-way bulbs have a Soft White coating inside the glass that acts as a built-in lampshade. Get Sylvania 3-Way Lite now.
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and the horse didn't say anything. They were just good friends, that's all.

But soon out of the corner of his eye Oscar noticed that a number of people in a number of cars going by on the highway were looking at him and the horse and then, sure enough, a car slowed down, stopped, and a man and a woman and a boy and a girl piled out, apparently to watch.

Well, now, precisely what was there to watch? A man was looking at a horse, and a horse was looking at a man, so what was so strange about that? Oscar didn't turn away. He gave the people a chance to have a good long look, and then he thought, *Well, old friend, I've got to move along now, but I think I can say that I shall never care to forget you, and I'll tell you why too. You've got character. There's more truth in your eyes than in the Ten Commandments, I guess you might say.*

Oscar leaned far forward again, and soon the horse leaned forward too. Their noses touched, they breathed together three times, and then slowly Oscar backed away to the fence, climbed over and set his feet down on the peopleside of the meadow. The watching, talking people were Americans. Oscar bowed to them in silence, as if he might be a Laplander, got into his car and drove off slowly, watching the people and the horse.

The boy, about eleven or twelve, ran to the fence and began to climb it. The horse turned and slowly walked away. It kept walking for as long as Oscar was able to see it.

And so he had moved along down old Highway 14 or 41, or whatever it was, and at length had come, as he knew he would, God willing, to Kristiansand, a city he had never before visited and in fact had never before known existed.

He had driven eleven hours or more, it was evening now, the place seemed pleasant, so he drove around looking for a likely hotel—something third-rate if possible, because he had always found people at such hotels a little less nerve-racking about their importance in the over-all scheme of things. He finally decided the Astoria would do. He wouldn't be able to expect a bath, most likely, but he could certainly ask. Room with bath and shower both, it turned out. The room was spacious, with a high ceiling, and it was on the street too. Now and then a traveling man had good luck that way. In Hamburg only a couple of days ago he had been turned away by two small hotels and one big one because of a sausagemakers' convention, but finally a bellboy, not a clerk, had made three telephone calls and had got him into a more or less nameless hotel hidden away somewhere, but the rate was high—six dollars, on account of the convention. And in other places the situation had been even worse. But this hadn't bothered Oscar too much, because he was driving around precisely in order to find out about miscellaneous things. The information he was gathering was useless, but information is information and, while there isn't much you can do with it, there's even less you can do without it.

Now, at the ticket cage, chatting with the daughter of the oldest man in the world, Oscar was pretty much the same man who had touched noses with the horse in the meadow, although now the other party wasn't a horse and wasn't in a meadow. Far from it. She was perhaps the second-most-beautiful girl in the world, and she was in a cage, and yet somehow she didn't seem captured or imprisoned. She probably only did it for experience or something.

"Oh, no," the girl said. "I believe my father was twenty when I was born."

"And your mother?"

"Eighteen."

"If I go into the movie now, when will I come out?"

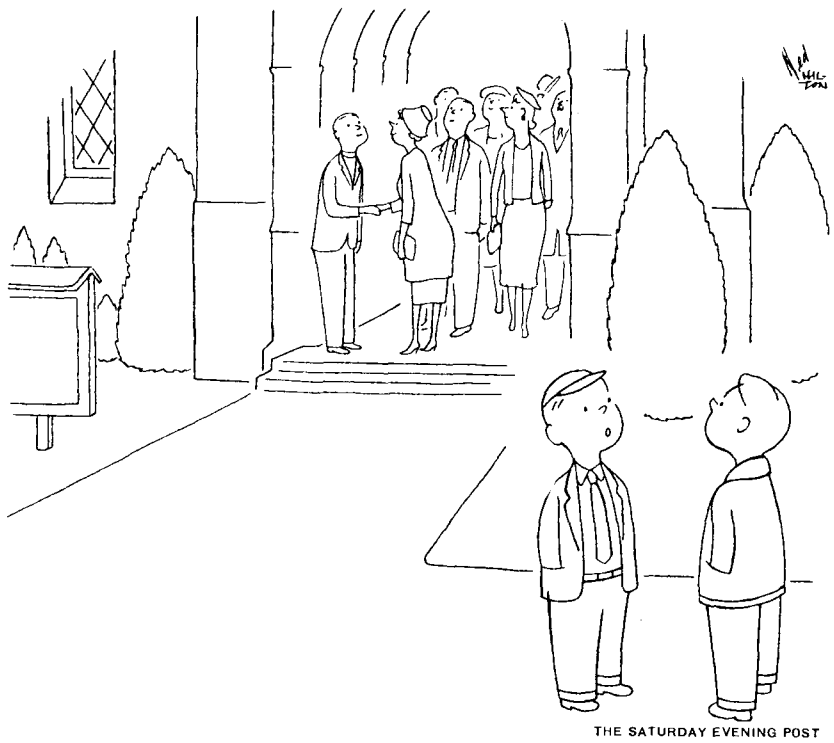
"Whenever you like."

"Let me put it this way," Oscar said. "If I go in now, when do you go off duty, as we say in America?"

"The last show starts in ten minutes," the girl said, "and I'm finished for the night in about fifteen."

"Well, then, perhaps I'd better not see the movie. And we can go straight to dinner."

"Oh, no. I think you ought to see the movie."



"The music was nice, but there was a very long commercial."

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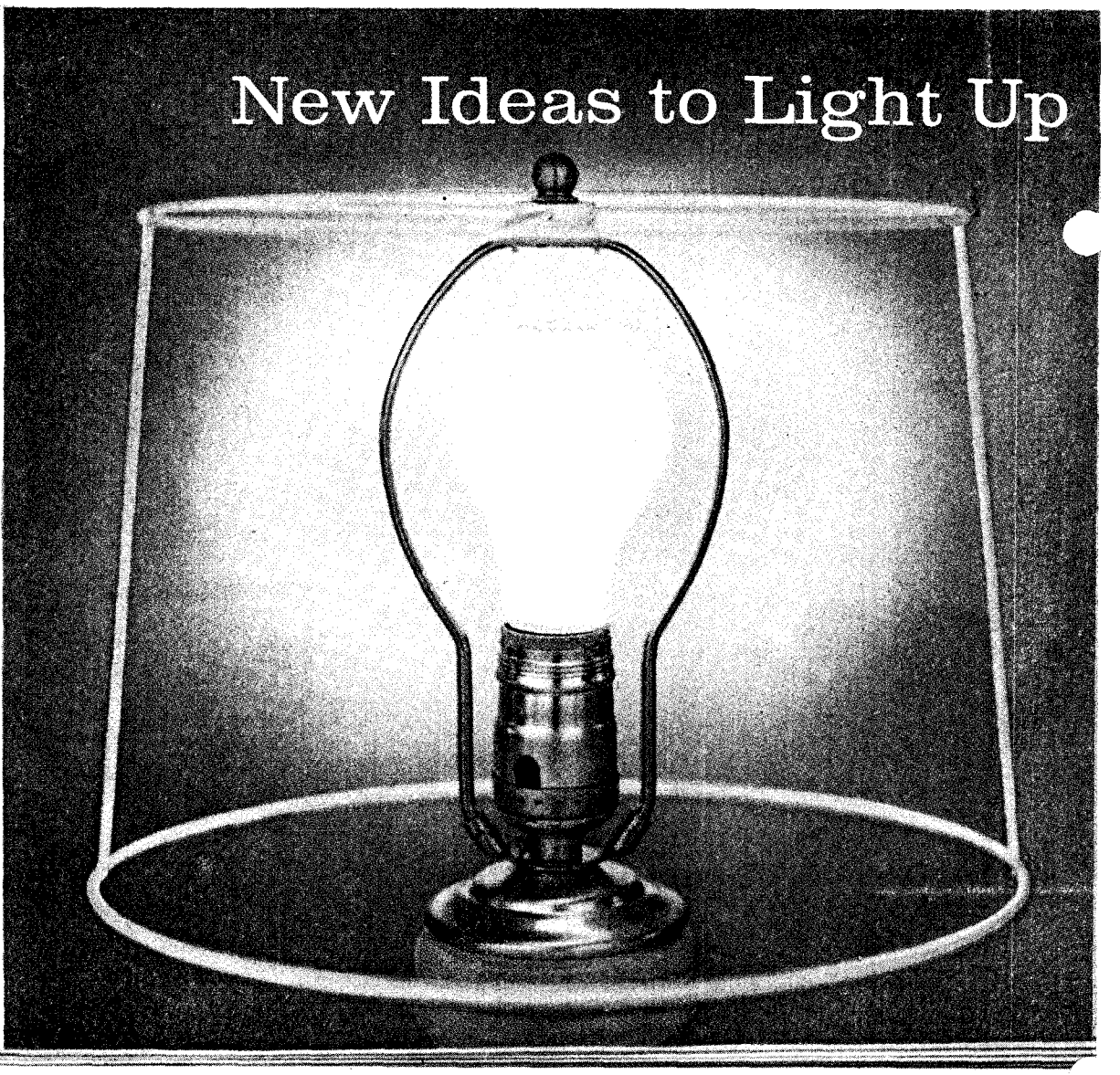
So glare-free you hardly need a lampshade...

New Soft White Bulb.
Never was a light so kind to your eyes—for reading, for close work anywhere in your home. Sylvania quality Soft White bulbs cast such a smooth, even, virtually glare-free light you hardly need a lampshade. The secret? Millions of tiny light-reflecting particles that cover the inside of the glass. This built-in lampshade screens out harsh glare. New Soft White bulbs are longer lasting, far more reliable, too. Get some now in new Sylvania Color Packs. The quick, easy way to identify wattage. The safest way to carry bulbs home.



MIDNIGHT SUN

"Why?"

"Well, you came here because you wanted to see a movie, didn't you?"

"To Kristiansand?"

"No, to this theater."

"Well, yes, in a way," Oscar said. "That was the general idea all right, but I didn't know you would go off duty in fifteen minutes. After selling tickets all day, I can imagine you're pretty hungry when you go off duty, so why should you come on in and sit with me and watch the movie too?"

"Because I haven't seen it yet."

"And you're *not* hungry?"

"Not especially. Are you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am, but I really don't know what to order in Norway. Last night, for instance, I had ptarmigan, because it seemed to me that if the people of Norway were fond of ptarmigan, I ought to know what they are fond of. But ptarmigan is a kind of little black piece of dry twisted chicken of some kind. Nothing like Norway at all. I need somebody to help me order."

"If you hurry," the girl said, "you'll be just in time for the cartoon."

Oscar paid his dime, or whatever it was, the girl gave him a ticket, he went in and sat in the last row. After his eyes had got adjusted to the dark, he noticed that there were eleven other people in the theater. They were up closer. The theater itself was precisely the way he liked a theater. The cartoon was American and quite funny, but nobody laughed, so Oscar didn't either. Three couples, a lone girl and a lone boy, came in before the cartoon ended, and that was it.

The titles of the Russian movie came on, and the girl from the ticket cage came and sat beside him. She just sat there, and Oscar just sat in the adjoining seat.

They watched the whole movie. It was awfully good, although it was entirely in the Russian language. Even so, now and then, Oscar overheard somebody say *señor* to somebody, and he gathered that this tall Spaniard was just about as noble as they come, but not in a great big important boring way. He was a horse who hadn't yet made it. He did decent things for decent reasons, but what happened? He was laughed at, he was mocked, and a dozen prisoners in some kind of chain gang, captured men he had pitied and had set free—these men stoned him, they nearly killed him.

The whole movie was that way.

The gaunt old nobleman was considered a lunatic by every kind of unfortunate or corrupt human being he met. He seemed to feel that they were in trouble and needed his help, and so of course he helped them, but it never failed, they only laughed at him. He got sick, but that's all that came of it. The movie ended, the lights came up a little, not too much, and the other people got up and slowly walked away, but not Oscar, and not the daughter of the oldest man in the world. They just sat there.

At last the girl blew her nose, and Oscar wasn't sure it wasn't because she was a kind of amateur angel or something. He certainly had never before heard so soulful a blowing of the nose.

"You're not crying, are you?" he said.

"No, not really," the girl said, but she dabbed a handkerchief at the corners of her eyes quickly and tried to eye-smile. She did in fact, but it was a new order of eye-smile entirely.

They got up, and Oscar said, "A nice Norwegian supper is in order now."

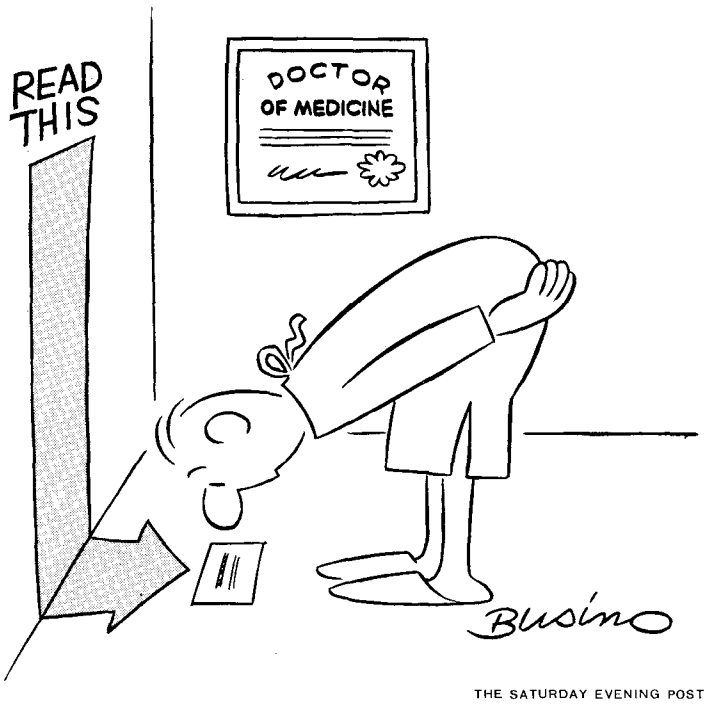
"Yes," the girl said. "I will show you the place."

When they went out into the street it was still daylight, even though it was almost ten at night, because that's how it is in Kristiansand in the month of May. It's even worse in June and July—or better, as you prefer. Somewhere along the line it's never really dark in Kristiansand for a month or two. The girl led the way, four blocks in all, to a restaurant with an unforgettable Norwegian name that Oscar immediately forgot because of what happened immediately after they reached the place. The girl mouth-smiled, eye-laughed and extended her hand, which of course Oscar took, because what do you do when somebody extends her hand?

"Good night and thank you very much," she said.

"What do you mean?" Oscar said.

"I must go home now."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are about to receive your shot."

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Makes indoor plants grow bigger and faster...

New Gro-Lux* Fluorescent Lamp. Want indoor plants with brighter blossoms? Greener foliage? Then Sylvania's new GRO-LUX lamp is for you. Developed by Sylvania scientists, this revolutionary new lamp actually works like an indoor sun. It produces radiant energy that plants can convert into growth. As a result, your indoor plants are taller, healthier, faster growing. GRO-LUX lamps are easy to use. Fit standard fluorescent fixtures. Also available in special planters for your home. *Trademark

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"Not at all," Oscar said. "You must order for me—and for yourself. That was the whole idea."

"Everything at this restaurant is awfully good, even the ptarmigan."

"Now, look here," Oscar said. "Did the movie depress you, or what?"

"No, the movie made me very happy," she answered.

"Then why go home? You can see for yourself that everybody in Kristiansand is out, having fun, talking and laughing. Why should you be the exception?"

"You are very wise and understanding. Perhaps you can guess."

"Me? Wise and understanding?" Oscar said. "I am stupid. I sometimes almost take pride in it. I have been married twice and divorced twice. Could anybody possibly be more stupid than that? Now, what is it? You must tell me, because if you don't, I'll just never know, and somehow I've got to know."

"You'll only laugh at me," the girl said, "the way the people laughed at Don Quixote."

"No, I won't laugh."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, but after you tell me, you must promise to have supper with me."

"I can't have supper with you."

"No, please," Oscar said. "You're not misunderstanding me, are you? I mean, I don't know how things go in this part of the world, but I like you. I suppose I might even say I love you, but not to—not to impose my foolish self on you in any way. I catch the boat to Denmark tonight. I've already bought my ticket. I don't even need to know your name, and you don't need to know mine. So why can't you have dinner with me? Just sit quietly the way we did in the movie and eat—face to face this time, without a movie to see, just ourselves. Why?"

"Well, you've already said it for me, haven't you?"

"What have I said for you?"

"How it is—with you. Which is how it is with me, too, only I haven't been married twice and divorced twice, and so maybe I might not enjoy supper—or having you catch the boat to Denmark, and I don't want to impose my foolish self on you, either."

"You're not serious," Oscar said.

"I think you know I am."

"Well, I could come back," Oscar said quickly. "There's always such a thing as coming back."

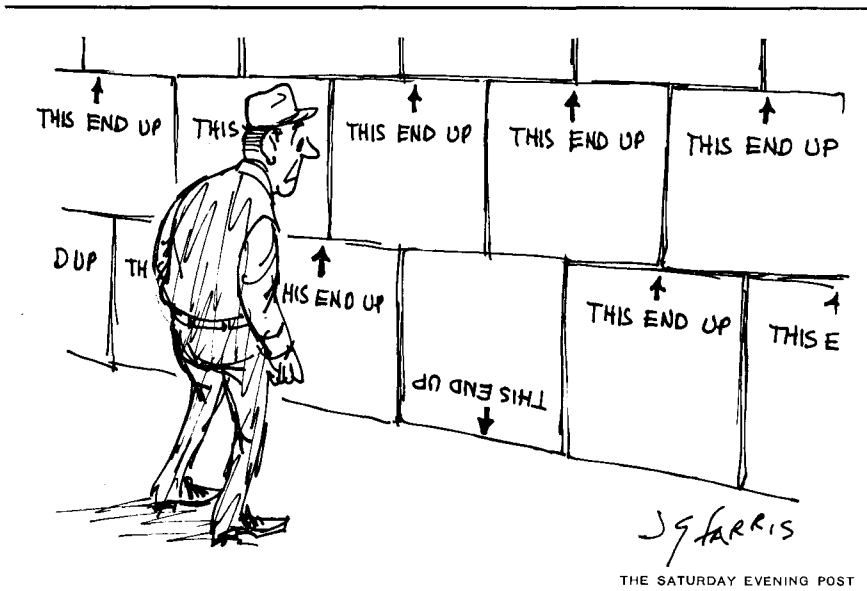
"Good night," the girl said. "I'm so glad we've met. And so glad nobody knows anybody's name or anything."

Now, for the first time, she voice-laughed. It was like light, water in a brook, flowers in a meadow. And before Oscar could even begin to understand what was happening, and while she was still laughing, the girl leaned forward as Oscar had leaned forward to the horse, and so Oscar leaned forward too. The girl put her lips to the side of his face, just a little beyond his mouth, almost not even touching his cheek.

And then she turned and slowly walked away.

Slowly—that's the thing that Oscar couldn't understand, or couldn't forgive himself about.

But then he *knew* he was stupid and knew he sometimes almost took pride in it. He just stood there, waiting for her to turn around, but she never did. She didn't turn a corner even. She walked straight down the long street and out of sight.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And Oscar just stood there.

Hell, if he ran after her, if he went out to the house with her and met her father and if he stayed in Kristiansand another day, or a week, or a year, or the rest of his life, surely it would be a good thing in a way, a right thing, a true thing, but it might also turn out that somehow or other they would decide to go a little further, and then maybe all the way, and get married—and she was just too good for that, that's all. Her voice would change, and the way she mouth-smiled and eye-laughed, and lived in Russian movies about Spanish noblemen and blew her nose—they would all change. Watching her walk free and true down the street, moving out of sight forever—Oscar just didn't want to be the witness of that terrible transformation again. And maybe even the *cause* of it.

When she was gone, he waited a little, as if he were a horse in a meadow, not really knowing what he was waiting for any more. And then he turned away and went into the restaurant.

He took a corner table. When the waitress came up with the menu, he said, "I really don't know what I'd like. Can you suggest something?"

"Ptarmigan," she said and Oscar could tell that she spoke very little English.

"O.K.," Oscar said.

Well, it was black again and dry and twisted, but that didn't really matter at all. That was a dietary matter entirely.

What mattered was the lone, true, everlasting way the daughter of the oldest man in the world had walked down the street and out of sight. **THE END**

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Triumph of the Boon

The Navy lieutenant stepped down from the DC-3—what the Navy called an R4D—in a rainstorm which in one minute wetted every stitch of clothing he was wearing. It roared down upon him with a violence that might have been stupefying, except that the other factors that instantly assailed his senses were so violent also that he could not help taking note of them.

First there was the stink which filled his nostrils. Basically it was the stink of all low-lying tropical land, except that in Guadalcanal it asserted itself with unequaled intensity. Moreover it was backed up by a host of other stinks, most of them based on corruption but some based on the stale fumes of high explosives.

The lieutenant took note of the stench, for he could do nothing else, but immediately afterward he received his next impression, which was one of mud. Mud everywhere; the airstrip on which he trod was a "Marsden Mat" made of perforated metal strips, but the mud seeped up through the perforations so that foothold was precarious, and to walk upon the metal conveyed the feeling that below it lay a bottomless quagmire, as was indeed the case.

The first people the lieutenant saw in Guadalcanal seemed to be adding to the mud, for they were filling a shell crater from a dump truck. The lieutenant understood, when he saw what they were doing, why the DC-3 had bounced along the airstrip like a boat at sea when making its landing. And he had hardly taken more than a few steps before a roar and a muffled crash, blending with and accentuating the roar of the rain, heralded the appearance of a mud volcano, as a five-inch shell pitched onto the far end of the strip and flung up a huge fountain of mud and metal.

"Come along to the general," said someone to the lieutenant.

That was the next impression; one of pressure. And like the stink, that impression was backed up by minor ingredients. There was strain, and there were fatigue and the feeling of insufficient materials with which to undertake all the tasks that demanded attention. Yet one ingredient was missing—and its absence was the next and perhaps the most striking impression of all. There was no hint of despair. Maybe—probably largely—this was due to the presence of the general to whose command post the lieutenant was escorted.

"Lieutenant Borglum reporting from the *Boon*, sir," said the lieutenant, and even while he spoke he was conscious of encountering a solid personality—nothing flashy, nothing theatrical, but completely fearless in every sense.

"Glad to see you, lieutenant," said the general. Borglum noticed that the general was newly shaven, in contrast with the fuzzy-cheeked individuals he had met so far, and then he observed scratches on the general's cheeks—it was a dull razor blade which had done that job.

The general spoke again after five seconds spent in measuring up the young man in front of him. "I might even say I'm mighty glad to see you, lieutenant. I could have had half a drum of gasoline instead, if you want proof of what I say."

"Yes, sir."

"Gasoline," said the general. "Gasoline here in these devil-haunted islands. If we have it, we win. If we don't have it, Uncle Sam will receive a setback that he'll find expensive. You can't say that a thousand gallons here is worth a million Stateside. Nor ten million. The value is beyond all ordinary figures."

"Yes, sir."

"Mahan pointed out to Annapolis that sea power brings with it command of the sea, and command of the sea means freedom to use the sea and the ability to deny its use to the enemy."

"Yes, sir."

"There weren't any threats from airplanes in Mahan's time, but the principle remains the same."

"Yes, sir."

"Around this island, airplanes are one element of sea power. If we have 'em and can put 'em in the air, we control the waters all round, and we win. If we don't have 'em, or we can't put 'em in the air, we don't."

"Of course, sir," Borglum offered.

"The United States Navy and the Japanese Navy are at full stretch at this point. Command of the air is the deciding factor."

"Yes, sir."

"Now we come to the point, lieutenant. Seventy-two hours from now, give or take an hour or two, and I shall be unable to put a fighter plane in the air. No gasoline."

"Good God!"

"It's as simple as that. It's as serious as that, lieutenant."

"I didn't realize it, sir."

"You know it now. That's why I want the *Boon* to bring me gasoline."

"Yes, sir. I understand."

"The R4D's just can't bring enough in. AKA's are too slow and vulnerable. It's up to the *Boon*."

"Yes, sir."

There was a shriek of a siren and the crash of high explosives at this moment. The general cocked his ear skyward to gauge the extent of the danger.

"I don't think we need take action, lieutenant. Let's get down to brass tacks." He reached for a map. "Here's Ringdove Shoal."

The technical details of exactly where the destroyer *Boon* should drop her cargo of gasoline were settled in five minutes' discussion.

"It's not enough just to drop the drums overboard," said the general. "They've got to reach shore. *Boon*'ll have to wash them on the beach."

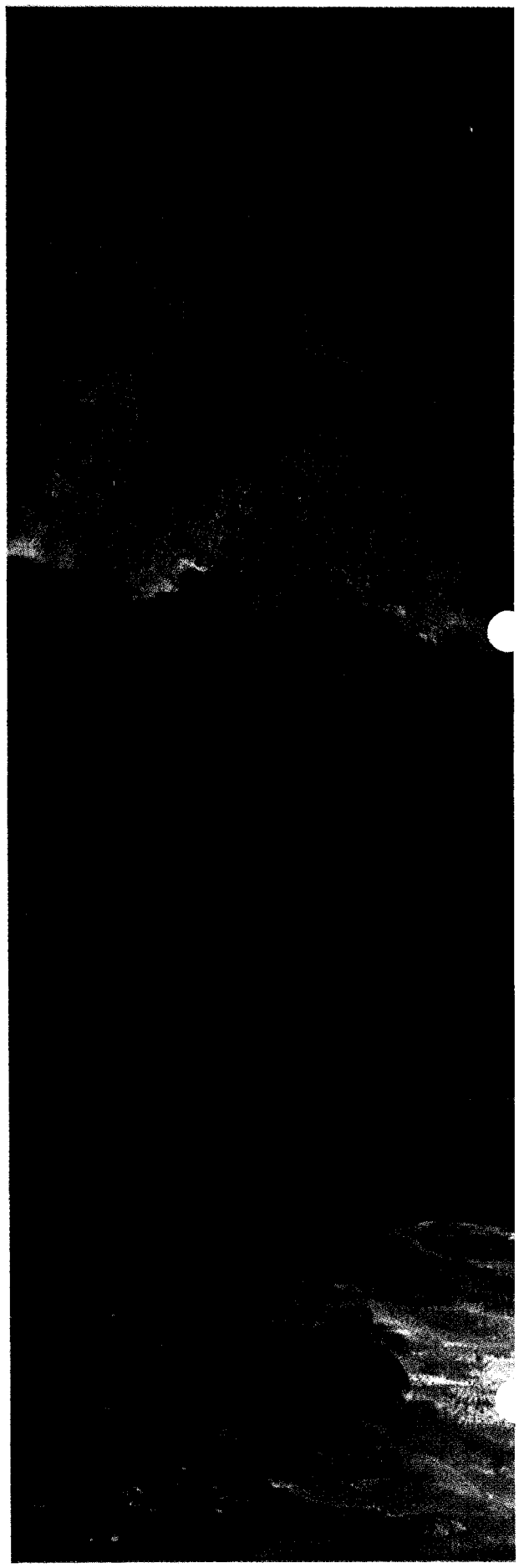

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB LAVIN

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The future of Guadalcanal depended on the destroyer's precious cargo

by C. S. FORESTER

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Boon "Naturally, sir."

"Drop 'em over on the westward run. Do I have to remind you to give 'em plenty of buoyancy?"

"No, sir."

"You won't be able to make more than two or three knots while you're doing it. Then you turn and come back at twenty—twenty-five, maybe. Shallow water, a narrow channel between the shore and the shoals. You'll kick up something like a tidal wave, and that'll bring the drums in to where we can get 'em."

"Yes, sir."

"That's settled then." The general studied the young man closely again. "I'm going to tell you something else, lieutenant. There's no harm in your knowing it, and there's no harm in everyone in your ship knowing it. And your captain has to know it."

"Yes, sir." Borglum could not guess what piece of information could possibly be such public property in wartime.

"This is a priority mission. Nothing else is of any importance. *Nothing*, lieutenant. *Boon* is not to be diverted from this primary objective for any reason at all. She has to deliver two hundred drums of high-octane gasoline. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance, lieutenant."

The dismissal was polite and abrupt in curious combination, leaving Borglum free for the rest of the day to taste all the experiences Guadalcanal had to offer—the heat and the mosquitoes as well as the mud and the rain and the stink; the miserable scenery of the marshy flats squeezed in between the mountains and the sea, for Guadalcanal, while being at that moment the most important island in the whole Pacific, owed that importance to the mere 5 percent of its area that was comparatively level.

At nightfall Borglum went back on board the R4D. The importance of his mission was accentuated in his mind by the sight of the wounded who lay there. The thought of that gave intensity to his report to Captain Angell when the RD4 brought him back to Espiritu Santo.

This was at two o'clock in the morning; ten minutes after the jeep had deposited him near the anchorage, Borglum had wakened the executive officer, and ten minutes after that the two of them had wakened Captain Angell; the best proof of the urgency Borglum displayed lay in the fact that Brown, the executive officer, should take the responsibility of breaking into his captain's rest.

They sat in the stifling blacked-out cabin, the two senior officers listening while Borglum poured out his account of the interview with the general.

Angell referred again to the orders from Southwest Pacific that had come in that evening, and he looked again at the chart spread on the table. Brown tapped with his pencil at one point of the chart.

"You see that, sir?"

"'Strong tide rips occasionally.' Yes, I've noticed it."

Brown took the dividers and measured the line he had ruled on the other chart.

"Twenty-four hours at twenty knots, sir," he announced. "That will bring us to here, the southeast tip of the island."

"That's where we want to be at sunset. Not before," said Angell. "Let's say twenty miles east of the point. Then we can go up outside Nura in the dark and turn west for the run into the channel."

"Yes, sir," agreed Brown, dividers at work again. "That brings us out at daylight back off the point again. Two hours' margin, let's say, sir."

"Good enough."

Angell had taken paper and pencil and appeared to be idly sketching. The outline of a destroyer's deck took shape on the paper. Within the outline he marked in the plan of the destroyer's upper works.

"This is the way it'll have to be done," he said. "We'll want runways all along here on both sides. It had better be four-by-fours—those drums weigh nearly five hundred pounds each. And we'll want guards on each quarter to shoot 'em clear. Don't want 'em in the props. You'll have to see about that tonight, Mr. Borglum."

"Aye aye, sir."

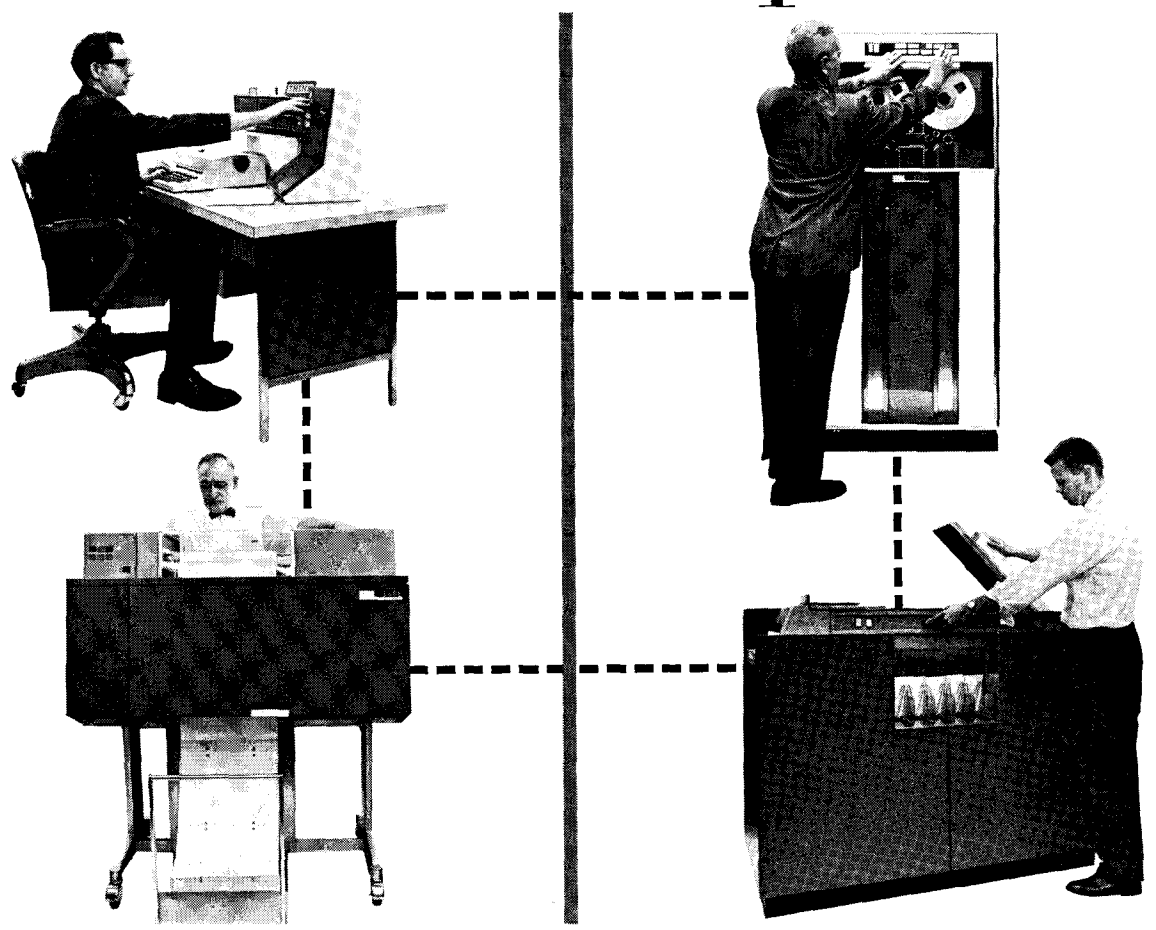
"Call the carpenter and go ashore with him. You can use the jeep. You'll have to wake 'em up there and get 'em going, so as to have the stuff ready for us by daylight. We're going to have a busy day."

It was the end of a momentary glimpse of paradise for all hands in the *Boon*. Paradise it had been, for two whole days—only one for Lieutenant Borglum. With an anchor at the bow *Boon*'s stern had actually been held ashore by a cable to a palm tree. Overside there had been the best swimming in the world and the best fishing too, for that matter.

Of course it was too good to last. Every man told himself that, when the end came an hour before daylight and he was roused to a day of violent activity.

"We might have known," said Seaman Second Class Kortland to Seaman Second Class Helder.

We hooked these up



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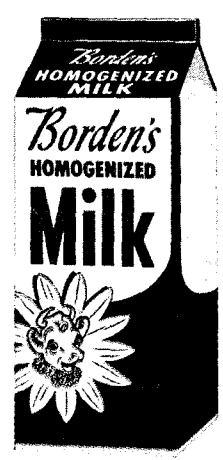

BORDEN'S

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"Get going," said Chief Bosun's Mate Trautman.

"We ought to find room for two hundred and eight drums," said Angell to Brown.

"Four hundred and ten pounds each," said Brown, and plunged into a calculation. "Thirty-eight tons, sir, and a good bit of it aft. That'll give the screws a better bite. We'll have to remember that, sir. We'll be making more speed over the ground than the turns'll indicate."

"Just one more thing to remember when the time comes," agreed Angell.

Two hundred and eight drums of gasoline, each weighing one fifth of a ton, had to be hoisted aboard the *Boon* by the ship's davits and then manhandled into position along each side of the ship, under a sweltering sun that the need for violent activity had changed since yesterday from a beneficent heavenly body to a malignant enemy. But before those drums could be hoisted on board each one needed special treatment. From each there had to be extracted four gallons of gasoline to provide the positive buoyancy that the general had demanded.

Not only that; when a drum of gasoline was destined to be thrown into the sea and cast up on shore by the surf, no reliance could be placed on the plug which sealed it. Every plug after being screwed home had to be covered with hot tar, and every seal coaxed to adhere to the inhospitable surface.

All along the deck of the *Boon*, from forward aft on both sides, the runways of four-by-fours had to be fixed in position. On them would rest thirty-eight tons of cargo, not on a stable base on shore, but on the deck of a ship rolling wildly in a seaway—rolling the more wildly with this additional weight above the waterline.

Naturally the deck had a camber; it was domed upward both to support the weight of seas bursting aboard and to hasten their departure after bursting. Now that camber came into its own to enable the deck to sustain the weight of the gasoline drums.

Everything reeked of gasoline. All day long the men breathed gasoline; the air that the ventilation circulated below decks was charged with gasoline; at midday the men were served gasoline-flavored sandwiches and the water they drank tasted of gasoline.

It went without saying that smoking was forbidden; that was an order which the masters-at-arms had small trouble in enforcing, despite the misery and the grumbling that it aroused. Every man in the ship was on the side of enforcement in that atmosphere.

"But when's the smoking lamp going to be lit again?" asked Seaman First Class Malloy.

"One hour after the last drum goes over the side," answered Chief Bosun's Mate Trautman.

"But—but ——"

"That'll be the day after tomorrow," said Trautman. "Maybe you can wait a couple of days. It'll do you good."

For this was the moment when the smokers on board began to feel their deprivation most acutely. The 208th drum had been brought on board, and Lieutenant Borglum had seen that it was secured into position and the two long lines of drums chocked and jammed absolutely tight. He had become aware that his captain had been unobtrusively overseeing the operation only when he made his report.

"Very well, Mr. Borglum, thank you," said Angell. "You have an hour to make up your sleep."

Borglum had had two nights without sleep, a day in Guadalcanal and a day dealing with gasoline drums. He was white and staring-eyed and glad to fall face downward in his bunk and sleep, despite the stifling heat and despite the convulsive memories of Guadalcanal that assailed him when he first lay down.

Boon went out into the growing night, leaving that pleasant anchorage behind, to emerge onto the endless Pacific and to start on her 500-mile journey from the New Hebrides to the Solomons. The long Pacific rollers were following her up with a speed hardly different from her own, so that her motion was strangely apathetic—a long sluggish climb, a prolonged leveling off and then a long descent, bows down.

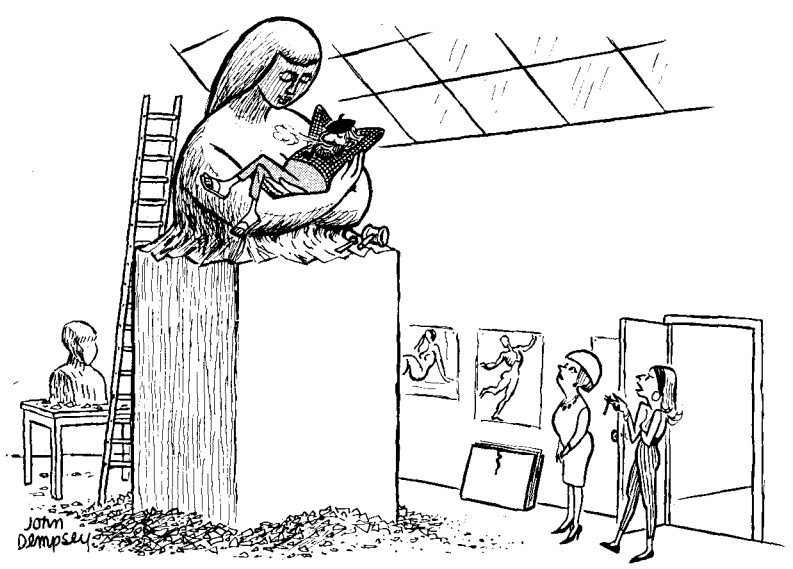
And every time the stern rose and every time it fell, the rows of gasoline drums pressed against their chocks with a weight of nineteen tons on each side, first forward and then back, straining and compressing, gaining a millimeter of play in one direction and then two millimeters in the other, demanding the continual attention of Borglum and the carpenter's crew to wedge the masses back into rigidity before they took charge.

"I won't be sorry to get rid of this stuff, sir," said Chief Carpenter's Mate Macdonald.

"Neither shall I," agreed Borglum.

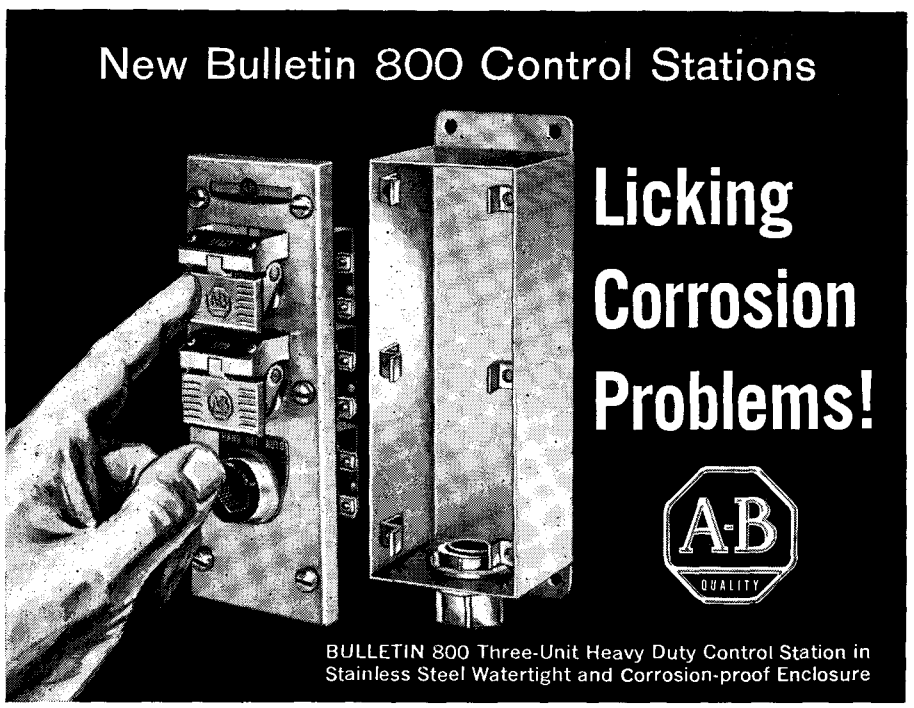
"Hard to think why a destroyer should be given a job like this, sir."

"No."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He got that far and hasn't worked on it since."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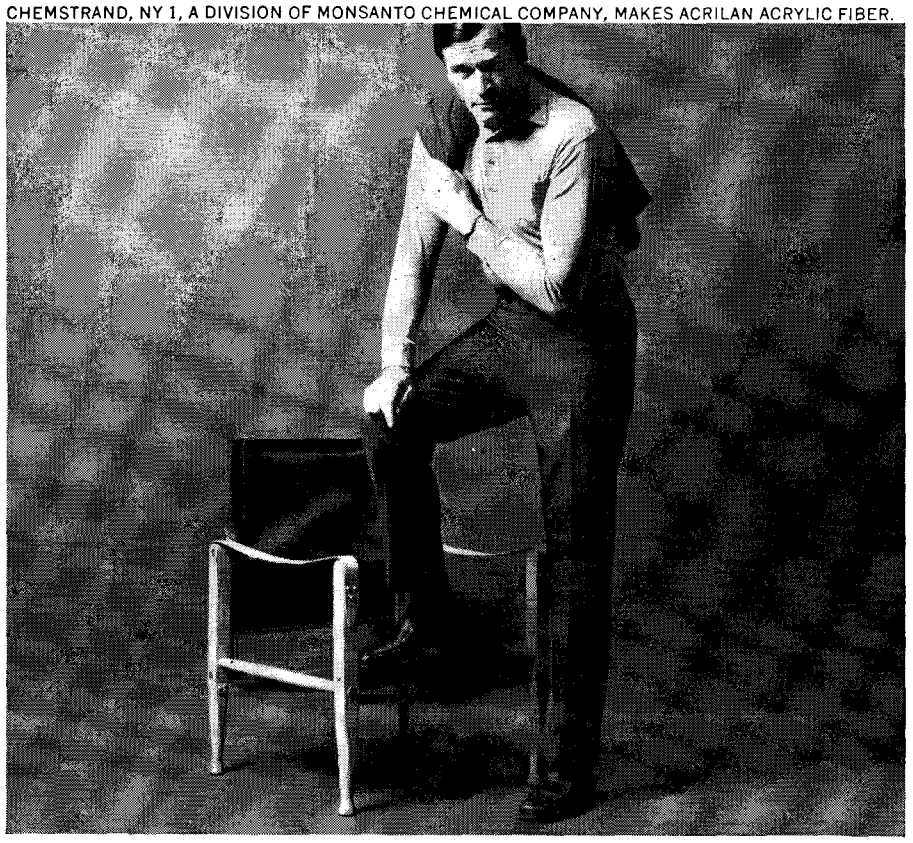

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Boon Borglum had been in Guadalcanal; he knew of the urgency there, about which the others could only form a vague mental picture. And nobody in the ship knew of the most cogent reason for the precarious balance of power here in the Southwest Pacific. Ten thousand miles away, on the other side of the globe, American might and American seapower was bestirring itself. Under the guidance of a certain unknown General Eisenhower there was a hammer blow about to be struck. Operation Torch was being launched. A quarter of a million American soldiers and sailors were crossing the Atlantic, to tear North Africa from the grasp of Hitler and Mussolini.

Every available ship and man and gun and plane must be flung into Operation Torch, and on the opposite side of the world the barest minimum left to hold the Japanese. The barest minimum; that was why the Tokyo Express could come nightly rampaging down the Slot, and why the Marines held so precarious a foothold in Guadalcanal—and that was why *Boon* was heading there with a deckload of gasoline drums, a racehorse used as a packmule.

Northwestward she sped through the night, sometimes under a sky glowing with stars, sometimes through deluges of rain, with squalls keeping almost exact pace with her so that her depressed stern and elevated bow caused her to react with pigheaded obstinacy to her helm before the following wind. Her sonar sounded the waters beneath her; her radar scanned the sky above and the surface ahead, and the lookouts strained their eyes to supplement these mechanical aids, for no man needed to be told that in the event of a battle *Boon* would be dreadfully handicapped and far more vulnerable even than usual.

Dawn brought the summons to general quarters; midday brought the fixing of the ship's position and the confirmation of Lieutenant Brown's original theory and subsequent suspicions that the following wind and the more efficient bite of the screws had set her some miles ahead of her reckoned position. Then in the afternoon there came a sudden appearance upon Lieutenant Klein's radar screen that sent him to the voice tube on the instant. It was the mountains of San Cristobal; *Boon* ran on steadily for nearly half an hour before the lookouts could pick them out, dark blue under their shrouding clouds, on the horizon over the starboard bow.

This was the first of the Solomons, the devil-haunted islands as the general had called them, and already Captain Angell was on the bridge ordering an alteration of course to three-five-five, and *Boon* heeled with a groaning of the deck cargo as she turned to enter the disputed area.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I understand you do greeting cards."

Now they were entering dangerous waters; they were entering into imminent peril. This was where the limits of sea power intersected. The two navies, straining like dogs on chains against the restrictions of lines of communication thousands of miles long, could just encounter each other here. First one and then the other could gather up its resources and make a spring forward and dominate these waters for a moment before the need for renewing supplies dragged them back again. The airborne sea power of the American carriers had won momentary control before damage to the *Enterprise* and *Saratoga* had shifted the balance. Now the Tokyo Express could come raging down the Slot as far as its fuel would allow, and Japanese planes, if the American planes allowed, could bomb everything in sight as far as this point—this point off the southeastern tip of Guadalcanal which *Boon* reached at sunset. During the night she would be comparatively safe from Japanese aerial attack.

"We'll be back here twelve hours from now," said Angell on the bridge.

"We'd better be, sir," said Brown. "Either that or we'll need damned good fighter cover."

"Yes," agreed Angell. He looked round. "See that the men are fed," he said. "Then you can sound general quarters."

"Aye aye, sir."

Boon plowed along through the sudden darkness, with every nerve astrain now, with every man tense at his post. Klein at the radar screen reported the bearings to the bridge. Radar and sonar both picked up Nura to port.

"Course two-six-nine," ordered Angell.

"Course two-six-nine," repeated Flower, and *Boon* turned away from

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Malaita for Klein to pick up Rua Sura.

A report from a lookout. "Lights bearing two-five-zero. Gunfire, sir."

Now they could see it on the port bow, the battle of Guadalcanal, unending, unremitting, the momentary flashes of artillery and the prolonged gleam of flares.

Rua Sura dropped astern, and Sealark showed up ahead and the gun flashes ung round to *Boon*'s port beam as ngell directed the ship into Lengo Channel hardly a mile from the coast.

"All engines ahead one third. Make turns for four knots."

Boon's speed died away, but the most accurate estimate, the most acute navigation, was necessary to maintain an exact estimate of her position during the long moments while she carried her way before taking up her new speed. And now they were in touch by voice radio. Angell on *Boon*'s bridge could speak in person with the general on shore.

"We'll start dropping in five minutes' time, sir," reported Angell.

"Good. It's needed. You understand? It's needed."

"Yes, sir."

They could not be more explicit, when Japanese ears might be hearing the conversation. Angell spoke to the telephone talker.

"Fantail from bridge. Start dropping the drums."

Fifteen seconds' wait, and then a message back. "Bridge from fantail. Drums now being dropped."

In the darkness aft Borglum and his crew were pulling out the chocks from the drums, to be wheeled round and thrust over the timber chutes. Angell on the bridge could guess vaguely by the sounds at the progress of the work; he as better informed by a report from the talker.

"Bridge from fantail. Fifty drums dropped."

That was when Klein made a new report. He had disentangled something from the masses on the screen representing Savo Island and Florida. He had seen sudden death approaching.

"Bridge! Skunk bearing three-one-three. Range seven thousand, closing."

Everyone on the bridge knew what that meant. The Tokyo Express was coming down the Slot.

"Six skunks. Three large, three small."

Three heavy cruisers and three destroyers, most likely, the usual sort of force that came down in the night hours to bombard the beaches and cover the landing of reinforcements. Eyes turned toward Angell. As Angell stepped to the TBS, the talker relayed a new report.

"Bridge from fantail. One hundred drums dropped."

Angell presumably heard; he was about to speak on the radio telephone to the general and did so without hesitation.

"Here's the Tokyo Express coming, sir," he said. "I'll be ready for action in three or four minutes."

The TBS squawked back at him. "Aye aye, sir," said Angell.

"Bridge from fantail. One hundred and fifty drums dropped."

"Bridge!" Klein was reporting. "Skunks bearing three-one-six. Range five thousand, closing."

"Bridge from fantail. Last drums going over."

"Sir," said Angell into the TBS, "I can go into action now. Surprise 'em."

As he spoke, a succession of brilliant gun flashes lighted the horizon on the starboard beam. The Japanese had opened their bombardment of Henderson Field. And the gunfire brought a flood of reports from the telephone talkers, now that the Japanese firing had revealed their presence to the *Boon*'s lookouts, and along with them the other talker reported, "Bridge from fantail. All drums away."

Now the *Boon* could leap into action. Now she could wheel toward the Japanese, guns blazing, torpedo tubes training. She would go into her death, of course. The odds were too heavy. But she could deal more deadly blows; she could sink ten times her own tonnage before blazing ruin could overtake her. She could kill 3000 Japanese while her own 300 died.

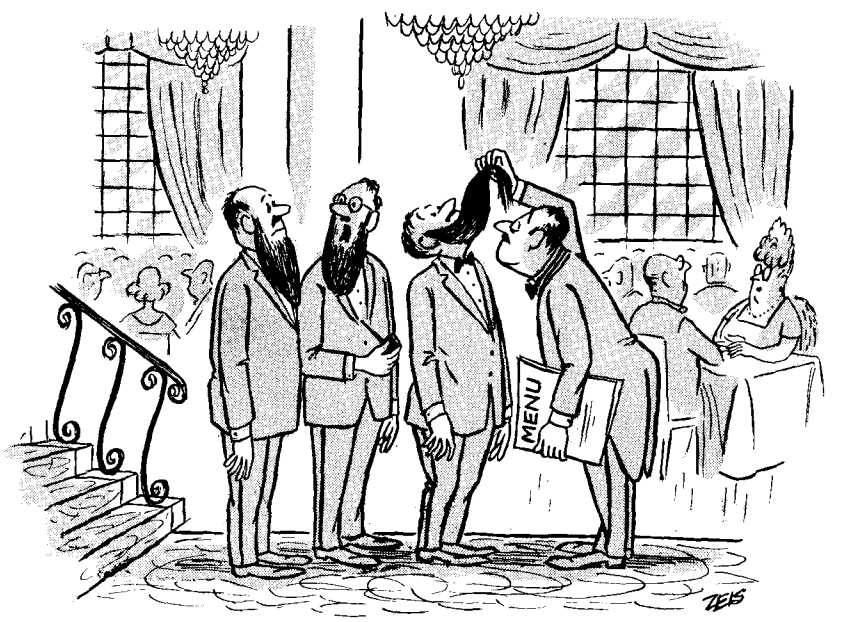
"Carry on with the duty assigned to you," squawked the general's voice, transformed by the TBS, into Angell's ear.

"All engines ahead full speed," snapped Angell, turning his head away from the radio telephone.

Boon leaped into life.

"Bridge from fire control. Request permission to open fire on surface target to starboard."

"Fire control from bridge. Permission not—repeat *not*—granted."



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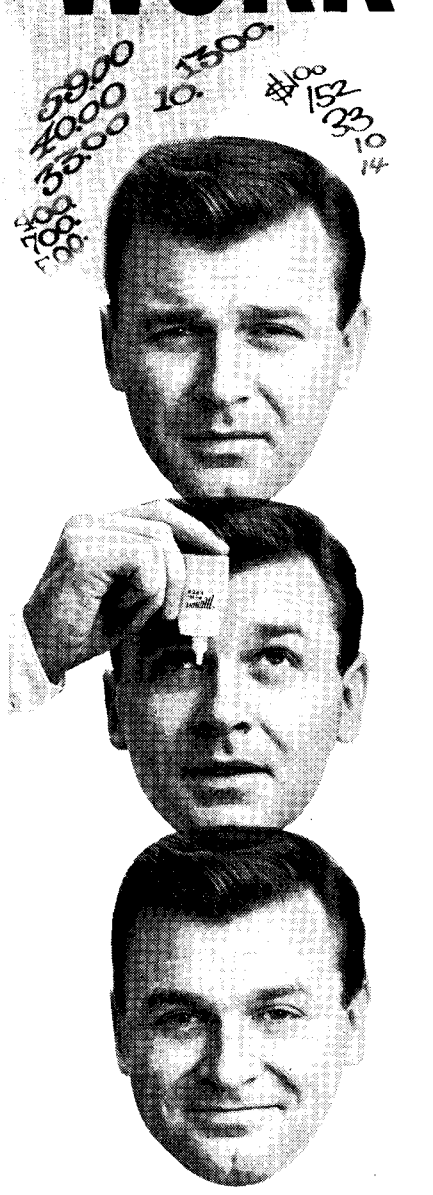

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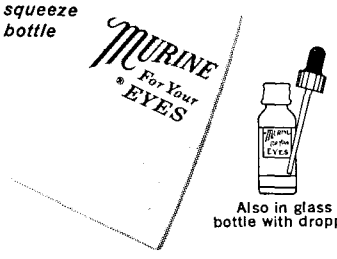

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Boon

That was the first hint to the rest of the ship as to what the general had said to Angell, but nobody yet believed that *Boon* was going to evade a battle. All eyes were on Angell, waiting for him to put some daring and original plan into action. Out in Ironbottom Sound the Japanese guns were blazing, yet *Boon* held steadily on her course with no fresh orders to the helm; and the firing drew rapidly abaft the beam until she was heading directly away from her golden opportunity.

The Tokyo Express had the field to itself—was undisputed master of Ironbottom Sound, turning to east and to west in a succession of loops while raining shells onto the beaches and Henderson Field. For an hour the bombardment continued, and for an hour *Boon* slunk away from glory and death. Only at the end of an hour did Angell give a fresh order.

"All engines ahead one third."

That was all; no order was given to the helm, and *Boon* continued to head westward away from action, although at this diminished speed, while the gun flashes sank below the horizon and then reappeared as the Tokyo Express raged backward and forward.

At last a helm order from Angell. "Right standard rudder. Steady on course zero-nine-five."

That was the reciprocal of her previous course; *Boon* was coming back on her tracks, heading toward the Tokyo Express, but still at her laggard five knots. Then the firing ceased; there were no more gun flashes visible on the horizon ahead, and soon Klein's reports began to come in again. The Japanese ships were heading northwestward, homeward, up the Slot.

Angell applied himself to the radiotelephone; it was a matter of minutes before he was able to raise the general's headquarters again.

"We're starting to come down now, sir."

"Very well," squawked the TBS back at him; then there was a pause, apparently while the general listened to a newly arrived report, and then the general continued, "We've got eight so far. Looks as if the Nips did that much of your job for you. Thanks for what you've done, captain. And thanks for what you're going to do."

Angell turned from the TBS.

"All engines ahead flank speed."

Boon sprang into throbbing life again. As she gathered speed, Angell addressed himself to Brown.

"We'll have to shave Ringdove Shoal as close as we dare. We don't want to come down right through the drums."

"I was going to suggest that, sir."

"The general said they've got eight drums ashore already," said Angell to Brown. "It must have been the tail end of the wash from the Tokyo Express that put them ashore."

"Eight drums," repeated Brown, mostly to himself, and then, "That ought to fuel one plane anyway, sir. Can't say that I'm sure of the figures."

"We're going to send in another two hundred in the next five minutes," said Angell.

"Yes, sir." Brown paused before continuing. "It will be daylight in just over an hour, sir."

They could agree on it; they could do nothing about it.

"Another hour and a half at least after that before we're off Graham Point," Brown added.

"Yes."

The southeastern tip of Guadalcanal marked the limit of extreme range of the Japanese bombers. They would have a free run over *Boon* for a full hour and a half.

"I feel I don't care," said Angell suddenly. "What do you think the men think?"

"They'll be all right, sir," answered Brown. "They know. And we've been long enough together."

"I hope so."

Boon went racing down Lengo Channel. Invisible to her, the mountainous waves of her wake from her starboard side went out to burst in foam on the tortured shore of Guadalcanal—and the waves from her portside went out to be reflected back from Ringdove Shoal and Maxwell Shoal and to cross the channel again and help to sweep in the drums. There were marines, waist deep, shoulder deep, in the shallows, seizing the drums and wrestling them ashore, and on Henderson Field there were other marines working wildly in the darkness to transfer the contents of the drums to the tanks of the fighters.

Now *Boon* emerged from the shallows, retracing her course of the previous night, and Klein was reporting last night's

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landmarks just as before—Rua Sura and Nura and the mountains of Malaita. Then daylight suddenly began to illuminate the sky over Malaita.

"Right standard rudder. Steady on course one-five-four."

Boon wheeled round; she had only to maintain this course for a day to regain the shelter and the safety and the comfort of Espiritu Santo, and then came the alarm. Klein saw them in his screen, fifty miles away—but what was fifty miles to a squadron of Japanese bombers? A lone destroyer in Indispensable Strait would be easy prey for them, however skillfully her guns were manned, however cunningly her captain might twist and turn and maneuver.

"Bettys," said Angell, binoculars to his eyes. "Tell the engine room to make all the speed they can."

The men were at the guns, and *Boon* was flying at her highest speed southeastward for the safety that lay too far away. Dark against the blue of the sky the Japanese bombers swung in pursuit; *Boon* might as well have been standing still for all the use maximum speed would be to her.

"Bridge!" Klein's voice was urgent. "More bandits are coming! Bearing two-seven-five."

More enemies? The stifling air was already full of the sound of the Japanese engines, droning remorselessly louder and louder. Yet perhaps there was another note blending with it, something higher pitched, full of snarling menace.

"Bridge from fire control," said the monotonous voice of the talker, "request permission to open fire on air targets."

Out of the cloud they came, three of them, hurtling across the blue; on a converging course they were devouring the space between them and the bombers like ravening beasts. But a destroyer captain had to keep a clear head.

"Fire control from bridge." Angell's voice was steady. "Wait a minute."

"Look, sir!" exclaimed Brown at that very moment. "Marines! They're F4F's."

It was machine-gun fire, not cannon fire, which was to deal death to the Japanese. The flat hammer sound of the firing came down from the blue to the listening ears in the *Boon*. The engines snarled and droned; planes swept in circles like the dancing of gnats; then there was the black smoke against the blue, a vertical streak of black, a white fountain of foam in the other blue of the sea, a spreading white circle with a smear of black smoke hovering over it. Another white fountain far more distant; the Japanese were flying for home; the clatter of the guns was almost inaudible.

Angell had not had to give the order to commence firing; the American planes had not had to take their chance with American gunfire.

"All engines ahead full," said Captain Angell.

A destroyer captain has to remember everything; he has to think of fuel consumption and of the wear and tear on engines driven at maximum speed; he has to remember this despite his feeling of relief, despite every reaction from tension. Despite, too, all the other thoughts flooding his mind. The general on Guadalcanal must be a man of vision as well as a man of resolution. He must have worked out in his mind where *Boon* would be at dawn; he must have thought about her vulnerability, and he must have taken an early decision to send his first fighter patrol in that direction, both to protect her and to destroy the enemy her presence would attract.

"Here's an F4F coming back, sir," reported Brown.

It came winging down toward the *Boon*, and Angell could speak to the pilot, thanks to Klein's radiomen, who had been able to tune their one remaining transmitter-receiver to the fighter-director frequency.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're more than welcome, pal," squawked the radio in reply. "Glad to be of service any time. Any time that you bring us the gas."

Angell replaced the hand set and watched the fighter heading back to Guadalcanal. He still had his duties to do, his ship to think about.

"Secure from general quarters," he ordered, and then he remembered something else. "The smoking lamp can be lit now."

THE END

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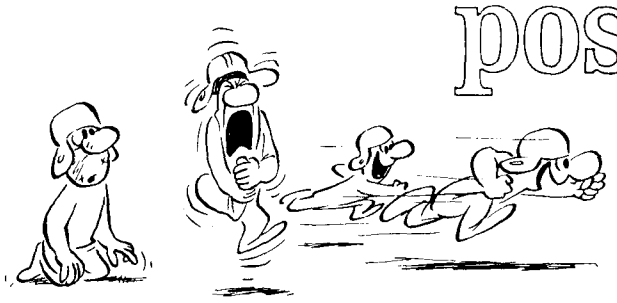
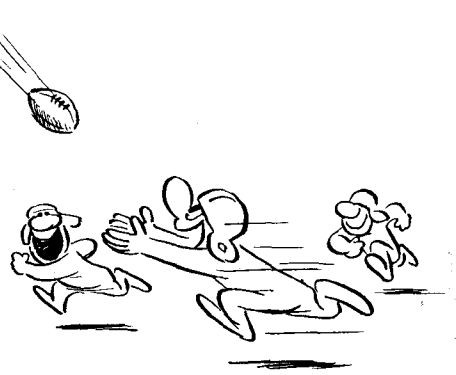




"Must you tap your foot?"

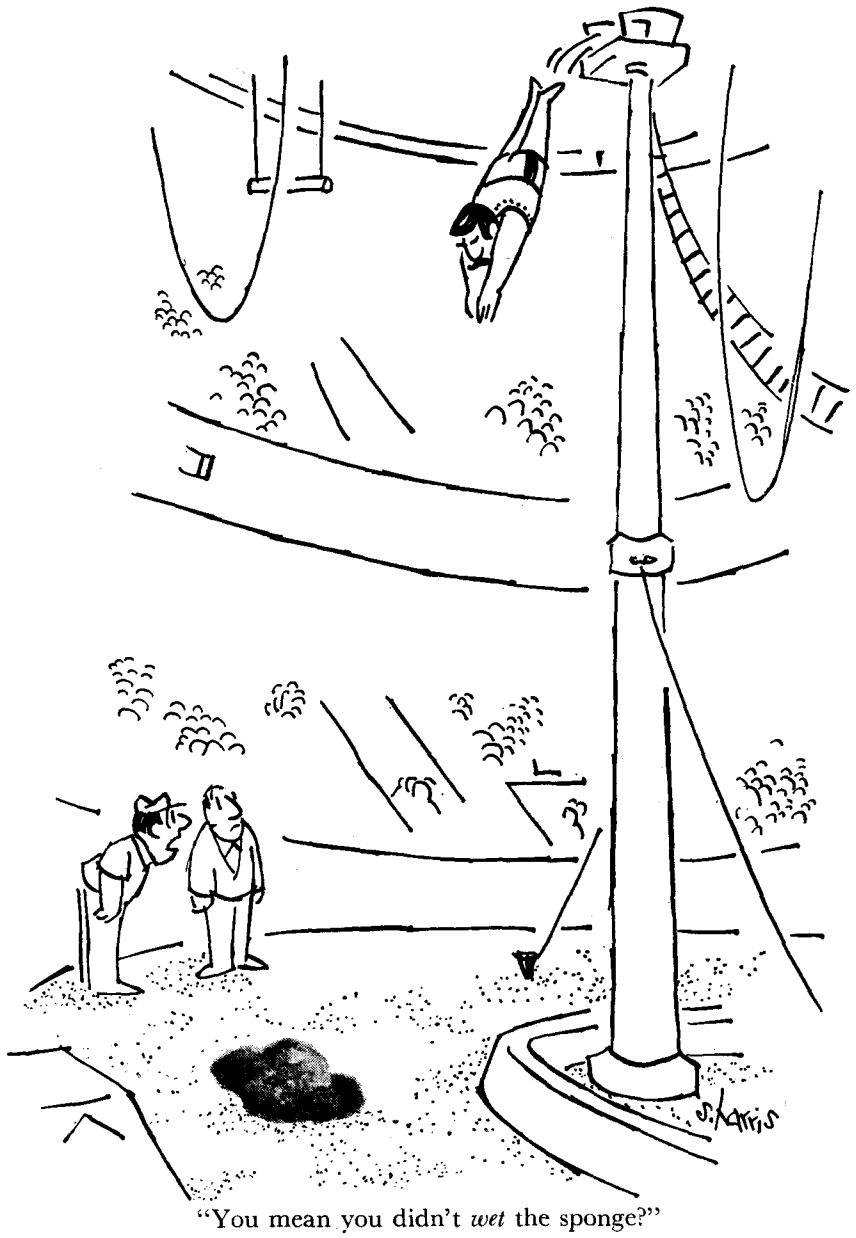
"Now, don't forget to mail it."

Sheath

It mystifies me
How it covered my knee—
As modest, yet modest
As well might be—
Till the moment I *sat.*
That, friend, was that.
It scooted, *ker-whoosh,*
Like a cat hearing "Scat!"
And each tug just leaves me
More starkly divested. . . .
I'd better stand up again
Or get arrested.

ETHEL JACOBSON

"Dear, I know how you hate my calling you at the office, but I'm stuck in a full lotus."



"You mean you didn't *wet* the sponge?"

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MY LIFE WITH JUVENILE GANGS

Vincent Riccio

A Dance For the Gowanus Boys

PART TWO Vincent Riccio, a former youth worker, continues the grim story of his years with kid gangs.

By VINCENT RICCIO as told to Bill Slocum

To the delight of onlookers, Riccio puts down one of his high-school students in Indian arm wrestling.

©1962 by Vincent Riccio and Bill Slocum

Summertime in a slum simply means a hotter kind of hell. It is hardest on the kids. Its stifling heat goads sweltering, unhappy youngsters into behaving like unholy ones. I grew up in South Brooklyn, so I know.

But my boyhood, with a mother on relief, was pleasant compared with the miserable young lives of the teen-aged gang which I shepherded for nearly five years as a New York City Youth Board worker. Most of those forty boys between thirteen and eighteen scarcely knew a good moment of existence from birth. Things were bad all the time, but worst in summer. The kids, many of them virtually homeless, used to bunch around doorsteps through the night.

As usual, such situations fostered hoodlumism and gang wars. Also as usual, the trouble began blindly and almost mechanically, and in a few minutes could lead to injuries or arrests.

Take the time, at one o'clock on a hot summer morning, that a cop I knew came over and said, "Hey, social worker, get those kids home." Sounds like a simple request. But how I'd love to say:

"Officer, this kid doesn't want to go home because the place is hot and smells, and he has to share a bed with three brothers, and he won't get any sleep anyhow because his mother is plastered."

Or, "This little fellow has no home to go to. He's sticking around until he finds an unlocked car to sleep in or a spot under the tenement steps to share with a few rats. And this big guy who can't keep his eyes open daren't go home until his old man passes out, or he'll get the hell kicked out of him."

So the kids stalled. The policeman came back, picked out a boy named Paulie and asked why he wasn't home. "I'm going home. Whattya want me to do, run?" The cop slapped Paulie's face—hard. Then he turned on me. "If you and all of them aren't gone in five minutes, I'll run *you* in." I spoke up, "If you touch another one of those kids, you'll *have* to run me in."

The kids listened, then discreetly drifted away. I stayed to reason with the cop. "Dammit, I know you mean well," he said, "but how in hell am I going to get any respect out of those little rats with you always butting in? *You'd* get more respect if you kicked their little behinds."

What could I say? You'll never get any respect out of them with a right hook?

Failures by the Police

I'd like to be able to tell you that this cop was an exception. However, such cops are too often the rule. That may explain why, in New York, the police record in solving juvenile delinquency is utter failure. With their nightsticks, slaps and punches, their station-house beatings and endless insults and ragging, they do a far worse job than the Youth Board. And that isn't easy. I have no solution to their problem. But I know that what they do is wrong, and they must know it too.

In my five years as a worker trying to keep peace among the feuding kid gangs, the nearest I ever came to getting shot was by a cop. A half-dozen kids and I were standing on a street corner, talking, when this pillar of the law came up and yelled, "All right, you damned guineas, get going." I told him to lay off the guinea stuff. He got mad, cursed and whipped out his revolver.

"See this? I killed an awful lot of goddam Chinamen in Korea with this. It wouldn't mean a thing to me to kill any one of you little bastards. Or you—you big bastard!"

We moved along. I kept wondering how kids like this could ever be expected to "respect law and order." One of the kids came up with an answer of sorts.

"That cop's crazy," he remarked casually. "Hell, he's sicker than we are."

Acting as a buffer between cops an kids and between gangs of youngsters was only one part of my task as a $3000-a-year Youth Board worker. In the summers we devised various schemes to get the kids off the sidewalks. At the command level the purpose was to reduce the risk of gang warfare and crime. At my relatively low level it was to give the kids a break. Even the least move always had to be carefully planned. Always it took maximum persuasion. These slum youngsters, dauntless in pitched battles with tire chains, knives and even real pistols, were afraid to leave the familiar wretchedness of their neighborhood.

Terrors of the Forest

The first time my gang, the Gowanus Boys, went on a camping trip, it was highly memorable in their meager lives and in my efforts to improve their lot. Their seeing a Western movie prepared the way for me to suggest the trip.

We decided to use my car and one belonging to one of the boys. We would sleep overnight under the stars, just like cowboys. We figured we could do it for about a dollar each.

We got some blankets and food, and I know they felt like pioneers braving the Donner Pass when we set out for a park in New Jersey that was less than twenty-five miles from Times Square.

Adventure was not long in coming They had asked about the presence of wild animals, and I had assured them that there was nothing ferocious within a thousand miles. Then the headlights picked up a strange beast on the road.

They screamed in terror. "It's a lion! A goddam lion!" one shouted.

It was a young deer.

It took a lot of talking to quiet them. Yeah, they knew what a fawn was: "It's a baby deer. And their fathers have got horns ten feet long. Two of 'em. They could kill you with them horns."

We got to the camping spot and set about building a fire. That was a problem, because they were simply petrified of the dark and the woods near us. They just wouldn't gather kindling in the thin forest surrounding our campsite.

"Man, it's dark here. There's nothin' here. Somebody could jump you easy. Nobody'd know you was dead."

A cricket started chirping. They all jumped. "What's that? Ya hear it, Rick? What the hell is it?"

"It's a bug. Looks like a cockroach. About the same size."

That pacified them. They were familiar with cockroaches.

We cooked our food and sat around the campfire—very close to the campfire. They talked of nothing but the wildlife they knew was prowling outside the circle of light, ready to pounce upon them the second they closed their eyes.

"I ain't sleeping on no ground where a bear can get me," Chickie said. "I'm sleeping in the car." So a few of them crawled into the cars and slept there, just as they so often did on the streets of Brooklyn.

Tony said simply, "I ain't sleeping at all tonight." He raised a hatchet. "I'm just laying down with this in my hand."

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Daylight diminished their terror, but not completely. They went fishing. I had to bait their hooks. They had seen worms, but they were afraid to put one on a hook. Baldie caught a sunfish smaller than his hand and screamed in terror as it flipped at his feet.

"Take him off the hook," I said. "He's good eating."

"I wouldn't touch that thing for nothin'," Baldie yelled. "Get him away from me."

So I unhooked a two-ounce sunfish for a seventeen-year-old boy who, I knew, had the courage to lead his friends into gang war of the bloodiest kind.

We returned home that night, and I'm quite certain Marco Polo told his adventures with more restraint and modesty than did my young survivors of a night in the wilds of suburban New Jersey.

The next time I broached the idea of camping, it was received coolly, but not turned down. Then I added that another Youth Board worker, Mike Kelly, had suggested that I bring my Gowanus Boys and he would bring his Dragons and we could spend a week camping together.

"A week in them jungles! We'll all get et alive." But the idea of the Dragons going camping fascinated my boys. "Wait'll them Dragons see a wild doe," one of my veteran woodsmen said happily. "It'll scare the pants off every one of them."

They all laughed, and Freddi added, "Yeah, and a wild doe is nothing more than a baby deer—and a broad, at that."

Tents were needed for a seven-night stay. The Youth Board didn't have any, because it had issued its full supply to the Dragons. That did it. My boys were going if they had to sleep right in the open with nothing between them and disaster but a hatchet and a zip gun. They swept South Brooklyn, looking in vain for tents. They settled for tarpaulins, which were come by in many ways, including possibly legal purchase.

Tenting at Montauk Point

We went down to Montauk Point, which as a matter of geographical fact is part of the same island Brooklyn is on. We found the Dragons rather grandly encamped, but my kids got their tarpaulins up. They were so mad at the Dragons for having tents that they braved the forest primeval to get the necessary wood to support the heavy tarpaulins.

Nights around the campfire were glorious as the two gangs sat reminiscing about past battles. "Remember, Lefty, how we grabbed you outside the candy store and beat your head in?" And on into the cool of the night.

While they lasted, the camping trips did a surprising amount of good. But the Gowanus Boys needed something more than a seasonal escape to the outdoors on a few weekends.

To do any permanent good, I realized, it would be necessary to change the direction of their lives so as to divert them from gang fighting to some gentler social habit. That led to my proudest achievement while a Youth Board worker—the arranging of a teen-age dance.

It took me months of gradual approach and confidence winning to contrive that first sociable evening, a triumph as revolutionary as inducing a tribe of cannibals to diet on cold breakfast cereal.

For a long time after I took over the Gowanus Boys as my special charges I was just a convenience to them. Having been a pro boxer, I gave them boxing lessons. I also served as a friend in need when they were in trouble and as an employment agency for a lot of kids who seldom wanted to work or knew how to work.

Until I kept stressing the idea of a dance, however, most of them were rumbling, stealing and disturbing their school classes as much as ever. I just kept on suggesting that they, like lots of other youngsters, ought to give a dance or form a ball team.

The dance appealed to them, though it was hard to tell why. They talked more and more about it. The same boy would mention the dance three times during one hour-long bull session. "Man, we can show 'em around here we're not a bunch of bums. We'll have a real dance, raise some dough for boxing gloves or ball bats. We'll show the world we can do something besides bust heads."

Then a few minutes later, "Aw, who the hell would come to a dance with a lot of hoodlums like us? No decent girl in her right mind would be caught dead dancing with us. And who the hell wants to dance with them other pigs?"

Elevating a Gang's Reputation

They wanted to improve their reputations with a dance, but they knew their reputations were so bad the dance might be a failure. They talked about it more and more and accepted my suggestion that, as an essential preliminary to a dance, they would have to organize formally into a club. This was something I wanted very much for them to do, but I had to be careful to hide my eagerness.

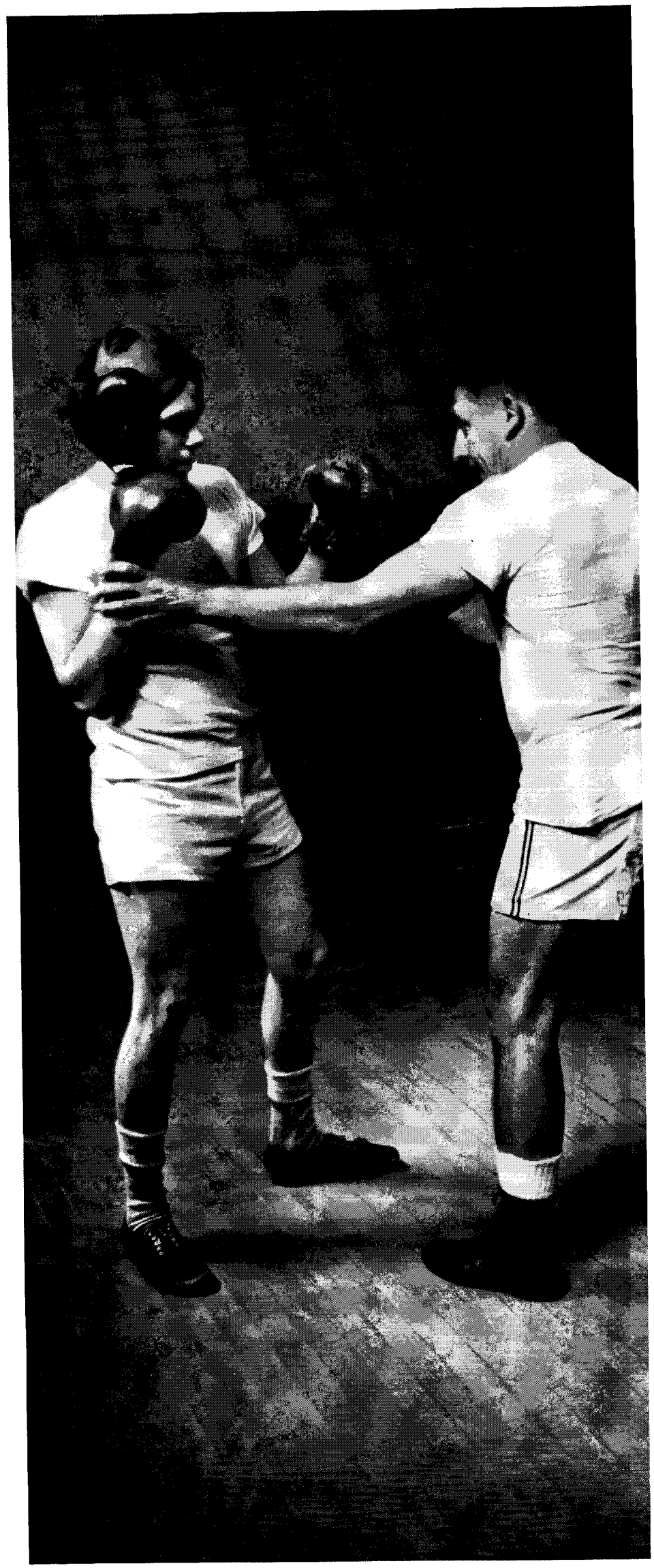
It took a long time for the Gowanus Social and Athletic Club to take formal shape. A New York State charter was the goal, because a club must meet to function, and, anytime the Gowanus Boys met in groups, they were in serious danger of a police raid. A charter would solve that problem. A lawyer was kind enough to draw up the proper application, which was attached to the prosaic bylaws and sent to Albany.

The meeting that adopted the charter bylaws—and some very special private regulations—was typical of all the previous meetings, except that it reached a conclusion. It also showed the problems these kids faced anytime they tried to do anything constructive. Better-adjusted kids could have done in one meeting what my boys struggled to accomplish in a dozen. A meeting would blow up in two minutes because a boy showed up drunk, or they'd waste a night arguing whether to call the club Gowanus Athletic Club or The Gowanus Social and Athletic Club. It had to be Gowanus, because they were known to their fighting rivals as the Gowanus Boys, and they wanted to keep this distinguished association even in a club I devoutly hoped would stop rumbling.

This meeting was called for 7:30 P.M. in the Youth Board's office. Naturally I was the only one there at 7:30. Baldie arrived first, in high spirits. "That job you got me ain't bad," he reported. "Leave me do something for you." He took a slip from his pocket. "Here's a pawn ticket," he said. "It's only five bucks, and it's for a watch worth a hundred, easy. Take it and get yourself a good watch for a fin."

"That's real nice of you, Baldie," I answered. "But of course I wouldn't take anything from one of you guys."

"Sure, I know that, Rick," he replied. "But this ain't like taking anything from one of us. It's from a perfect stranger. I glommed the watch from a drunk."



Former pro fighter Riccio shows a young boxer a defensive stance. Riccio's boxing skill helped him gain acceptance by his old kid gang.

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Key rule of the Gowanus teen-age club: no heroin allowed.

They were straggling in by now: Freddi, Frankie, Buggsy, Dreamy Dick, Irish and Sally Boy. And we had a problem at once. Typical, but a problem.

Buggsy had broken a store window. For a wonder, it was an accident instead of a prelude to larceny. Dutchie was amused at this irony. Freddi, the leader, was perturbed. Buggsy was terrified.

Now Freddi said, "Did you run away?" Buggsy nodded. Freddi went on, "You shouldn't have. If it was an accident, you could have told the owner. Maybe he would have let you go."

Buggsy replied, "Freddi, who the hell is going to believe me if I say it was an accident? I'm in trouble already, and they'd throw me right in the can. And dammit, for once it was an accident. I was clowning with Hanlon, and my foot slipped, that's all."

So this teen-age club meeting got under way with one of the members expecting the police at any minute.

Frankie, filled with enthusiasm, took the floor. "First off," he said, "there should be no drinking in the club." A groan. "And no broads except on special nights." More groans.

Freddi, the leader, said, "Frankie's right. The cops ain't gonna believe that state charter, anyhow. If they catch one of us loaded, or with some jailbait, they throw the club out into the street."

"And another rule," added Frankie, highly encouraged. "No horse!" Horse is slang for heroin.

Baldie jumped to his feet and shouted, "No horse! Nuts to the club! Man, I want horse!" He promptly proposed that the club set aside "a special horse room. All the equipment, spoons, cotton, needles. Every night we'll all bang up."

The more serious kids did not go along. Dutchie's eyes swept the group. "Listen, Baldie," he said, "you and the rest of you goddam junkies ain't going to ruin our club."

"You and the rest." That disturbed me. At the time I knew of narcotic addiction among the kid gangs in Brooklyn. But in my bunch? Perhaps I was naïve.

Grim Rules for a Youth Club

So this meeting of kids continued with one in terror of immediate arrest and a flat accusation of heroin addiction leveled at Lord-knows-how-many others. It was in this atmosphere that the club members finally pounded out a remarkable set of rules which unwittingly summed up their shocking problem:

1. No drinking in the club.
2. No girls allowed except for social nights.
3. Club closes at midnight.
4. No use of narcotics in the club.
5. No gambling.
6. No spitting on the clubroom floor.
7. Any member breaking anything will have to fix or replace it.

These were the rules for a group of American teen-agers. But the Gowanus S.A.C. well knew its own members.

How can boys under the age of sixteen fall prey to dope and depravity? Many a citizen safe and sound on the right side of society may wonder. I got an answer at this same meeting. I was sitting off to one side, listening, when Dreamy Dick walked over.

Dreamy Dick asked, "Hey, Rick. Can you get me a job?"

Those were words that fell pleasantly on my ears. I asked, "You been looking for a job, Dick?"

"Er—well, no," he replied. I told him I might be able to help and suggested he come back to the office the next morning. Dreamy Dick asked, "Rick, do you think I could get on relief?"

"Relief, Dick? I don't know. I never heard of any sixteen-year-old kid going on relief. I was on relief, but my mother collected it."

"Don't the city help guys like me? I got no money. I'm hungry. I got no mother. I don't live with nobody."

"Have you got a father, Dick?"

"I think so, Rick," he said. "But I ain't seen or heard from him in over four years. Rick, I got no home. I'm sleeping in cars right now."

"Dick, you've been in St. Vinny's Home. Why don't you go back and stay there awhile?"

"I'd rather starve and sleep in cars. I'll be up to see you tomorrow for a job. I hope."

Dreamy Dick's hopes of a job and security and a normal life proved to be just so many more dreams. His frustration was to be manifested violently later at a dance. Not our first. Our second. For the first, miracle of miracles, came to pass painlessly, although it was more easily projected than achieved.

Danger Quotient at a Dance

The disaster possibilities of a dance were tremendous. There was first the problem of rival gangs. A bunch of rival desperadoes might sweep in on a dance and turn it into a shambles. So, while the Gowanus Boys danced, they would have to man their barricades. Yet they had to invite members of other gangs, to help increase the revenue.

And there was the possibility of misbehavior within the Gowanus group itself. There were endless and bitter debates about selling whisky. "How are we gonna make any dough if we don't sell booze?" That argument was batted down by Freddi and the strongmen of the gang. They wanted money, but they were afraid that whisky would lead to fighting. They certainly weren't afraid of a little fighting, but, "How will it look if our first dance winds up in a free-for-all? Everybody will say we're bums and can't do anything right." Beer was ruled out on the same grounds.

There were conflicts within the gang far more subtle than booze or beer. Many of the kids were opposed to the dance. Some just didn't like the idea, and others were afraid it would be a failure—they didn't think they were capable of engineering such a miracle of civilized living without having it explode in a drunken battle which would ruin the reputation they were trying to build.

If I seem to overstress that it was largely the desire for acceptance and respect that motivated this little dance, I must point out that they worked like dogs to make it go—and not four of them could dance a step. It was not a social event to them. It was a public declaration of respectability. They were going to show everybody!

And I cannot describe their delight when the community—the outside, decent world—showed some small signs of accepting them at their word. The Community Center agreed to furnish the hall for only five dollars. Only a few weeks before, that same Community Center had an ironclad rule: No more than five members of the Gowanus Boys allowed in the place at the same time. And sometimes they were all barred.

Then Al Mercante, a worker in the Community Center, pulled some sort of strings to get them a few cases of soft drinks. The kids were flabbergasted and flattered beyond belief by these small gestures of acceptance. Nobody had ever given them any kind of a break before.

The Night of the Big Ball

Tickets were a dollar each. Every member had to take three and turn in three dollars, whether or not he sold them. A half-dollar predance levy was set to finance the purchase of meat and bread for the sandwiches that were to be sold and to buy paper cups for the soft drinks ("Them goddam bottles make good weapons, and we don't want no head bustin' "). As a further source of revenue, a prize was to be raffled.

A creaky phonograph supplied what passed for swingin', jivin' music. The boys, sharply dressed, began drifting in. Few brought girls. Eight members of the rival Dragons, including their fighting leader, arrived and were received with strained formality. The Dragons went to a corner and didn't mix. But they didn't make trouble.

Every so often a boy would appear in his regular street clothes to announce he'd just come over to look. Didn't dance, didn't have no broad, wasn't going to stay. Freddi, the master psychologist, conned every one of them into going home to dress and coming back because, "We got plenty of work for you here."

Baldie was selling soda pop when Tommy Hanlon walked over to him and said, with mock seriousness, "Hey, man, I'll take a bottle of horse." Baldie, who had said he didn't want to join a club that barred heroin, replied in all seriousness, "None of that tonight, Tommy. There'll be no horse around our dance. Or I'll break a few heads."

By 8:45 the dance was in full swing in a pathetic sort of way. Most of these kids couldn't dance. The few who could were swinging cats, to be sure; but the rest just sat around, or ambled about talking among themselves or to the girls. A lot of girls danced together.

Freddi was busy with his tickets, his books and his raffle prize, but he was constantly interrupted by Gowanus Boys who asked, "How much we got now, Fred?" Each five-dollar increase in the receipts sent the kids into infantile frenzies of delight.

Then two Gowanus Boys showed up drunk. Frankie, who had constituted himself bouncer, watched the two drunks for a minute, then walked up to them and said, "One false move out of either of you and out you go. Nobody is going to ruin this dance." And nobody did.

There was one small incident. Somebody proposed photographing the Gowanus Boys on this, their night of triumph. Four kids demurred on the grounds that the cops might get the picture. I said I'd destroy the negative, but the boys were quietly, almost apologetically adamant.

There was no topic of conversation for weeks afterward except "the dance." My kids had dared live as the world lives, if only for a few hours. And found they could survive—succeed, in fact.

Seven months later we had another dance at the Brooklyn Central Y.M.C.A. This was a screaming triumph of acceptance for the gang. The Y wanted no part of known gang kids. But the kids wanted the Y, and the director let them have a ballroom after I explained my work with the boys and told him the story of the spring dance at the Community Center.

This dance at the Y was "big time." How they loved those two words—big time! They hired a four-piece, honest-Injun orchestra. Tickets were a dollar and while expenses were necessarily greater, the tickets sold well.

However, Dreamy Dick got drunk and tore two towel racks from the wall of the men's room, then smashed a big plate-glass mirror with his fist. He wound up in the hospital, his hand gashed to ribbons. Buggsy got drunk and got in a terrible fight with Dutchie, who claimed Buggsy was ruining the dance. Whitey, of the Dragons, got drunk and was carried out by his clubmates. A dozen guests of all persuasions got drunk.

Bo Bo sat throughout the night in his topcoat, staring into space. He was stoned on heroin. So was Paulie Shea, who wandered about all evening, a glassy-eyed zombie. Joey Boy was on heroin, but he went the entire night without a fix because his father and mother were present.

Paying for the Damage

Yes, the dance was a success. The Gowanus Boys paid for the men's-room damage, because "One of our guys did it and, if we don't pay, it'll ruin it for the Dragons and the other crews who want to use the Y." A year before, the Gowanus Boys would no more have thought of paying for something they destroyed than they would have worried about what happened to the Dragons or any other rumbling outfit.

I could see an overall improvement in some of my young charges. Yet some were as I had found them, merely a year older and a year smarter, either as schoolboys or hubcap thieves. And some as young as fifteen were on narcotics.

I told you about the fight between Dutchie and Buggsy. Dutchie was sore at Buggsy for getting drunk and hurting the big-time affair. When I broke it up, Buggsy babbled, "I ain't drunk, Rick. I only had a few. Better drinks than that horse. I'm a reformed drug addict."

And, God help us all, he was telling the truth. Buggsy was a reformed drug addict before he was sixteen years old.

(Next Week: Dope, the worst curse of delinquent youth and how it kills.)

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Riccio and members of a South Brooklyn church parish consider problems of turning an old building into a kids' community center.

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Churches Take Up

A new liturgical movement is using plays and musicales

The curtain rises on a boy and girl interlocked in what polite Victorians used to call an embrace and realistic youngsters now term a "grapple." The dialogue is direct:

Girl: "This can't go on!"
Boy: "Why can't it?"
The girl wriggles loose and breaks into a soliloquy:

"To go or not to go to bed, that is the question. . . .
Should I give up this virgin soil?
Would he then afterwards still want me? . . .
How far should any maiden go, and how far is too far?"

Those lines and many more like them wowed the first-night audience at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and walloped a New York full house with equally electric effect on opening night in the big city.

While the theme is hardly original in American theater, this presentation of it jars its audiences into wide-eyed surprise. For it is a church musicale, *For Heaven's Sake*, with a clergyman as coproducer. It is perhaps the most effective shocker in a growing repertoire of stage plays written or adapted for church presentation to attract young people to religion.

For Heaven's Sake, a saucy, Broadway-style musical revue with chorus girls and a blues singer, represents only one of a half-dozen ways in which churches are using the theater to focus attention on problems of religion and morals. Choral dramas, pageants, serious plays and play-reading groups are among the others. All aim generally toward the same target.

An official working with the youth of a major denomination explained to me, "Church communications are still operating under Victorian shackles. When work with young people calls for material on such matters as premarital sex, birth control, or alcoholism, we have to turn to secular sources. Church authorities have too often insisted upon 'nice plays about good people' and have wound up with something having no recognizable connection with real life."

Against this somber backdrop of church attitude, *For Heaven's Sake*—with its spelled-out relationship to very real life and its defiance of the tradition of bland church pageants and homiletic plays—began as a prodigious gamble. The concept took form in January a year ago at an interchurch committee meeting of young people of ten denominations. They had gathered to plan the 1961 National Ecumenical Youth Assembly conference held at Ann Arbor last August.

Robert Seaver, director of religious drama at Union Theological Seminary in New York and himself a former professional actor, suggested that the musical-show technique might make a lively vehicle for a religious message. The Rev. John Wood, chairman of the National Council of Churches' Department of Youth Work, and A. Wilson Cheek, who holds a similar post with the World Council of Churches, liked the revue idea and asked who could write the "book" for it. Seaver nominated Miss Helen Kromer, whose *Measure of a Moment*, with a cast of 100, had been narrated by Raymond Massey for an audience of 9000 at the Congregational Foreign Missions Conference at Omaha in 1955. Miss Kromer, who had an established reputation for "religious spectaculars," including choral and dance accompaniments, said she would be delighted to try a revue. She wrote the book and lyrics in two months.

Seaver turned to another acquaintance, Fred Silver, for the music. Silver, who worked his way through the Juilliard School of Music by playing piano in a Fifth Avenue bar, had composed church music and also knew jazz. He produced the score for *For Heaven's Sake* in three weeks.

With Wood and Cheek as coproducers, Seaver as director hired a professional cast and began rehearsals. The cast included Thelma Carpenter, who sang blues for Count Basie and for Coral Records; Fredericka Pickford, the Boston Opera's ballerina in its production of *Voyage to the Moon;* Paul Wheaton, who played Curley in *Oklahoma!;* and Robert Margolis, who danced in *Li'l Abner*.

For Heaven's Sake handled delicate issues without mincing words. After the girl in the premarital-sex skit, *Love in Bloom*, soliloquized her problem, the boy with whom she had been petting poured out his frustration with equal candor:

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creep in their petty pace from day to day
And I have yet to cross the Great Divide. . . .
These years that Alfred Kinsey called
Most potent, slip unfulfilled away. . . ."*

The dilemma of the ambitious woman is competently sketched in a tuneful number called *Gimme God Blues*. The blues singer, Thelma Carpenter, cries that she is beset by wants:

"Wanta have talent, wanta have fame
And marry a man with a very big name
Wanta be goddess, wanta be queen
Saint and siren and in between
Wanta be mother, wanta be wife
Wanta shake the life outa this one life."*

But things work out badly. She repents and asks, "Oh gimme gimme gimme all I really need within me, give me God."

Job-obsessed businessmen are targets of *Some Career*, a bitter song-and-dance bit in which chaps in flannel suits apply popular measures of success to the life of Jesus, and conclude:

"He was a flop at thirty-three
He jumped from carpentry to preaching to the mob
He just never was adjusted
So he spent his whole life busted
And he never got promoted on the job."*

Complacent churchgoers come in for a roasting in a burlesque prayer meeting with a doxology: "Praise man from whom all blessings flow," a creed: "I believe in almighty man, reducer of the atom, conqueror of space."

Ministers are told off with the line: "Let him who speaks of us today have wisdom—we raised his salary and that should help. Let him stay off politics and preach the gospel, we can all join him there."

The "Girl on Ice" keeps her "skirts so unbesmirched that anyone will find I'm lily-white and clothed in light, and deaf and dumb and blind." The "Man with Noose" is going to hang himself "because I'm no damn good." The "Shackled Couple" would like to do better, but "when it takes the two to make up one the going is in vain."

The final shaft at hypocrisy and futility is a bit called *Use Me Lord*, in which the singer prays that God will use him:

"As soon as I'm out of college
And pay all the debts I've carried
As soon as I've done my Army stint
As soon as I've gotten married."*

But not all of the numbers are satirical. Christian doctrine is solemnly proclaimed in the song, *I'm Nothing, Nobody, No One But Something in Christ Who's in Me*. There is earnest religious expression in *Seven Steeples*, a fantasy of atomic ruin, ending with a moment of renaissance when "God begins again to plant Himself in the hearts of men."

As the curtain rose for the first time at Ann Arbor, everyone responsible for the revue held his breath. Would its impertinent lyrics sting church bigwigs? Were the hip-rolling dance routines too sensuous? The cracks at church administration too candid? How would young people carefully reared in church families react?

The reaction left the revue's sponsors more than reassured. As episode followed episode, 2000 teen-agers howled, screamed, doubled with laughter or sat tensely silent, by turns. The final curtain brought a standing, shouting, whistling, ten-minute ovation for cast and creators.

The fame of the show soared. In New York City it was received so well that there was a repeat performance.

Half the New York audience consisted of teen-agers. Later I asked a score of them how they liked it. "Great," "excellent," and "terrific" were used five times. Not a word of negative criticism did I hear.

As an experiment in religious communication, the revue is only a pacesetter in a big parade. Many Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen label this trend "the liturgical movement" because it relates religion to life. Marvin P. Halverson, director of the National Council of Churches, Department of Worship and Fine Arts, explains that liturgy is the means by which the church offers its worship in terms of current artistic,

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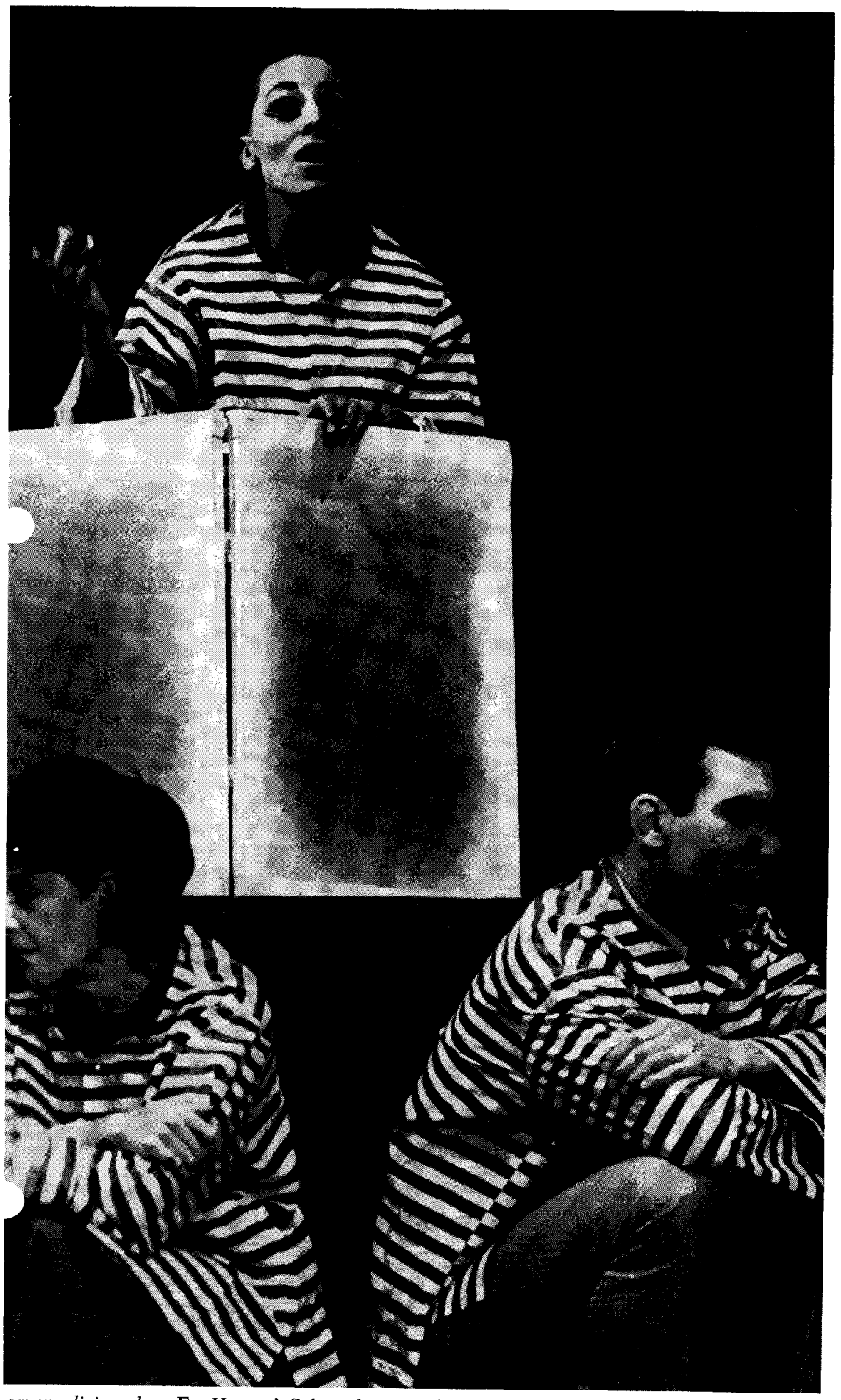
Show Business

o relate religion to contemporary life. • By JEROME ELLISON



saucy religious show, For Heaven's Sake, *takes up such matters as the "Shackled Couple" (above).*

literary, ritualistic and social action, including the theater. But the theater can be a delicate, treacherous area for churchmen.

Much present-day stage and fiction writing derides and rejects religion. How to reconcile it to the uses of religion is often a problem. I asked Prof. Julian N. Hartt, of the Yale University Divinity School, why the churches relied so much on secular writing.

"The literary artist of great talent," Professor Hartt said, "is our best source of information about the condition of human life." Such an understanding is vital, he explained, because it helps clergymen to comprehend the people to whom they are ministering and because it makes people whom the churches are trying to reach aware of the inadequacy of their personal spiritual philosophies.

In applying theater to the facts of life, some churches have made direct assaults on the problems that perplex many people. Enlivening jazz music and large casts form part of the technique of making church-theater goers sit up and take notice.

Last December, Union Theological Seminary imported Ronald Duncan's ambitious *The Way to the Tomb*, an English play with both jazz and traditional music by gifted British composer Benjamin Britten, while St. Paul's Episcopal Church in New Haven, Connecticut, presented John Masefield's *The Coming of Christ*, a purported heavenly discussion of Jesus's venture to earth, with music by another well-known modern composer, Gustav Holst.

Besides producing plays, many church groups read plays aloud to tee off discussions. I attended a lively session at the First Congregational Church in Guilford, Connecticut. Mr. Andrew Mason, assistant minister, presided.

"If we're going to understand life and religion's role in it," he said, "we have to talk about existence as it actually is."

The Guilford group has found itself engrossed in lively personal discussions and polite soul-searching as a result of reading such works as Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, an arresting depiction of hell as a locked room filled with people who despise one another; and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, a horrendous study of spontaneous good and evil among a plane-load of marooned Boy Scouts.

Smack in the middle of a discussion of the grand inquisitor scene in *The Brothers Karamazov*, a new member of the Guilford group broke in with a personal question:

"I want to ask about the idea of salvation; I'm not clear on what I'm to be saved for or from. Can anybody straighten me out?"

When people ask a question like this, the churches believe, they are already well on the way to finding the answer. **THE END**

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"Be a Champ, Act a Champ"

Sonny Liston goes after the heavyweight boxing title next week, expecting that victory will help him live down his checkered past.

When Charles (Sonny) Liston opened training in Illinois last month for the fight he is going to make against Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship, two Chicago detectives escorted him from his dressing room to the training ring, which was set up in front of the stands of the defunct Aurora Downs Race Track.

Walking in front of Sonny was John Grayson, who is big enough to be listed in *Jane's Fighting Ships*. Grayson had a brown-handled .32 strapped to his belt. His partner, Jimmy Kelly, was alongside Liston. Kelly packed a gun too.

The officers were assigned by the Illinois State Attorney General. Their orders were to be with Liston from morning until night, seven days a week, until the fight. This prompted an irreverent question from one observer. Were the officers there to protect Sonny Liston from the people, or were they on hand to protect the people from Sonny Liston?

Favorite Only With the Bettors

You see, Sonny's past record is not exactly inspiring. He has served two jail sentences and has nineteen arrests on his record. The most recent was in June of 1961.

Liston is a big, blank-faced, thirty-year-old who can write his name and not much else. He can pick words out of stories in the sports sections, but needs a lot more work before he can be considered able to read. He has a fist that is fourteen inches around, one of the largest in boxing's history, and he can do frightening damage with it. In 1958 he caught Wayne Bethea with a left hook in the first round at Chicago Stadium and, when Bethea woke up, he had to spit out seven of his teeth.

Liston probably will step into the ring at Comiskey Park next week favored to flatten champion Floyd Patterson. But he will be a favorite only with the bettors. For Sonny Liston probably is the most disliked heavyweight this country has had since Jack Johnson won the title in 1910 and had the newspapers publicly calling for a "White Hope."

Liston put in two years in the Jefferson City, Missouri, penitentiary for an armed holdup of a St. Louis café in 1950. Following this, he served nine months in the workhouse in St. Louis for assaulting a policeman. Thereafter he was arrested frequently by the St. Louis police, although he drew no further jail time. Several of the pinches came out of labor disorders. The claim was that Liston was out breaking heads as a hired union goon.

His boxing career was pushed along by a board of directors consisting of people whose names can be found on all the better police blotters. The chairman was Frankie Carbo, now in Alcatraz for conspiracy and extortion involving a fight manager and a promoter on the West Coast. Frank (Blinky) Palermo, convicted in the same case but currently free in $100,000 bail, also was on the Liston board, along with John Vitale of St. Louis, recently released after serving a year in jail.

So you might regard Liston as being representative of all that is bad in boxing. But Liston also has a chance to exemplify what boxing can do for the tough kid who starts out the wrong way. This is the sport of the streets and the prison yards, and it can take an unschooled, hungry, dangerous specimen such as Liston and get him a barrelful of money and expose him to people and give him the self-importance that he needs. It works this way in a lot of cases. In fact, Floyd Patterson—a respected champ now, but troubled as a kid—belongs near the top of the list.

Liston feels that the same thing is happening to him. "When I fight, I beat 'em and forget 'em," he was saying one Sunday morning at his training camp. "The same with all that went on with me before this. All them things people they say and they write, they all be gone when I'm the champ. I'll show people what kind of a fella I am. Be a champ, act like a champ."

Archie Pirolli, a gray-haired little cigar smoker who has been in boxing in Philadelphia for thirty years and now is Liston's press representative, was standing a few steps away. "Here's a man who's going to get a quarter of a million dollars when he fights for the title," he said. "Win, lose or draw, he gets paid. Now when was the last guy you heard of with that kind of cash who went out doin' something crazy on the streets? He'll be home with his wife. If he goes outside the door, he'll get bit for a loan wherever he goes."

Liston said, "They tell me that once people thought Dempsey was a draft dodger, and little kids booed him when he walked down the street. Now what is he? He's a big man." Sonny shook his head. "This fight going to be for my whole life."

A couple of months ago Liston still would willingly answer questions about his prison past. "How were the guards? They treat you like an animal. How was the food? Garbage," he said.

Now he wants jail forgotten. You could see that, when a guy with a peg leg barged into the dining room one day in training camp, ignoring the sign on the door which said: SONNY LISTON'S TRAINING QUARTERS KEEP OUT.

Visit From a Former Cellmate

Sonny was standing by a food counter filling a huge blue cup with tea and, when he saw the guy with the peg leg approaching, he shook his head. "I know who he is," Sonny said. "I don't want to talk to him. I was in jail with him."

"Sonny, you 'member me," the man said. "I'm Louis. We went to school together. Remember?"

"Then I can't know you at all," Liston said. "I never went to school."

Raymond Munson, Sonny's social secretary; Jim Robinson, a sparring partner, and Jack Nilon, his adviser, broke up at Liston's answer. Sonny smiled. He sat down at a table and let the Louis with the peg leg come over and talk to him. Liston kept looking at the big tea cup in his hand while Louis talked.

"Sonny," Louis said. "I'm fine. I'm working. I'm a registered voter. See?" He took out a wallet and showed the stub from his paycheck and a permanent voter-registration card. Liston looked at it, then went back to his tea.

"Look, Sonny," Louis said. "I'm not around here askin' you for a hundred dollars or something. All I want is two tickets for the fight."

Liston didn't look up. "I don't think they're givin' out any tickets for the fight," he said.

Then the man leaned over and whispered something to Sonny. The fighter jerked up his head. "Look," he said loudly, "don't talk about that stuff. That's all behind me. Don't bring that up."

Finally Louis was maneuvered out of the place. Liston put his eyes back on the tea, and he didn't look up again for a long time. You had to feel a little bit sorry for him, because there *is* a case for Sonny Liston.

One of Twenty-two Children

Born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, as one of twenty-two children, he moved to St. Louis as a boy and came up bad. He stayed bad for a long time, too—a big, short-tempered, uncommunicative fellow who could break a man in two with his bare hands.

But Liston was moved to Philadelphia in April of 1958, and he has had only two scrapes with the law since. Philadelphia sportswriters who covered the cases insist that the arrests shouldn't have been made.

Other charges against Liston have centered around what he calls his "sociations." This means, mainly, Frank Carbo and Blinky Palermo. But to hang Liston for this is nonsense. There hardly has been a name fighter in the last twenty-five years who did not have at least one gangster guiding him. This is not to be construed as a plea for criminals, but rather for common sense.

On the whole, there seems reason to suspect that Sonny Liston may have gone straight. As Rocky Graziano insists, "This bum is an angel compared to what I done."

Father Edward Murphy, a Jesuit priest assigned to the Loyola parish in Denver, Colorado, is one who feels Sonny's past is just that. Father Murphy has known Liston since 1960, and has been trying to improve the fighter as a person.

"This boy has absolutely no criminal characteristics at all," Father Murphy insists. "And another thing. There is nothing slow about his mind. Let him concentrate on learning, as we intend to do after this fight, and in no time at all he'll show so much improvement nobody will believe it."

However, Liston still has an unpredictable temper. One day in camp, in a friendly little

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By JIMMY BRESLIN

gambling game, he playfully ribbed me, "What's that pencil doin' out? You're going to write down what you lose and charge the expense account with it. Be a man. Put it away and let me take your own money off you."

But the next day, suddenly brooding over the fight contract he had gladly signed weeks before, Liston became impossible. "I'm not cooperating with nobody," he said. "You go tell the promoters to give me more money, and then I'll cooperate." He was sitting in his blue Cadillac Coupe de Ville, and he had on dark glasses, so you couldn't see what his eyes looked like. But his voice told you enough. And what it told you wasn't very nice.

Simple Style, Concrete Jaw

In the ring so far Liston has been indestructible. He has scored twenty-three knockouts in thirty-four fights. His one loss was an eight-round decision to Marty Marshall in 1954. He has achieved this record with a simple fighting style. Sonny stands up straight, puts his left foot flat on the floor, goes up on the ball of his right foot so he can push himself forward, turns his body as much into profile as possible in order to get every inch of reach with his left hand, and then goes to work with the best jab seen in the business since Joe Louis. He has a chin that seems to be made of concrete. Only once, against Cleveland Williams in 1959, has anybody seen Sonny even flustered by a punch. That was in the first round, when Williams walked out and began to throw three and four left hooks at a time and had Sonny backing off and confused.

Between rounds Willie Reddish, his trainer, talked to Liston quietly and straightened him out. Then the bell rang, and Willie went down the three steps leading from the ring. By the time he got to the bottom and turned around, Liston had Williams against the ropes and was all over him. Sonny won by a knockout in the third.

Liston may have shortcomings as a fighter, however. Sonny seems to have some sort of hitch in his right that slows its delivery to the degree where a Floyd Patterson might find it easy to beat with a left hook. Nor has Liston demonstrated that his own left hook is much of a weapon.

Although Sonny still has to prove that he can cope with Patterson's magnificent speed of hand and foot, he already has a personal entourage befitting a champion. When he sits down to eat, everybody sits. When he adopts a thick moustache (but no goatee), the others shave the same way.

His retainers include social secretary Raymond Munson, sparring partner Slim Jim Robinson and a cook named Bill. There is also a mild fellow named Ted King, who has the most interesting job of all.

"He is," second Joe Pollino explains, "the guy who takes care of Sonny's clothes. You know, he's what you call Sonny's valiant." **THE END**

Liston wants his prison record forgotten. "When I'm champ I'll show people what kind of a fella I am."

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At Home With 'Hazel'

By THOMAS CONGDON

Shirley Booth is just as forthright and down-to-earth in real life as she is in her popular TV role as salty, snappy Hazel.

One day a man and his wife visited the set of the *Hazel* television show. After rehearsal the wife, a mousy-looking little woman, slipped away from her husband to speak to Shirley Booth, first lady of the acting profession and this week starting her second season as TV's irrepressible maid.

"If only I had Hazel in my house!" the woman told Miss Booth. "I would just love to put my head on her shoulder and have a good cry."

No one would dream of getting that cozy with the original Hazel, the Ted Key cartoon character who has boomed and blustered in the back pages of this magazine for twenty years; *The Post*'s Hazel is too outspoken for solace. Hazel is sassy on television too. (In one show, fingering the mink coat of a snooty visitor, she said: "If this thing ever has pups, let me have one.") And she's as salty as ever. ("Your shirttails and me ain't exactly strangers," she said to her employer in another show, barging into his bedroom and catching him with his pants down. "I iron 'em every week.") But the Hazel that Miss Booth has created is warm and gay. So is Miss Booth, which helps explain why her colleagues regard her so fondly.

"You can be nice and dull in this business and have everybody like you," says actor John Forsythe, a longtime friend of Miss Booth. "Shirley is nice and *bright*, and everybody likes her. That's rare."

A year ago, when Miss Booth signed a five-year contract to play Hazel, her well-wishers were aghast. The idea of Shirley Booth—winner of every major acting award and by many reckonings the world's greatest actress—forsaking "serious" acting for television was too much.

"I'm ashamed of you, Shirley," said Burt Lancaster, her costar in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, the film that won her an Oscar, "lowering yourself with a thing like this *Hazel* series. I wish you'd get out of it."

The incident took place at a party given by James Cagney. A guest who overheard Lancaster's remark remembers Miss Booth's gentle reply, that although *Hazel* might not be what Lancaster considered highbrow entertainment, the show was a satisfaction to her because she enjoyed making people laugh and be happy.

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"Hazel's so friendly that absolute strangers drop by all the time to visit me."

On the Hazel *set Miss Booth rehearses with ten-year-old Bobby Buntrock, who plays Harold Baxter in the TV series.*

Hazel Not long ago I sat across from Shirley Booth in the living room of her house on Cape Cod and asked her to go into her reasons more deeply. She was wearing a gold-brocade jacket, blue slacks and blue sneakers; her hair, which she colors a soft red-gold, caught glimmers from the wood fire she had lighted against the chill of the day. At fifty-three, a tiny, cheerful person, she seemed like a cricket on her own hearth.

"I think you should do what you believe in," she said, "and not worry whether people are going to like it or not. I knew I'd be criticized. One actress went around saying, 'Oh, Shirley's going into a *series*,' as though that was the end of me!"

The television work will swell Miss Booth's bank account. ("She's spent her life in the theater," says her agent, William McCaffrey. "Somewhere along the line she deserves the chance to accumulate a little largess.") But what, I asked her, might five years in television do to her career?

"An actress should be able to make you forget everything she's done before," she said. "Hazel is a strong character, but I don't think she'll leave an imprint so indelible that I can't shed it when I start doing plays again. Actually I'm reaching thousands of people through the show who might never have heard of me otherwise—like the little boy at the bean supper my church gave last week. When I arrived, he was waiting for me on the step, and he just wrapped his arms around me without saying a word. He'd identified himself with Harold Baxter, the little boy Hazel's so sweet to on the show."

The young Cape Codder is not the only person who confuses Miss Booth with the character she plays. "Hazel's so friendly," Miss Booth said, "that absolute strangers drop by here all the time, fully expecting to sit down and visit with me. Unfortunately I can't see them. If I did, I'd have no time to myself, and I need to be alone."

I quoted Broadway producer George Abbott, who once said, "Shirley's another of the lonely ones."

"Alone But Never Lonely"

"That's wrong," she said. "I'm alone a lot, but I'm never lonely. I find hundreds and millions of things to do. I'm very sorry for people who can't be happy alone. Up here there are lots of widows, and many of them had never in their lives prepared to be alone. They're going to pieces, and it's just too bad. They start to drink, and they go up and lock themselves in their rooms for weeks at a time."

I observed that maids are often lonely creatures, shut off in small rooms in the back of the house, but that Hazel hadn't let loneliness capture her. "Not Hazel," said Miss Booth, referring to Hazel as though the television character were flesh and blood. "She knows that you build your own prison walls and that people can't confine you if you won't let them.

"There used to be a lot of Hazels," she went on. "Today women seem to think they're lowering themselves to work in another woman's home. But domestic service can really be a noble way of life. There are so many lonely women who, if they could come into a home and take care of a family, would acquire a sense of being needed—which is what Hazel gets from the Baxter family."

As we talked I was struck by similarities between the two women—Miss Booth and Hazel. Hazel, as the scriptwriters have extrapolated her from *The Post* cartoon character, is sentimental. So is Miss Booth; her home is full of memento things such as a pincushion made from the rose upholstery of a Broadway theater, now demolished, in which she had often played. Hazel is always cheering up someone or other; Miss Booth, too, is a friend to friends in need. ("One year," says Max Showalter, a friend of Miss Booth since they acted together in *My Sister Eileen*, "my brother was killed and both my parents died. Each time Shirley wrote the letter that helped me pull myself together.") And, in every show, Hazel wages war on snobs and phonies. So does Miss Booth, although more delicately.

"Once a woman walked around to my terrace," she said, "and announced to me that she was a friend of Shirley Booth and wanted to see her. I told her Miss Booth couldn't be disturbed. That woman didn't know me from Adam."

Rough Times for Shirley

The scriptwriters present Hazel as a woman who has had it rough—a lifetime of hard work; disappointment in love. Miss Booth has had it rough too. If she were one of today's mixed-up actresses—temperamental instead of even, childish instead of wise—any amateur psychologist could explain away her behavior by citing her past. Her father was a cold-hearted fellow who ground down his wife and tried to grind down his daughter. Her mother, whom she loved deeply, wa sickly; she died when Miss Booth was in her twenties. Miss Booth left school and home at the age of fourteen and labored almost thirty years as an actress before her first great success, in the play *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Her first husband stunned her by asking for a divorce; he was interested in another woman. She married again, happily this time, and was widowed eight years later. Yet for Hazel and Miss Booth alike, self-pity is out of the question. It just isn't their style.

"In *The Time of the Cuckoo*," Miss Booth said, "I played a woman who was very sorry for herself. It was one of my most difficult roles. I kept telling the author that the minute a character is sorry for himself, the audience won't be."

Over the years Miss Booth turned down chances to star in many television series. Certainly part of the reason she was, in the language of the show's publicists, "inked" for *Hazel* with so little difficulty is that Hazel is her kind of girl. Plucky, easygoing, cheerful and forthright, they both approach life the same way.

Playing Hazel has turned out to be a good experience for Miss Booth all round. Friends say they've seldom seen her happier.

"I'm working under the most favorable conditions," she said. "When I'm playing an emotional scene, our director, Bill Russell, sits there intently, and when I'm finished tears are streaming down his face. I don't miss having an audience, because Bill is it. And the cast is grand. As soon as we get in front of the camera, we enter another world, we become a family. It's a life we take on, and it takes us over. We get such pleasure from it that, if the audience gets pleasure, that's a bonus."

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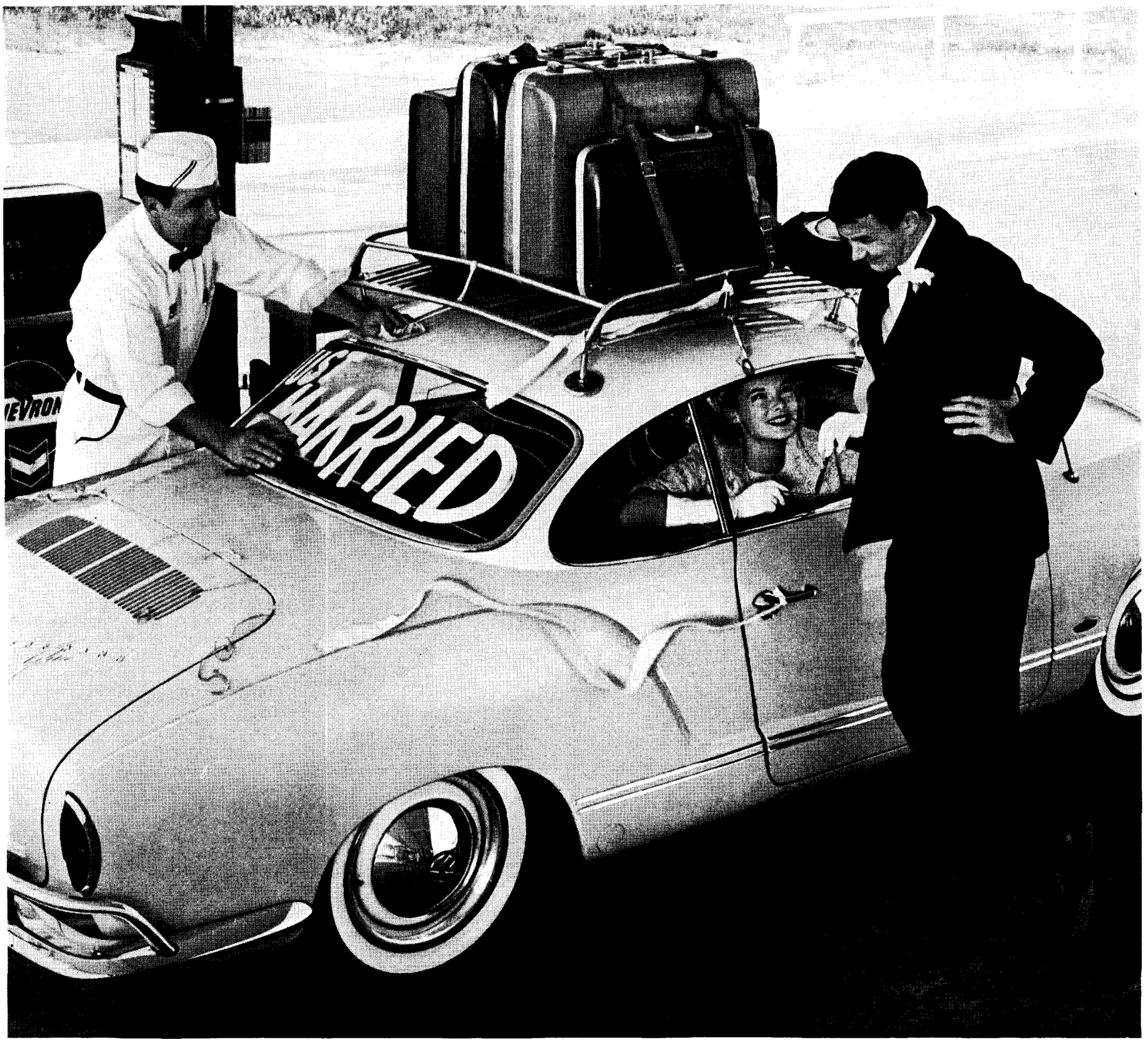

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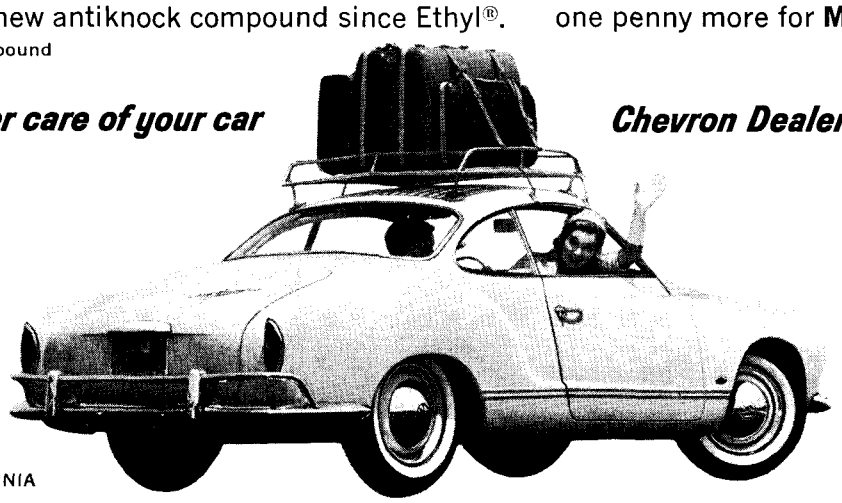

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Miss Booth: "I'm starting to pick up Hazel's bad grammar. I keep catching myself saying 'ain't.'"

Hazel Without stretching the point, it seems possible that Miss Booth, who like Hazel has no children or close family of her own, derives some of the benefits of family living from her association with the fictional Baxter family. I asked her if she ever found herself playing Hazel offstage.

"No," she said. "I never lose myself in a character that much. If I did, I'd become insensitive to what the audience or director is telling me. But I'm starting to pick up Hazel's bad grammar. I keep catching myself saying 'ain't.'"

Last June, after completing the season's final *Hazel* show and stopping by New York City to pick up an Emmy award ("best performance by an actress in a continuing series"), Miss Booth headed for Cape Cod and her gray-shingled, white-shuttered house overlooking the Atlantic. There she shifted gears and proceeded to relax. For Miss Booth relaxation means wallpapering a guest room herself or moving the peonies from one end of her garden to the other. Gardening is her passion, and she rattles off the names of her plants as enthusiastically as another actress might rattle off the names of her Broadway triumphs.

A Walk in the Garden

"Over there are the daffodils, jonquils, narcissus and myrtle," she told me. "Here's some highbush cranberry and some mock orange, and up there on the hill, that's broom.

"And this is —— What is it?" she said, pointing to a bush. "The name's on the tip of my tongue. I'll think of it."

We went on past the lupine, delphinium, columbine and Canterbury bells to a little pond which turned out to be an old bathtub sunk to its rim in the lawn.

"Last summer a big bullfrog lived here," she said. "He was so tame I could stroke his back, and he'd wriggle as if to say, 'Oh, that feels so good.'" And Miss Booth did a bowlegged wriggle which unmistakably suggested amphibian ecstasy.

Miss Booth's house, built in 1810, has broad-plank floors, beams hewn from driftwood, and a fireplace in almost every room. The rooms are tastefully strewn with antiques—the most impressive of which is the giant iron-sleigh bed she sleeps in—and the walls are covered frame-to-frame with pictures. I admired an oil of a farm in winter, and she told me it was painted by her second husband, William Baker. The farm is the place they bought in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a few years after they were married.

"He loved the farm," she told me. "He'd seen so much devastation during the war that he wanted to make things grow. But he did too much. He always did the heavy work while his helper drove the tractor. He didn't know he had a heart condition."

At the time her husband died, Miss Booth was commuting from the farm to New York for rehearsals of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. She took several days off then went back to work.

Though she's happiest when she's acting, Miss Booth occasionally becomes so tense that her performance is hampered.

"I went to a doctor about it," she said, "and he told me to think of the most relaxing thing I could. I imagined I was in a cold mountain stream with the water running over me. And it worked. These days I imagine I'm a sponge slowly soaking up water, pushing out, pushing out. Next thing I know I'm relaxed."

She was silent for a moment, then exclaimed, "*Weigela!* Weigela, that's the bush out in the yard, the one I couldn't remember the name of."

We had sherry, then sat down to dinner. It began with cold borscht which Miss Booth's maid, June Smith, had transformed from beet red to pink by blending in the sour cream. Then steak, baby carrots, baked potato and salad, followed by ice cream and peaches with a wedge of layer cake. Miss Booth enjoys good cooking, and June Smith is a good cook.

"I'm always dieting," Miss Booth said. (Ralph Bellamy's wife, Alice, later told me: "Shirley talks about dieting, *but* —— She'll say to her maid, 'June, I'm expecting some people. Why don't you make some cookies?' And June will say, 'Now, you know you're not expecting anybody.' June will make the cookies, but she'll hide them, and then Shirley spends the whole evening trying to discover where June put the cookies.")

Miss Booth gave me a favorite recipe, which I pass along under my own title—Lamb à la Hazel: In a casserole alternate layers of slightly wilted cabbage with layers of sliced, raw lamb. Three hours in a low oven and out.

"It's one of those recipes that sound too simple to be good," she said, "but it's wonderful. I got it from the man on the night desk at my hotel in New York."

Miss Booth's appetite failed her, she said, during the filming of one *Hazel* show.

"The script had me serving smoked-oyster hors d'oeuvres to Mr. Baxter, then turning and sneaking one for myself. Well, every scene is shot at least four ways, from four different distances, and each of those four shots is repeated until the shot is right. I got so full of smoked oysters I couldn't speak. I just started laughing, and pretty soon we all were hysterical."

The pace of a television series is brutal, but Miss Booth has several things going for her. One is her long experience with stock companies. She acted in more than 600 plays—often at the rate of one a week—before *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Stock taught her to memorize quickly and to change scripts frequently without strain. Another advantage is that the character presents no wardrobe problems.

"I wear those big, comfortable shoes of Hazel's," Miss Booth said gratefully. "And instead of getting to the studio an hour earlier every morning to have my hair done, I wear a wig. Why, they even shoot lots of scenes of Hazel in bed. I've been known to fall asleep right there on the set while they shifted the cameras."

Miss Booth plays most of her scenes against Don De Fore, who has the role of Hazel's employer.

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS

". . . spelled S-O-A-P. With this little item . . ."

"Shirley has succeeded in television," says De Fore, "where other stage actors have failed because, no matter how rushed she is, she still manages to bring subtleties into the performance. Half the shows end with Hazel and the Baxter family in the dining room, and the temptation is to play every dining-room scene the same. But Shirley doesn't pigeonhole her facial expressions. She thinks through every scene and makes each one unique."

The first *Hazel* show, in September, 1961, met with reviews which ranged from condescending ("All along 44th Street," wrote *The New York Times* critic, "there'll be nothing but understanding for a grand trouper") to openly critical ("*Hazel*," said *Variety*, "is grossly unworthy of its star"). Miss Booth, a true professional, took the reviews in stride. *Hazel*, she feels, isn't for critics; it's an "audience show." She must be right: Almost from the start its Nielsen ratings have topped those of any other weekly half-hour television program. In fairness it must be said that the first few shows—the ones that critics reviewed—were inferior. Largely through Miss Booth's efforts, the character of Hazel has become less slapstick and more human and the scripts more believable. Even the laugh machine has learned restraint.

Comedy From the Commonplace

"Good situation comedy," Miss Booth said, "makes the audience feel that the things that happen in their daily lives are important. By dramatizing these things—actions as commonplace, perhaps, as cleaning out a closet or washing the dishes—a show can make their lives more interesting. There's no violence on Hazel, there's plenty of emphasis on the home, and it shows people how members of a healthy family behave toward one another."

As Miss Booth says, she does what she thinks is right and to heck with her "image."

"She isn't concerned with prestige," says James Fonda, producer of the show. "She's concerned with the job to be done that day. With most stars, there's a getting-to-know-you period, a sparring session or two. But not with Shirley. It's like working with someone I've always known."

"She relaxes completely around you," says Sally Foster, Loretta Young's sister. "That's what makes another woman feel close to her. She has great, great personal dignity but, when she comes over here, she'll kick off her shoes and climb on the table and help me hang pictures. She even helps me weed my garden." Sounds very much like something someone could say about Hazel.

As you might expect, Miss Booth does not enjoy having a fuss made over her.

"I was walking down Fifth Avenue one day," she told me, "and a policeman looked at me and said, 'Hey, you're the Academy Award winner!' And I said, 'Of *1955*, but there were quite a few before me, and there'll be quite a few after me.'"

The remark told more about Miss Booth's careless attitude toward her public honors than she knew. Her Oscar-winning motion picture appeared not in 1955, but in 1952. **THE END**

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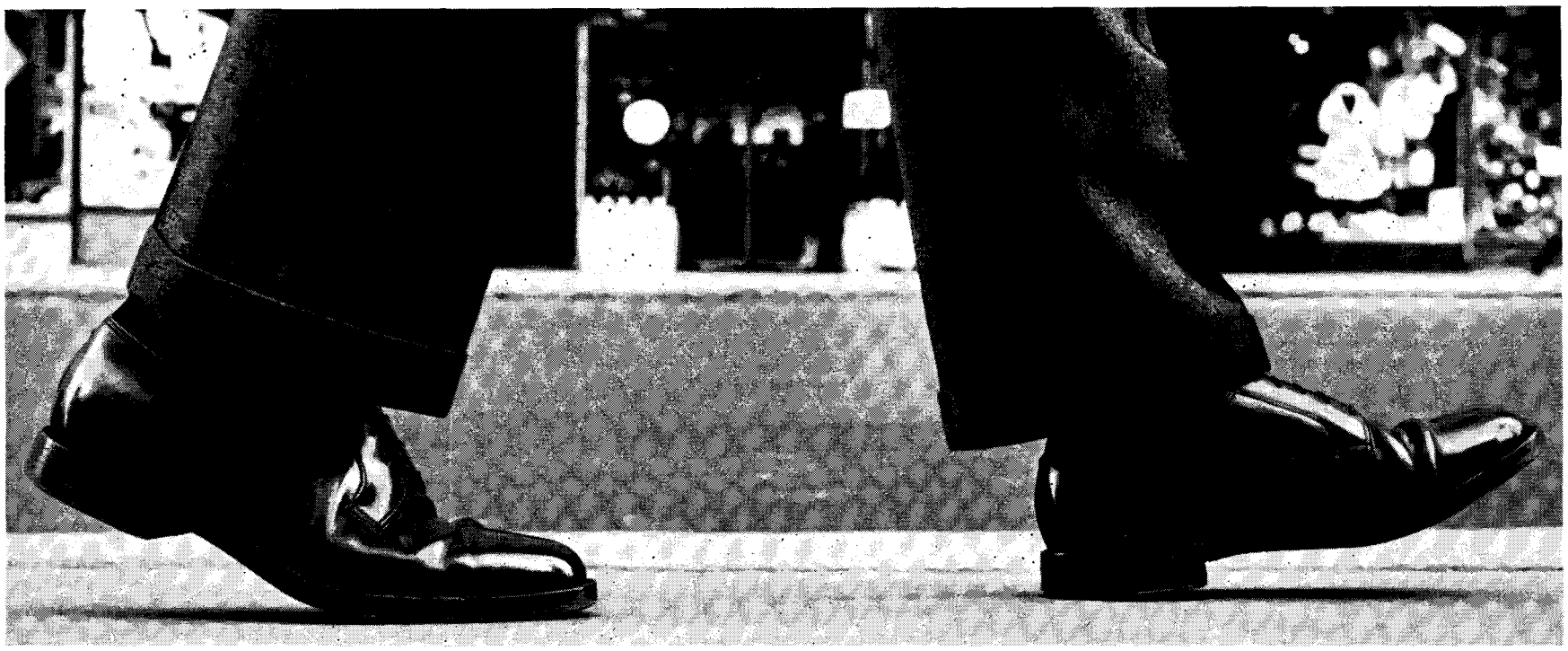

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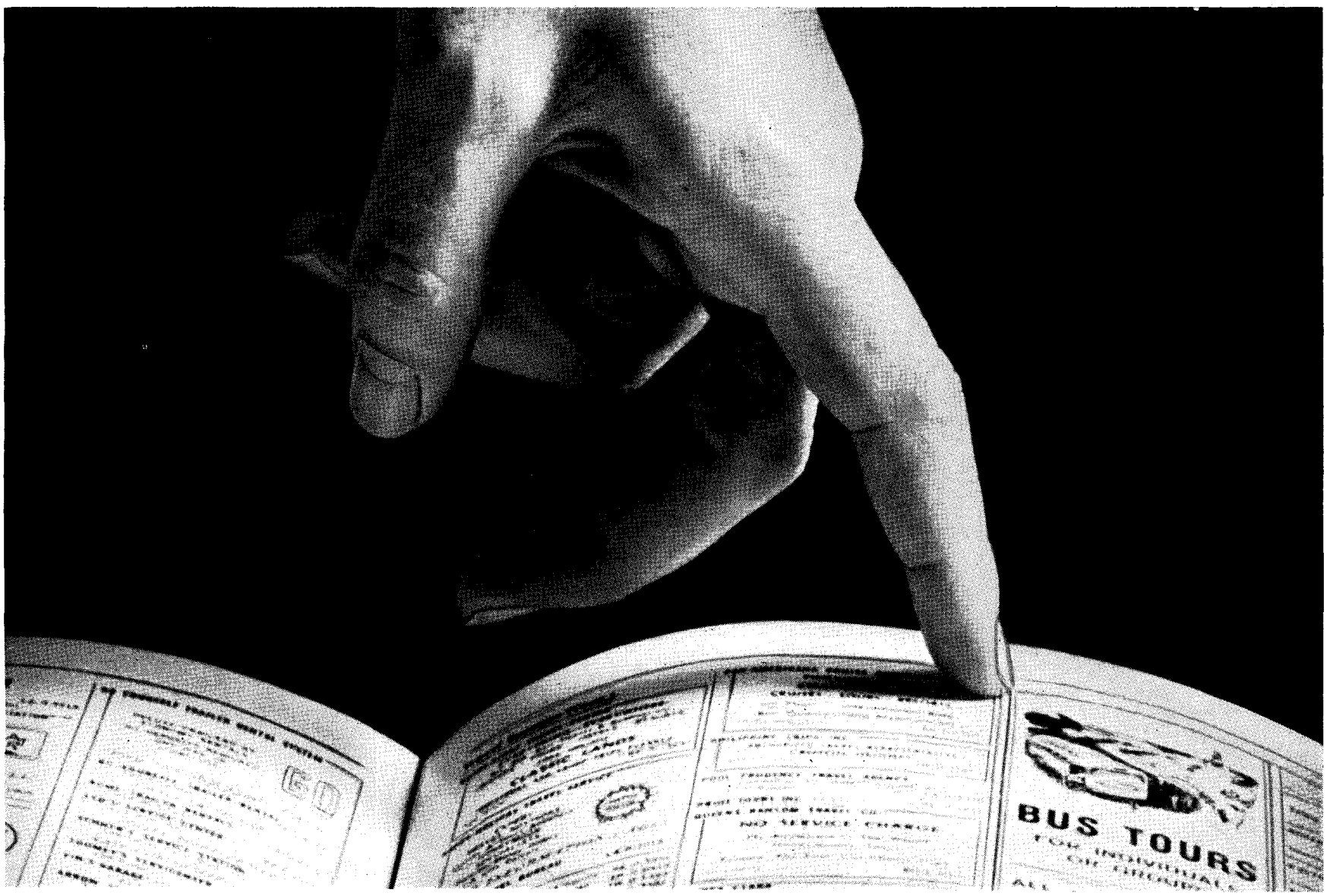

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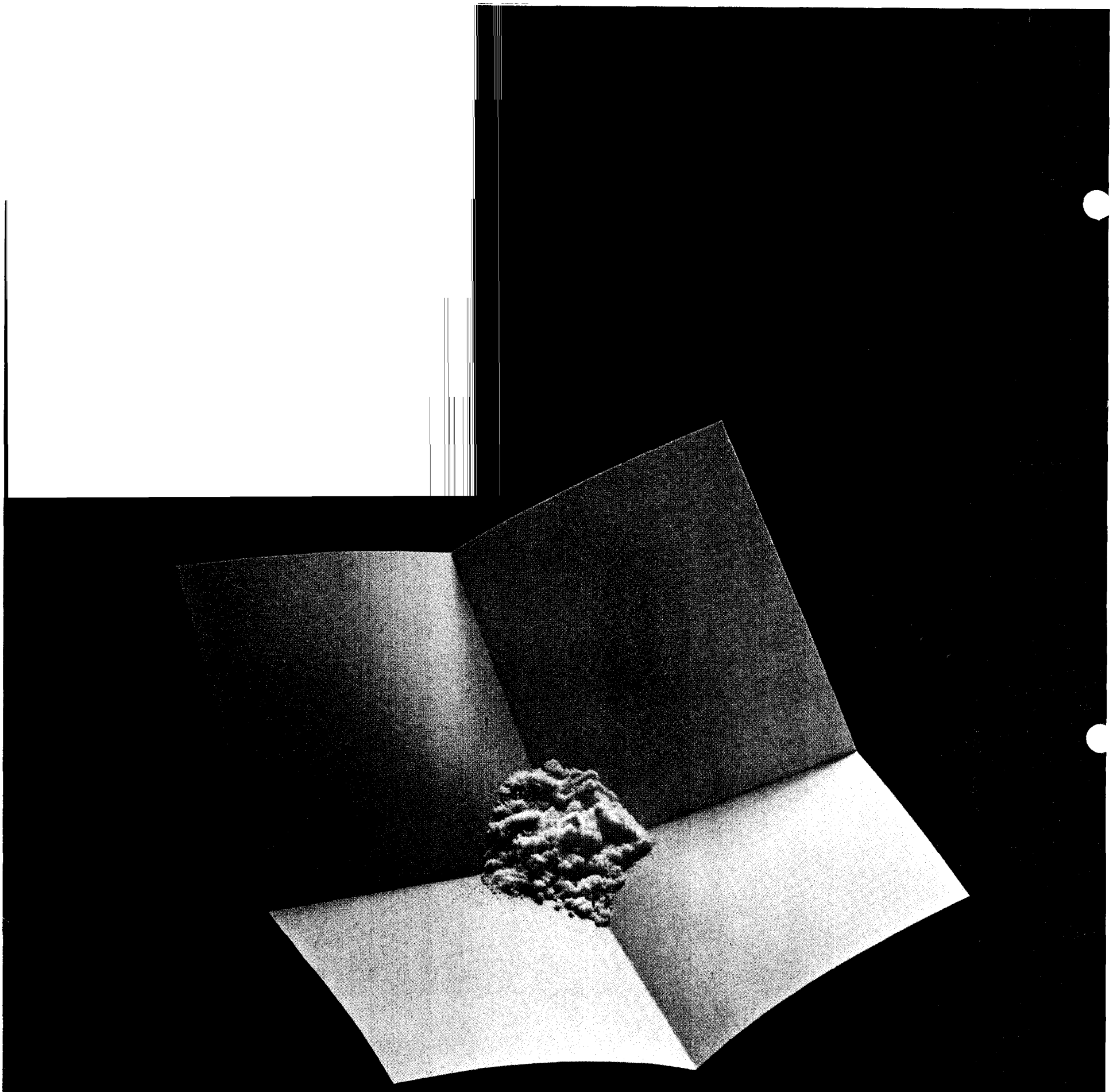

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Teamed with other important advances in treatment and diagnosis, this powerful drug helped speed recovery from tuberculosis to the point where only *one fourth* the number of hospital beds is needed today! This, in turn, has contributed to the closing of TB sanatoriums from coast to coast.

Incredible? Ten years ago, yes. But not by today's standards of medical achievement. For now new chapters are being added to the annals of drug research. And so the disease for which costly years in sanatoriums or drastic surgery were once the only cures now often responds promptly to such new drugs.

No price tag could measure the value of research that yields results like this. Millions of dollars are poured into it every year. Even so, the odds are staggering. For only about 1 in every 2,865 discoveries will ever reach your doctor's prescription pad.

Yet always there is the hope that unites these dedicated practitioners of medicine and drug science in pursuit of common goals. Hope that yet another sickness may be cured, some further suffering relieved, the cost of illness lowered even more. So that one day your doctor may have at hand effective treatment for other such dread diseases.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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At a day camp on her Maryland estate, Eunice Shriver enjoys a spirited ride with gleeful retarded children.

How the Kennedy family's own misfortune spurred the fight against a widely misunderstood affliction.

Hope For Retarded Children

By EUNICE KENNEDY SHRIVER

Forty-three years ago this month in Brookline, Massachusetts, my mother and father were looking forward with great anticipation and joy to the birth of their third child. My oldest brother, Joe, was four years old, bright, strong, aggressive, with dark eyes, a fine smile. Jack, quick, slender, independent—even at three he was interested in everything and adored by everyone. My father was thirty and my mother was twenty-eight. They loved children and would be happy to have all that God would send them.

Rosemary was born September thirteenth at home—a normal delivery. She was a beautiful child, resembling my mother in physical appearance. But early in life Rosemary was different. She was slower to crawl, slower to walk and speak than her two bright brothers. My mother was told she would catch up later, but she never did.

Rosemary was mentally retarded.

For a long time my family believed that all of us working together could provide my sister with a happy life in our midst. My parents, strong believers in family loyalty, rejected suggestions that Rosemary be sent away to an institution. "What can they do for her that her family can't do better?" my father would say. "We will keep her at home." And we did. For years these efforts seemed to work. My parents and the other eight children tried to include Rose in everything we did. At Hyannis Port I would take her as crew in our boat races, and I remember that she usually could do what she was told. She was especially helpful with the jib, and she loved to be in the winning boat. Winning at anything always brought a marvelous smile to her face.

She loved music, and my mother used to play the piano and sing to her. At the dining table Rose was unable to cut her meat, so it was served to her already cut.

Later on, in her teens, it was more difficult for her. In social competition she couldn't keep up. She learned to dance well enough for my brothers to take her along to parties, but it wasn't easy when Rose would say, "Why don't other boys ask me to dance?"

Yes, keeping a retarded child at home is difficult. Mother always said the greatest problem was to get other children to play with Rose and to find time to give her all the attention she needed and deserved. Like many retarded persons, Rose loved small children and wanted to be helpful with them. Often I heard her offer her assistance to Mother with a question like, "Can I take the young children rowing, Mother?"

She loved compliments. Every time I would say, "Rose, you have the best teeth and smile in the family," she would smile for hours. She liked to dress up, wear pretty clothes, have her hair fixed and her fingernails polished. When she was asked out by a friend of the family, she would be thrilled.

When my father became ambassador to England, Rose came to London with us and was presented to the king and queen at Buckingham Palace with Mother, Dad and my sister Kathleen.

Mother was worried about Rosemary in London. Would she accidentally do something dangerous while Mother was occupied with some unavoidable official function? Would she get confused taking a bus and get lost among London's intricate streets? Would someone attack her? Could she protect herself if she were out of the eye of the governess? No one could watch out for Rose all the time, and she was now a grown-up girl.

In 1941, when we returned to the U.S.A., Rosemary was not making progress but seemed instead to be going backward. At twenty-two she was becoming increasingly irritable and difficult. She became somber and talked less. Her memory and concentration and her judgment were declining. My mother took Rosemary to psychologists and to dozens of doctors. All of them said her condition would not get better and that she would be far happier

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"Rosemary was different. My mother was told she would catch up, but she never did."

Rosemary (right) with Eunice and Jack two years before she was placed in an institution.

in an institution, where competition was far less and where our numerous activities would not endanger her health. It fills me with sadness to think this change might not have been necessary if we knew then what we know today.

My mother found an excellent Catholic institution that specialized in the care of retarded children and adults. Rosemary is there now, living with others of her capacity. She has found peace in a new home where there is no need for "keeping up," or for brooding over why she can't join in activities as others do. This, coupled with the understanding of the sisters in charge, makes life agreeable for her.

Like diabetes, deafness, polio or any other misfortune, mental retardation can happen in any family. It *has* happened in the families of the poor and the rich, of governors, senators, Nobel prizewinners, doctors, lawyers, writers, men of genius, presidents of corporations—the President of the United States.

A son of Stanley High, the late editor of the *Reader's Digest*, is in a training school for the retarded. Nobel prizewinning novelist Pearl Buck, in a small volume called *The Child Who Never Grew*, has written a moving account of her efforts to find a good life for her mentally retarded daughter. Roy Rogers's wife, Dale Evans, has written about their mentally retarded child.

There are, in fact, 126,000 babies born in this country every year who for one reason or another will not achieve an intelligence equal to that of a child of twelve. There are approximately 5,400,000 retarded children and adults in the United States—about 3 percent of our entire population. By 1970, because of the increase in population and the decrease in infant mortality, there will be over 1,000,000 more. Even now, mental retardation afflicts ten times as many people as diabetes, twenty times as many as tuberculosis and more than six hundred times as many as polio.

Chances for Useful Lives

And yet, as I have learned, we are just coming out of the dark ages in our handling of this serious national problem. Even within the last several years, there have been known instances where families have committed retarded infants to institutions before they were a month old—and ran obituaries in the local papers to spread the belief that they were dead. In this era of atom-splitting and wonder drugs and technological advance, it is still widely assumed—even among some medical people—that the future for the mentally retarded is hopeless.

The truth is that 75 to 85 percent of the retarded are capable of becoming useful citizens with the help of special education and rehabilitation. Another 10 to 20 percent can learn to make small contributions, not involving book learning, such as mowing a lawn or washing dishes. Only 5 percent—the most severely retarded cases—must remain completely dependent all their lives, requiring constant supervision.

Furthermore, science is making great strides toward unlocking the causes of retardation. There are more than 200 known diseases or conditions which can result in some degree of mental retardation. Today scientists know how to prevent retardation in many of these cases, and there is every reason to believe we are on the horizon of more exciting new discoveries.

Establishing a Foundation

In 1946 my father established the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation as a memorial to my oldest brother, who was killed in the war. Not a single private foundation was then devoting its money to mental retardation, so we dedicated our efforts, and roughly $1,000,000 a year in grants and awards, to this cause. In recent years my husband, Sargent Shriver, and I have become increasingly active in the foundation as other interests began to occupy my father's time. My brother Ted took over as foundation president. Our work has given us a close acquaintance with the problem and how it is being handled, and with some of the mentally retarded themselves. I also served recently as a consultant to the President's Panel on Mental Retardation, which was commissioned to recommend a national program to deal with the problem.

I remember well one state institution we visited several years ago. There was an overpowering smell of urine from clothes and from the floors. I remember the retarded patients with nothing to do, standing, staring, grotesque—like misshapen statues. I recall other institutions where several thousand adults and children were housed in bleak, overcrowded wards of 100 or more, living out their lives on a dead-end street, unloved, unwanted, some of them strapped in chairs like criminals. In the words of one expert, such unfortunate people are "sitting around in witless circles in medieval prisons." This is all the more shocking because it is so unnecessary. Yet institutions such as these still exist.

One sun-drenched morning this summer my husband and I visited a completely different sort of center—the Southbury Training School near Waterbury, Connecticut. As we arrived, a fishing contest was taking place around a pond. In another area a group of girls sat knitting. Nearby another group sat cross-legged, engaged in a spirited community sing. A wooden "Toonerville" train plied the grounds, filled with laughing children. A coachman in red silk livery conducted pairs of children around green meadows in a burro-drawn cart.

Every person in this scene, old and young, was mentally retarded. The teenager leading the group in songs was retarded. So were the children in the train, the passengers in the burro cart and their liveried coachman.

Here for once, at Southbury, the mentally retarded were participating as human beings, with all the privileges of work and play that the nonretarded enjoy. We saw a thirty-year-old man, with an IQ of 25, hard at work cleaning up the yard. In many institutions he would have been sitting uselessly, permitted to do nothing, or even strapped in a chair. The children, we learned, had helped to build the train, and the school swimming pool. Adults go into neighboring communities on Saturday to cut lawns and do other household chores before returning to Southbury with some spending money.

Southbury is a community for the retarded, rather than an institution. Its 1540 acres contain many of the elements of everyday life—a farm, a bakery, a shoe-repair shop, beauty shops, barbershops, a clothing store and a cafeteria, most of them arranged on a typical small-town "Main Street." For the most part they are manned by the retarded. The emphasis is on rehabilitation rather than indefinite confinement. A team of first-rate psychologists and medical doctors does all it can to prepare residents for a return to the outside world.

There are 2000 "residents" of the picturesque cottages at Southbury, which is one of the five or six best state installations we have ever toured. Even though it has expanded greatly since it was founded in 1940, Southbury is far from able to meet the demand for admission. We learned that one parent—a U.S. Army colonel—arranged to be transferred from his California base to Connecticut when he learned about Southbury. Five years from the day he began his efforts, he succeeded in gaining admission for his son. Happily, there is a growing number of outstanding facilities, although the supply still falls far short of the need.

Prejudices of General Public

Unless a person has had intimate contact with the mentally retarded or has seen them under such conditions as those at Southbury, the mind's-eye impressions are likely to be deeply prejudiced. We discovered that anew this summer when we decided to use our Maryland farm, "Timberlawn," as a day camp for retarded children in the Washington, D.C., area.

Thirty-four children were referred to us by special schools and clinics in the area. At the same time, we recruited twenty-six high-school and college students—most of them with no prior experience along this line—to work as volunteer counselors during the three weeks of the camp.

What struck us immediately was that the counselors came to us with all the average prejudice and misunderstanding still current among the general public. They had heard, for example, that retarded children were "difficult," "unteachable," "helpless," "belligerent."

Ann Hammersbacher, an eighteen-year-old high-school graduate who came to work at the camp with her twin sister, Mary, told me afterward, "We had no idea what it would be like. We'd never met any retarded children. None of us really had any experience. To tell the truth, all of us were a little afraid."

Who or what was there to fear? Should anyone be afraid of Wendell, a nine-year-old boy with the mental ability of a boy of

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ur? He and Timothy, my own three-year-old son, did many things at our day camp at the same speed and proficiency and loved each other. Both picked up their clothes—with some prodding—after swimming; both caught and threw a ball with the same ability, although Wendell kicked much better than Timothy. Both had the same table manners. Sometimes they would throw the food and would then have to go without dessert. Both ran about the same speed and rushed back and forth. Wendell and Timmy would hold hands and run down the hill together. Wendell would help Timmy climb up the hill when he was tired. Older retarded children are frequently more helpful to younger children than older normal children.

Discovering Latent Talents

Two things at the camp especially impressed the counselors. First, the retarded children were manageable with the right approach. The counselors, like others who have worked with the retarded, learned that the child with the lower IQ is often friendlier than the brighter child, not as demanding or self-centered, and that he often responds to affection as a bee to honey. Second, the counselors discovered that the retarded child may be capable of demonstrating unsuspected skills: that Veronica, for instance, could paint an appealing likeness of the President and his family standing in front of the White House; that a boy who couldn't read or write was the best natural athlete in the camp.

The same assets of stability and unsuspected talent have made possible important breakthroughs in the employment of mentally retarded persons. There is no excuse for these people having to live neglected lives in the dark garrets and medieval institutions which are hangovers from yesteryear.

At the Wyoming Valley Workshop in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, there is a slightly built girl of twenty who had never been out of her house or spoken to anyone except her parents until just two years ago. In her first month at the workshop she was "terrified if anyone so much as looked at her," according to director Walter H. George. Now she is the fastest producer of silk bows—for ladies' pumps—on the workshop assembly line.

A teen-ager at the same center, which is one of a number of sheltered workshops in the United States today, wasn't quite satisfied with the accuracy of a complicated metal jig developed by a shoe company at a cost of $300. He took a block of wood, two finishing nails and a dozen eyelets purchased from the ten-cent store and designed his own version of the jig at a cost of twenty-four cents. The new jig is more accurate than its predecessor. It is used by the workshop in producing ornaments for Wilkes-Barre shoe manufacturers.

In Tampa, Florida, J. Clifford MacDonald, the parent of a retarded child, saw the need for job opportunities for the mentally handicapped there. Working

Eunice counsels Wendell, a nine-year-old with the mind of a child of four, during a lull at Shriver day camp.

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"Here for once, at Southbury, the mentally retarded were participating as human beings."

with the United Fund, the MacDonald Workshop is among the best in the country, operating entirely on private contracts with area industry. Such centers achieve small miracles every day.

A number of large-scale business concerns are employing retarded people in less-skilled jobs. Bob Gordon, personnel director of the Remco Industries toy-manufacturing plant in Newark, New Jersey, which has employed the retarded successfully for ten years, points out that they often prove more stable than the average worker. "They're not so temperamental," he says. "They don't feel good one day and out of sorts the next."

Today, on New York's suburban Long Island, mentally retarded workers are using their skills in the highly competitive electronics industry. This started earlier this year after Mr. Hank Viscardi, head of Long Island's renowned Abilities, Incorporated, attended a meeting of the President's Panel on Mental Retardation. Mr. Viscardi, who was legless at birth, employs 400 physically handicapped workers.

"I wonder," he said to me, "if we could use similar training techniques with the retarded." Enthusiastically, I encouraged him to try; he picked the growing electronics field as a starter.

The International Business Machines Corporation and McDonnell Aircraft Corporation provided some contract work and training help, without which the program could not have been begun. Last spring about twenty retarded people started training at company headquarters on Long Island. Their average age is about eighteen, but their academic achievement in basic subjects is between the second and fourth grades. Few had much experience in the outside world.

At Abilities' electronics plant they learned such skills as cable lacing, wire preparation and soldering, and the assembly of transistor radios. Recently I was pleased to receive as a gift a radio put together in a few weeks by a retarded seventeen-year-old boy who had been functioning at the fourth-grade level in school when he came to Abilities. Now he is one of the stars of the training program.

"Won't They Go Berserk?"

Despite such successes, employment for the retarded is still in its infancy. One difficulty is ingrained public prejudice which is so damaging to these people. Mort Frankston, director of a work-training center for the retarded in Philadelphia, points up the problem. "I still have friends," he says, "who ask me, 'Aren't you afraid to work around retarded people? Won't they go berserk?'"

This is a misconception which we may as well clear up right now. There are important differences between the mentally retarded and the mentally ill. The vast majority of the mentally retarded are not emotionally disturbed. They do not "go berserk." They simply lag behind in their intellectual and physical skills, usually from birth. They often strike people as odd in their behavior because the mind of a small child inhabits the body of a much older person.

To an average family, a mentally retarded child can mean not only a personal tragedy but economic disaster as well. I recall my father saying we have to think of the problem as it affects those with a total income of only a few thousand dollars rather than those with the "means" we were so lucky to have. The expenses could bankrupt many a family.

The Kennedy Foundation for years concentrated on building centers for the care of retarded children and, later, study centers for the diagnosis and treatment of this condition. But by 1956 it became apparent that no matter what we were doing for the retarded, the fundamental problems of the field were still there. Despite all private and public efforts, the children kept coming and coming, and there wasn't room for everyone. So we decided to concentrate on research to meet the problem at its source.

Attracting Researchers

To our surprise and consternation we found out that most doctors and scientists, like the general public, considered mental retardation a hopeless field for research. Established research scientists saw little connection between their studies and mental retardation. Young researchers wanted to do cancer or heart research and get dramatic results.

We decided to bring the mountain to Mohammed by endowing or building research laboratories in places where "our" problem could *not* be hidden from the Nobel prizewinners, the young researchers or any other men with ideas. Kennedy Laboratories were established at Massachusetts General Hospital, Johns Hopkins, Wisconsin and Stanford, where men such as Dr. Joshua Lederburg, Nobel prizewinner in genetics, are now active in the program.

Because of Rosemary, our family has been deeply involved. I have found it interesting to learn that some of the most outstanding accomplishments in this field have been made by persons who also have had a family member afflicted by retardation. The personal involvement often seems to bring an extra measure of dogged determination and faith.

The Johns Hopkins research effort, for example, is led by Dr. Robert Cooke, a brilliant silver-haired physician who is chairman of the Department of Pediatrics. He is the father of two retarded daughters who live at home with their three normal brothers and sisters.

Until recently most medical schools had no instruction in mental retardation. But Doctor Cooke has instituted at Johns Hopkins the first formal course on this subject at a U. S. medical school, with the help of five outstanding young scientists who have recently decided to concentrate in this field. This year 150 students, interns and residents took this advanced Johns Hopkins instruction before fanning out over the country to put it to use.

A few months ago Doctor Cooke was interviewing the mother of a severely deformed infant when he noticed a skin rash on her arm. Checking further he discovered she had been given heavy doses of a potent drug in connection with the rash during the vital formative days just after her baby was conceived. At this point, of course, she did not even know she was pregnant. A team of scientists on the Johns Hopkins staff is now studying how certain damaging drugs and viruses can be transmitted to an unborn child through the system of its mother. These are believed to be important causes of retardation.

Parents of retarded children have their hands full at home. But these dedicated people have found time to join hands to make a concerted attack on the general problem. Beginning in 1950, they have organized more than a thousand chapters of the National Association for Retarded Children. They have insisted that formerly unconcerned scientists and public officials consider the needs in this field. In addition they established the first diagnostic clinic for the retarded and the first sheltered workshop.

Sometimes the persistence of an individual parent is the instrument which breaks important new ground. The Norwegian mother of two severely retarded children trooped from doctor to doctor with the story that her children's diapers "smelled different." She was scoffed at. One doctor even suggested she consult a psychiatrist for her own sake.

But she was right. Her children's retardation was caused by phenylketonuria, or PKU, a disorder which brings an excess of a certain acid to the system. The acid gives a distinct odor to the urine. Not until one doctor finally took the trouble to investigate this mother's improbable "evidence" was the nature of PKU discovered. Today it can be detected by simple tests, and cured before it damages a child.

Relief From Hydrocephalus

A Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, engineer named John Holter discovered doctors could not successfully relieve his baby of dread hydrocephalus—water on the brain—because they lacked a workable drain to siphon off this fluid. The determined parent managed to devise such a tiny valve for use on his son. Today it has helped more than 16,000 children stricken by this important cause of retardation.

The public and the governments they support are slowly awakening to the needs of the retarded. Yet even today less is being done for them at the community level than for any other afflicted group. Those of us whose families are touched by this tragic condition can help, but broad support is essential to meet retardation squarely and eventually lick it. Interested citizens in any community could take on projects such as these:

- Women's clubs or service-club auxiliaries could help expectant mothers make full use of the local prenatal clinics—or establish them if they do not now exist Many expectant mothers get less attention from doctors than cows get from cattle breeders. Yet mental retardation often can be prevented if mothers get proper tests and medical attention during pregnancy and avoid damaging drugs and X rays. (From all I have learned, it is clear that life does not begin at birth; it begins at conception. What a mother does for herself and her baby during pregnancy is just as important as anything she does in his life thereafter.)
- Sports and civic clubs—or even private citizens—can start recreation programs for the retarded. As we discovered at our summer day camp, the children can swim, play ball, paint, ride and use many other skills. It is startling that there are no special recreation programs for the retarded in 99 percent of American communities.
- Junior Chambers of Commerce or other business groups could start sheltered workshops for the retarded. Some 2500 retarded persons were helped by vocational training last year, but this does not even meet the needs of the State of Wisconsin. Write the National Association for Retarded Children, 386 Park Avenue South, New York 16, New York, for full information.

Championing the Cause

Twenty years ago, when my sister entered an institution, it was most unusual for anyone to discuss this problem in terms of hope. But the weary fatalism of those days is no longer justified. The years of indifference and neglect are drawing to a close and the years of research and experiment, faithful study and sustained advance are upon us.

To transform promise to reality, the mentally retarded must have champions of their cause, the more so because they are unable to provide their own. Dr. Maria Egg, a German psychologist, has expressed this as movingly as anyone I know in this passage from *Ein Kind Ist Anders* ("A Child is Different"):

> The blind had their Helen Keller; they had many other famous people in their ranks; the deaf had Beethoven and other outstanding personalities. Among the feebleminded, there is none who, through his achievements, could demonstrate to the public his value and the value of those afflicted like him. It is up to us, then, to uphold the value of these human beings. It is up to us to help extend respect for human dignity to those creatures also; it is up to us who live with them and who love them. For we know what they need and we know what they can give us.
>
> There is not one among the feebleminded whose worth is revealed to mankind like a tall, burning flame, licking to high heaven, like those great personalities who overcome their handicaps. Despite all our efforts, the feebleminded will always remain little flames. These little flames we must shield with our hands. . . . For these little flames radiate warmth and soothing quiet joy; they shine on the road that leads to the wisdom of the heart, to human maturity, and to true wealth.

THE END

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At Connecticut's Southbury Training School, retarded youngsters romp in a pool they helped build preparing for useful lives outside.

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EDITORIALS

Giving the Railroads a Chance

We are able to harness the atom, bounce a television signal across the ocean and spend $20,000,000,000 to send a man to the moon. But in these breathtaking times, when the very lifeblood of our economic system depends on transportation, we continue to fumble the solution of our transportation problems.

Most heavily shackled of our arteries are the railroads, which are handicapped by antiquated concepts and outmoded regulations. The Government's attitude toward the railroads appears to stem from the 1880's, when the iron-horse buccaneers' public-be-damned attitude forced the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Now we are living in another era, and we must face the future, not to mention the present. The deterioration of the position of the railroads marks a real cause for alarm. In fiscal 1961 the rate of return on their investment was 1.97 percent, compared to 4.16 percent in 1952. Net income of the railroad industry dropped in this period from $825,000,000 to $382,000,000. Plainly, this is an unhealthy condition.

President Kennedy sent his Transportation Message to Congress last April. He was convinced, he said, that "less Federal regulation and subsidization is in the long run a prime prerequisite of a healthy intercity transportation network." He also asked that the transportation tax of 10 percent on railroads and buses be removed; Congress has already granted that request, which makes for a start, at least.

Another step toward better health for the railroads would be mergers of several railroads, including that of two of the giants, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. This merger is now under consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Testifying recently, James Symes, chairman of the board of the Pennsylvania, argued that merger would bring better service and greater efficiency at a lower cost. "There are no two railroads in the country," he said, "in a better position . . . by reason of their location, duplicate facilities and services, and similarity of traffic patterns to consolidate their operations." Mr. Symes blamed the troubles of the railroads on the necessity for "entirely too much plant for the volume of traffic available under prevailing conditions which have, generally speaking, been imposed upon them by the Government. I do not see anything in the near future," he said, "that is going to change the downward trend of the past ten years short of merger."

The unions are violently opposed to the merger of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. The Railway Labor Executives Association calls it "the most catastrophic proposal ever made in the field of merger and monopoly. The damage this could do is incalculable and will lead to even greater inefficiency by adding all the weaknesses of greater size."

The main concern of the unions is, of course, jobs. For every 100 jobs eliminated, says the railway labor spokesman, there would be 74 jobs lost in other industries. The financial picture painted by the railroads, he says, is entirely false. "Over the last decade, railroad gross revenues have averaged more than ten billion dollars a year, or more than double the gross revenues they had in 1921, when they had no significant competition from other carriers."

In addition to making such invalid comparisons, the unions insist on featherbedding—although they claim such a thing doesn't exist—which stems from archaic rules. These rules require such absurdities as 20 crew changes on a Santa Fe run between California and Chicago, with each crew remaining on duty an average of three hours and 23 minutes. A union insistence on an artificial distinction between road work and yard work means that a crew returning from a short run cannot be required to finish its day by switching cars in the yard.

Another controversy, now in the courts, centers around the fireman on the freight diesel. Currently there are three men in the freight locomotive: engineer, brakeman and fireman. The railroads claim that the fireman is superfluous and point out that passenger locomotives have only two men, the engineer and the fireman. In rebuttal the unions claim that the third man is necessary, because he performs the indispensable service of looking out the left side of the cab while the engineer looks out the right—and he is present in case the engineer has a heart attack.

But these reasons are spurious. For the experienced engineer, driving a diesel is easier than maneuvering an automobile through traffic. The brakeman's chores, such as putting out flares in times of distress, inspecting hotboxes, brakes and extra engines, are mostly performed while the train is not in motion. He can provide the engineer with whatever help is needed during the run. Of the 40,000 firemen who would be affected, 27,000 would not lose their jobs, which would be gradually eliminated by attrition. The remaining 13,000 would get up to three years' pay at 60 percent of scale, plus the opportunity of a retraining program.

Not all the railroads' troubles can be laid at the feet of the unions, of course. Overregulation stifles them as they try to compete with water carriers, which generally are not subject to rate regulation of bulk commodities such as coal, iron ore and grains. Furthermore, the water carriers pay nothing for the use of inland waterways; the railroads pay heavy real-estate taxes. Truckers and freight forwarders are exempt from rate regulation on agricultural and fishery products.

President Kennedy's proposal would eliminate the railroads' minimum rates. The truckers bitterly oppose him, partly because the railroads are essentially exempt from antitrust action. Mr. Kennedy would also impose a two-cents-a-gallon fuel tax on the water carriers—who are fighting too. But if the railroads are to earn their way, the unions and the Congress must give them a chance. Otherwise, service will continue to deteriorate, more railroads will become bankrupt, more people will be discharged from their jobs, the Government will have to take over and the public will be damned by having to pay the bill.

The Truth About the Space Race

At a press conference just after the twin Russian cosmonauts Nikolayev and Popovich were launched, a reporter asked President Kennedy for his appraisal of the space race. The President said, "We started late. . . . We're trying to overtake them. And I think by the end of the decade we will. But we're in for some further periods when we're going to be behind. Anybody who attempts to suggest we are not behind misleads the American people—we're well behind, but we are making a tremendous effort."

The President's statement was commendably candid and clear, in contrast with the repeated attempts of other Government officials to minimize the Russian space successes. Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense under Mr. Eisenhower, started it back in 1957, after the Russians launched their first Sputnik. He called the feat a "neat scientific trick," and Sherman Adams, the President's right-hand man, topped him by saying, "The service of science, not high score in an outer-space basketball game, has been and still is our country's goal."

When Nikolayev and Popovich went up, our Government officials were still at it. James Webb, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, struck an unwarrantedly optimistic note. "I think we will make the manned lunar landing and return before they do," he said. Wernher von Braun, the rocket expert, minimized the Russian feat: "We have never tried it simultaneously," as i that were all there was to it.

The people are willing to take the bad news with the good, but they have a right to expect that they can believe what those in authority tell them. If they are confused about the space race, it is because officials who ought to know better are misleading them.

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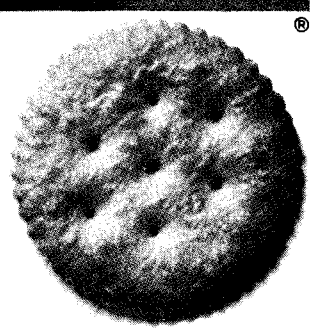

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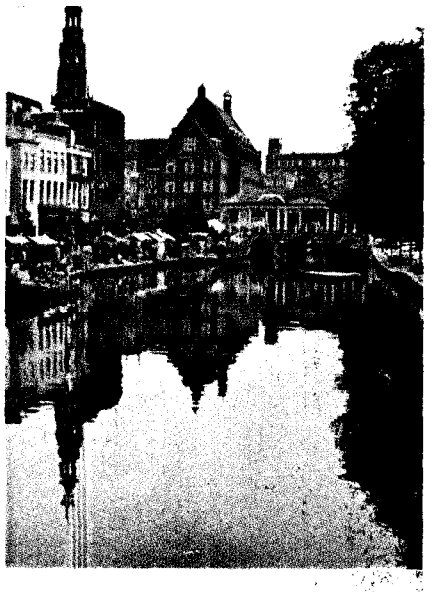

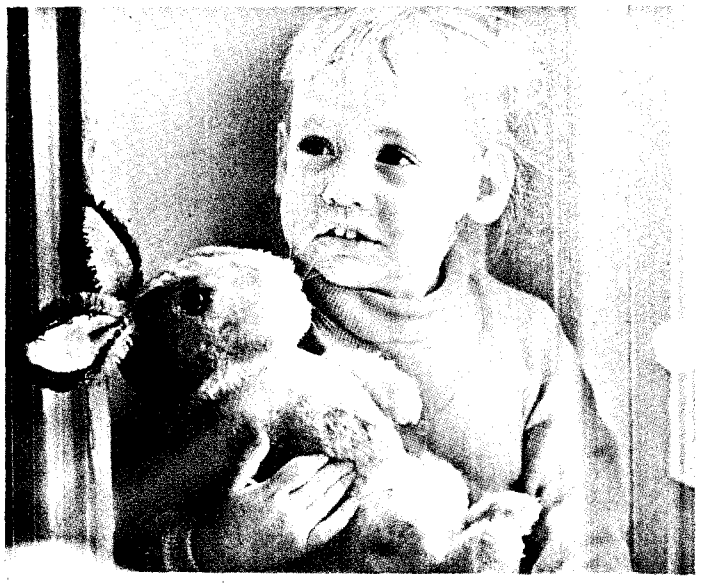

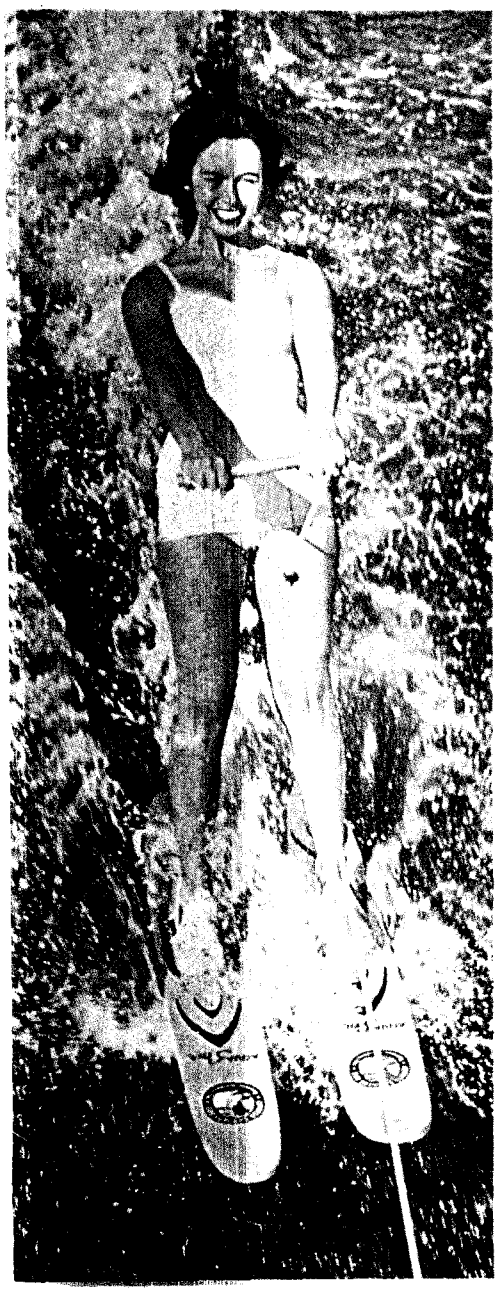

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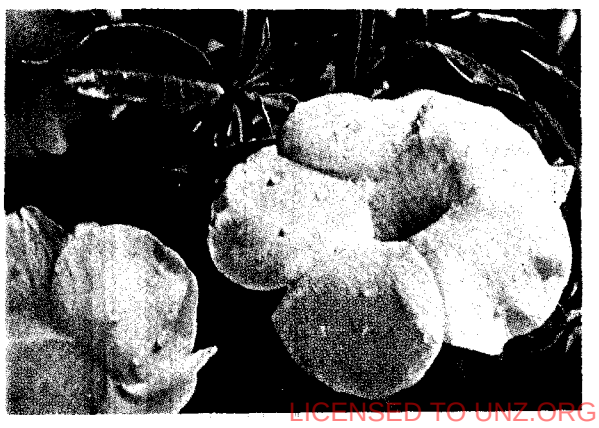

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